A

Choice Collection

OF

180 Loyal Songs,

All of them written since the

Two late PLOTS

(VIZ.

The Horrid *Salamanca* Plot in 1678.

AND THE

Fanatical Conspiracy in 1683.

Intermixt with some New Love SONGS.

With a *Table* to find every Song.

To which is added,

The Musical Notes *to each Song.*

The Third Edition with many Additions.

LONDON,

Printed by *N. T.* at the entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden* near *Charing-Cross*, 1685.

Price Bound 2 s.

XUM

XUM

To the Reader.

Amongſt the ſeveral means that have been of late years to reduce the deluded Multitude to their juſt Allegiance, this of BALLADS *and* LOYAL SONGS *has not been of the leaſt influence, While the* Ferguſons, *and* Heads *of the Factions were blowing up* Sedition *in every corner of the Countrey, theſe flying* Choriſters *were aſſerting the* Rights of Monarchy, *and proclaiming* Loyalty *in every ſtreet. The* miſ-inform'd Rabble *began to liſten; they began to hear to* Truth *in a* SONG, *in time found their* Errours, *and were charm'd into* Obedience. *Thoſe that deſpiſe the* Reverend Prelate *in the* Pulpit, *and the* Grave Judge *on the* Bench; *that will neither ſubmit to the Laws of God or Man, will yet lend an itching Ear to a* Loyal Song, *nay, and often become a* Convert *by It, when all other means prove*

ineffectual. Divine Herbert *has it excellently expresst, where he says,*

A Verse *may find him who a* Sermon *flies,*
And turn Delight *into a* Sacrifice.

It cannot be imagined how many scattered Flocks this melodious Tingling *hath reduced to their Princely Hives, who otherwise had never been brought under the Discipline of* Obedience *or* Government.

And, without ostentation I may say, I printed my News-Papers *and divers other* Pamphlets (*that always vindicated the* King *and* Government) *to undeceive the People, who were daily imposed upon by* Curtis, Smith, Harris, Care, Vile, Baldwin, Janeway, *&c. when no body else* would *or* durst. *For This the malice of the* Factious Party *swell'd so high against me, that* They, *with the assistance of a certain* Instrument, (*who swore through two* Brick-walls *before* Oates *appear'd*) *caused me to be imprison'd six times; so that for above six years I was never*

free

free from Trouble, having seldom less than 3 or 4 Indictments at a Sessions against Me; at other times Informations in the Crown-Office, *which villainous contrivances of their Agents, cost Me at least 500 l. in Money, besides the loss of My Trade and Reputation; The principal Crimes they alledged against Me, were,* Let *Oliver* now be forgotten, *a Song*; A Huy and Cry *after* T. Oates *when turn'd from* White-Hall; *The* Character of an Ignoramus Doctor; A Dialogue between the Devil and the Doctor; *The* Prisoners Lamentation for the loss of Sheriff *Bethel*; *All which Phamphlets tended to no other evil, than the laying open the Villanies of* Oates *and the rest of his Perjur'd Disciples: And when these things were almost blown over, this Varlet quarrels again with* Oates's Manifesto; *because it so plainly discovers the Impossibilities and Contradictions of* Oates *in the whole course of his Evidencing: But* (thanks be to God) Tempora mutantur, *&c. and*

Truth daily ſhines more and more, For now this Villain is detected, and turn'd out of his Imployment with Diſgrace, and conſequently made incapable of doing further Miſchief to any of his Majeſties Loyal Subjects: But to give him his due, he drain'd their Purſes for in 9 Months time they publickly gave him above 80 l. beſides many private Gratuities, with hearty Thanks *for his good Service, often affirming he did the Cauſe more good than a* 1000 *Men.*

Theſe Collections (*being of ſo much uſe to detect the* Scandalous Lies *and* Falſhoods *of the* Factious, *and to keep the ſtrong-headed Beaſt within the Reigns of Obedience*) *I thought fit to publiſh, that the World may ſee* I have not been Idle in the worſt of times, *but have done my endeavour* (*to the utmoſt of my Talent*) *for the Intereſt of the* KING *and* Government; *which* That they may flouriſh in ſpight of all his Adverſaries,

Is the hearty Prayers of

Your moſt Humble Servant.

N T.

THE TABLE.

	Page
LEt Oliver *now be forgotten*	1
Let Pickering *now be forgotten*	3
Now, now the Tories *all shall stop*	6
Now, now the Plot *is all come out*	8
Now, now the Antichristian *Crew*	10
Now, now the bad Old Cause *is Tost*	21
Now at last the Riddle *is expounded*	14
Now at last the matter is decided	17
Old Jemmy *is a Lad*	20
Prince George *at last is come*	23
Hail to the Knight of the Post	25
Hail to London *fair Town*	28
Hail to the Prince of the Plot	31
Room for great Algernon	34
There was a monstrous Doctor	38
There was a Jovial Begger	41
Who would not be a Tory	44
You Free-men and Masters and Prentices mourn	47
Good People I pray give Ear unto me	48
The second Part to the same Tune	46
Come listen a while tho' my Voice be Cold	49
I'le tell you a Tale (tho' I've 'twas in Print)	53
Since Counterfeit Plots have affected this Age	54
You Whigs and Dissenters I charge you attend	56
Let Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff like a Hector	58
Come now lets rejoyce and the Glass Bells Ring	62
Brave Colledge *is hang'd the Chief of our hopes*	64
Once one a time the Doctor *did Swear*	66
Wealth breeds Care, Love, Hope and Fear	69
Hark! the Thundring Canons Roar	71
I'm glad to hear the Cannons Roar	72
Hark! the fatal day is come	74
Hark! the Bells and Steeples Ring	76
Rise up great Genius of this Potent Land	78
Hells restless Factious Agents still Plot on	81
Rouse up the Tories of this Factious Land	82
	Drum.

The Table.

Drown Melancholly in a Glass of Wine	83
Rouse up great Monarch in the Royal Cause	85
Now the Tories that Glories in Royal Jemy's *Return*	87
Now the Traytor, King-hater	90
State and Ambition alass will deceive you	92
Faction and folly alass will deceive you	94
Since Reformation with Whigs in Fashion	96
Now Loyal Tories may Triumph in Glories	99
Lay by your Reason Truth's out of Season	100
A Tory came late through Westminster Hall	103
Have you not heard of a Festival Convent of late	105
Old Stories of State grow now out of Date	108
Let the Whigs repine and all Combine	110
Let the Whigs revile and Tories smile	112
Let the Moors *Repine, their hopes resigne*	114
What still ye Whigs uneasy.	117
Beloved hearken all O hone, O hone,	120
Bee my Shoul and Shoulwation, O hone, O hone	122
Ah! Cruel bloody Fate	126
Ah! Cruel bloody Tom	129
At Winchester *was a Wedding*	131
In London *was such a Quarter*	134
Oh the mighty Innocence	136
Tell me no more there must be something in't	139
See how fair and fine she lies	140
Defend us from all Popish Plots.	140
Let Baxter *teach Sedition on*	142
Have you not lately heard, &c.	143
Listen a while and I le tell you a Tale	147
Rebellion hath broken up House, &c.	149
The Golden Age is come, &c.	152
Now the Plotters and Pl ts are confounded	154
Fill up the Boul, and set it round	156
Old Tony's Fled, from Justice gone	158
You Loyal Lads be merry, &c.	160
You London Lads be Merry	162
Would be a man of Fashion	163

Have

Have not heard of Forty one Sir 165
Will you be a Reformado 167
Oh! ye Plot Discoverers 169
The Presbyter has been so active of late 172
Come all you good people that were at the fair 175
The Commons now are at stand 176
Let Canons roar from Sea to Shoar 177
Since Plotting's a Trade like the rest of the Nation 179
May all be benighted, and never see day 181
The delights of the Bottle are turn'd out of doors 183
Whigs are now such precious things 186
Bread a gued I think the Nations Mad 189
You Calvinists of England 192
Tony *was small, but of Noble Race* 195
Listen (if you please) a while 192
From Councels of Six where Treason prevails 200
Come all you Caballers and Parliament Votes 201
From the Tap in the Guts of Honourable Stump 203
Alas what is like to become of the Plot. 204
From over the Seas not long Since there came 206
From a new-model'd Jesuit in a Scotch *Bonnet* 208
The Deel assist the Plotting Whigs 210
Some say the Papists had a Plot, &c. 212
When Traytors did at Popery rail, 214
The Plot God wot is all come out 217
Bankers now are brittle Ware 219
Now, now, King James *of High Renown* 221
Hail to the mighty Monarch Valiant Pole 223
Teckley *that Perkin Prince of War* 225
Hail to the mighty Monarch Valiant James 225
Come listen the Whigs to my pitiful moan 228
Oh! Stupendious Comick Fate, &c. 231
If I live to be Old (for I find I go down) 234
When my Hairs they grow Hoary, and my Cheeks they look pale 235
If I live to be Old, which I never will own 236

If

The Table.

If the Whigs shall get up, and the Tories go down 237
I never saw a Face till now 238
Beneath the shady Willow lay, 241
A Cloud of Vapours, Clouds and Smoak 242
Chill tell thee Tom *the strangest Story* 244
Canst tell me Ceres *what curst Fate* 248
As May *in all her Youthful dress* 251
When the Kine had given a Pail-ful 252
Our Oates *last week not worth a Groat* 254
Good people of England *I hope you have had* 257
Bold Titus *he walkt about* Westminster-Hall 261
Pray listen well while I describe 264
Come Murdring Miles *wheres your Sedan* 266
Room, room for Cavaliers bring us more Wine 268
James *our great Monarch is Crown'd with all Glory* 270
Adieu to my Title of Saviour o'th Nation 273
My bony dear Sbony, my Crony, my Hony 275
Did you not hear of a Peer that was Try'd 276
There was a Doctor of antient Fame 279
Two Bony Lads were Sawny *and* Jockey 282
When the Plot I first Invented, &c. 285
You London *Lads Reject and cast away your Care* 287
Tell me Jenny, *tell me roundly* 290
Hold fast thy Crown and Sceptre James 292
O Poland *Monster of our Isle, &c.* 295
Come cut again, the Games not done 297
This is like some Utopian *Game* 299
Joy to great Cæsar, long, Life, Love, *&c.* 300
Remember ye Whigs what was formerly done 302
Ods hearty Wounds Ise not to plowing, not I Sir 303
Now, now by my Love the greatest Oath that is 304
Down, down Discoverers, &c. 305
How Innocent Blood's almost forgot 306
Informing of late's a notable Trade 308
Come make a good Toast, and stir up the Fire 310
Jenny *my blithest Maid* 311
Jocky *so weel compleat our Bliss* 313

Jack

237	Jack Presbyter's *up, and hopes at one sweep,*	313
238	*This is the Cabal of some* Protestant Lords,	316
241	*There is an old Story,* &c.	318
242	*Sike a life as* Titus *led,* &c.	320
244	*You I love, by* Jove *I do,*	321
248	*If Sorrow the Tyrant invade thy Breast,*	322
251	*There was a brave Doctor (as ever you saw)*	323
252	*Let* Cæsar *live long, and His Temper abide,*	326
254	*That Man's a Wretched thing,*	327
257	*Rouse, rouse, my lazy* Mirmidons,	328
261	*When first* Dorinda, *your bright Eyes,*	330
264	*Sound the* Trumpet, *sound the* Trumpet,	331
266	*Let the* Trumpet *sound,* &c.	333
268	*'Twas a Foolish Fancy* Jemmy,	334
270	*Make room for an honest* Red coat,	336
273	*Behold the Morn dawns,*	339
275	*Hark how* Noll *and* Bradshaw's *Heads above us,*	340
276	*The* Canons *all roaring, and* Trumpets *sounding,*	342
279	*See, see, the Air clears, the Murm'rers that grumbled,*	343
282	*See the Vizor's pull'd off, for the Zealots are Arming,*	344
285	*As we were ranging upon the salt Seas,*	346
287	*Now, now too weak, alas! I find our Cause,*	348
290	*Come let us be Joyful and sing,*	349
292	*I am the Man that not long since,*	352
295	*A bony Lad came to the Court,*	354
297	*Come beat Alarm, sound a Charge,*	356
299	*For* Tories *now's the time to sing,*	358
300	*What have the* Whigs *to say,*	360
302	*Hey* Jowler, Ringwood *and* Towzer,	363
303	*Three bony Lads were* Sawny, Cloud Hamilton	364
304	*Just as the Mist of Errour fled,*	366
305	*Come Bugg'ring* Oates, *prepare thy Neck,*	367
306	*Have you not heard of Knaves,* &c.	369
308	Old Chiron *thus Preach'd to his Pupil* Achilles,	372
310		
311		
313		

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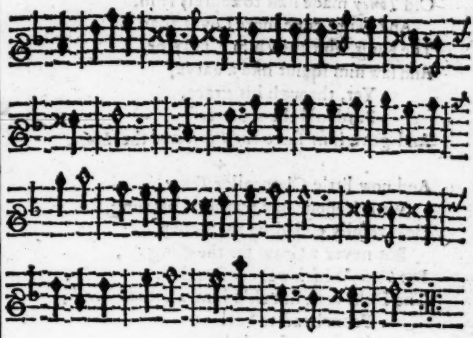
The Tune, *How Unhappy is* Phillis *in Love*.



1.

LEt *Oliver* now be forgotten,
His Policy's quite out of Dores;
Let *Bradshaw* and *Hewson* lie rotten,
Like Sons of *Fanatical* Whores:
For *Toney*'s grown a Patrician,
By voting damn'd Sedition,
For many years
Fam'd Politician,
The Mouth of all *Presbyter* Peers.

2.

Old *Toney* a Turn-coat at *Worc'ster*,
Yet swore he'd maintain the King's Right;
But *Toney* did swagger and bluster,
Yet never drew Sword on his side;
For *Toney*'s like an old Stallion,
He has still the Pox of Rebellion,
And never was sound;
Like the *Camelion*,
Still changing his shape and his ground.

3.

Old *Rowley*'s return'd (Heav'ns bless Him)
From Exile and Danger set free;
Old *Toney* made haste to address Him,
And swore none more Loyal than He:
The King, who knew him a Traytor,
And saw him squint like a Satyr;
Yet, through his grace,
Pardon'd the matter,
And gave him since the *Purse* and the *Mace*.

4.

And now little Chancellor *Toney*
With Honour had feather'd his wing,
He carefully pick'd up the money,
But never a Groat for the King:
But *Toney*'s luck was confounded,
The Duke soon smoak'd him a *Round-head*;
From head to heel
Toney was sounded,
And great *York* put a Spoke in his Wheel.

5.

And now little *Toney* in passion,
Like Boy that had nettl'd his breech,
Maliciously took an occasion
To make a most delicate Speech;
He told the King, like a Croney,
If he e'r hop'd to have money,
He must be rul'd:
Oh fine *Toney*!
Was ever Potent Monarch so school'd?

6.

The King issues out Proclamation,
By learned and loyal advice;
But *Toney* possesses the Nation
The Councel will never be wise:
For *Toney* is madder and madder,
And *Monmouth*'s blown like a Bladder,

And *L*-----*ee* too,
Who grows gladder,
That they the great *Turk* are like to ſubdue.

7.

But Deſtiny ſhortly will croſs it,
For *Toney*'s grown gouty and ſick;
In ſpight of his Spiggot and Fawcet,
The States-man muſt go to Old *Nick*:
For *Toney* rails at the *Papiſt*,
Yet he himſelf is an *Atheiſt*,
Though ſo preciſe,
Fooliſh and Apiſh,
Like holy *Quack*, or *Prieſt* in diſguiſe.

8

But now let this Rump of the Law ſee
A Maxim as learned in part,
Whoe'r with his Prince is too ſawcy,
'Tis fear'd he's a Traytor in's heart:
Then *Toney* ceaſe to be witty
By buzzing Treaſon i'th' City,
And love the King;
So ends my Ditty;
Or elſe maiſt thou die, like a Dog, in a ſtring.

The Conſpiracy: Or, the Diſcovery of the Fanatick Plot.

1.

LEt *Pickering* now be forgotten,
Old *Rumbold* has wip'd off his ſcores;
Since *Presbyter Jack* was a Plotting,
The *Jeſuits* turn'd out of doors:
For brewing, ſwilling of Treaſon,
King-killing without reaſon,
Of all the pack,
Noble or Peaſant,
None can exceed old *Presbyter Jack*.

2.

Firſt, the hot *Sectaries* Voted,
'Twas Treaſon to murder the King;

And next the bold *Regicides* Plotted
To compass the very same thing:
Their *Votes* and *Arbitrary Power*,
That sent the Lords to the Tower,
We now see plain,
Every hour,
They'd the old Game play over again.

3.

Rumsey and *Rumbold* indented
At *Hudsdon* their Ambush to bring;
But *Heav'n* and the *Fire* prevented,
And *Providence* guarded the King:
The *Whigs* the Treason propounded;
But when the Trumpet sounded
For *Cambridgeshire*,
All were confounded,
Taken, or fled, both *Peasant* and *Peer*.

4.

Monmouth for wit, who was able
To make to a Crown a Pretence,
The Head and the Hope of the Rabble,
A *Loyal* and *Politick* Prince:
But now he's gone into *Holland*,
To be a King of *no-Land*,
Or else must be
Monarch of *Poland*;
Was ever Son so Loyal as He?

5.

Lord *Gray*, and *Armstrong* the Bully,
(That prudent and politick *Knight*)
Who made of his Grace such a Cully,
Together have taken their flight:
Is this your Races, Horse-matches,
His Grace's swift Dispatches
From Shire to Shire?
Under the Hatches,
Now above Deck they dare not appear.

6. Brave

6.

Brave *Ruſſel*, and *Sydney* the Bully,
That ſtood for the holy *Old Cauſe*;
And *Lockhard* drawn in for a Cully,
In ſpight of Allegiance and Laws;
And *Wildman* too, with his Cannon,
With *Walcot*, *Hone* and *Aaron*,
With *Mead* and *Bourn*,
Every man, on
To *Tyburn* goes the next in his turn.

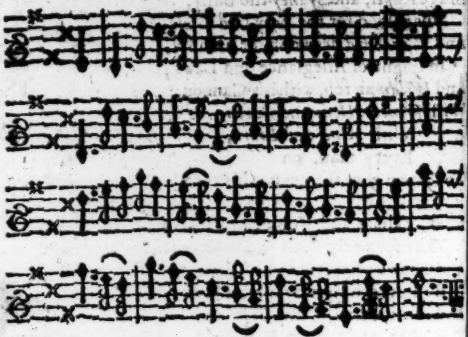
7

Next, Valiant and Noble Lord *H*----*d*,
That formerly dealt in *Lambs-wool*,
And knows what it is to be Tower'd,
By Impeaching may fill the Jayls full.
And, next to him, Cully *Brandon*,
The Wity and famous *Hamden*
Muſt take his place,
Who did abandon
All Loyalty, Religion and Grace.

8.

Hone and *Rowſe*, the King and His Brother
That they were to kill 'em confeſt,
And now they hang up one another,
Holms, *Blaney*, *Lee*, *Walcot*, and *Weſt*:
May all ſuch Traytors, diſcarded,
To *Tyburn* be well guarded,
And ev'ry thing
Be ſo rewarded,
That would oppoſe ſo gracious a King.

The Whigs Exaltation. *To an old Tune of* Forty One.



NOw, now the *Tories* all ſhall ſtoop,
Religion, and the Laws,
And *Whigs* on *Commonwealth* get up,
To tap the *Good Old Cauſe*:
Tantivy-boys ſhall all go down,
And haughty *Monarchy*,
The *leathern Cap* ſhall brave the *Throne*,
Then hey boys up go we!

2.

When once that *Antichriſtian* Crew
Are cruſh'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the *Nobles* how to bow,
And keep their *Gentry* down.
Good manners has a bad repute,
And tends to Pride, we ſee;
We'll therefore cry all Breeding down,
And hey boys up go we!

3.

The name of *Lord* ſhall be abhorr'd,
For ev'ry mans a *Brother*;
What reaſon then in *Church* or *State*
One man ſhould rule another?

Thus

Thus having peel'd and plunder'd all,
And levell'd each degree,
We'l make their plump young Daughters fall,
And he boys up go we!

4.

What though the KING and *Parliament*
Cannot accord together,
We have good cause to be content,
This is our Sun-shine weather;
For if good *Reason* should take place,
And they should both agree,
D'zounds who'd be in a *Round-heads* case?
For hey then up go we.

5.

We'l down with all the *Vertities*
Where *Learning* is profest:
For they still Practice, and Maintain
The *Language of the Beast*;
We'l Exercise in every Grove,
And Preach beneath a Tree;
We'l make a *Pulpit* of a *Tub*,
Then hey Boyes up go we.

6.

The *Whigs* shall rule *Committee-chair*,
Who will such *Laws* invent,
As shall Exclude the *Lawful Heir*
By *Act of Parliament*:
We'l cut his *Royal Highness* down,
Ev'n shorter by the *Knee*,
That He shall never reach the *Throne*,
Then hey Boyes up go we.

7.

We'l smite the *Idol* in *Guild-hall*,
And then (as we were wont,)
We'l cry it was a *Popish-Plot*,
And swear those Rogues have don't,
His Royal-Highness to Un-throne
Our Interest will be,

For if He e're enjoy his own,
Then hey Boyes up go we.

3.

W'l break the Windows which the Whore
Of *Babylon* has Painted;
And when their *Bishops* are pull'd down,
Our *Elders* shall be *Sainted*:
Thus having quite enslav'd the *Throne*,
Pretending to set free,
At length the *Gallows* claims its own,
Then hey Boyes up go we.

A new Song on the Fan. Plot, *Tune, Hey Boyes up go we.*

NOw, now the Plot is all come out,
That caus'd our Doubts and Fears,
And all the Tribe that made the Rout,
Both *Commoners* and *Peers*;
The mighty Patrons of the Cause,
'Gainst *Pagan Popery*,
Who rais'd a Gibbet for our Foes,
And hey Boyes up go we.

2.

With Sanctify'd Religious Zeal
The Brethren did agree
To raise our Ancient *Commonweal*
On Christian Liberty:
To undermine the Church and State,
And blow up *Monarchy*;
But now, alas! 'tis our own Fate,
And hey Boyes up go we.

3.

A holy Covenant we took,
To sacrifice the King,
And next to him the Royal Duke,
A Bloody Offering;
For which, according to the Vote,
The Papists all shou'd die;

But

But now the *Saints* have chang'd their note,
And hey Boyes up go we.

4.

Our Zealous Covenanting *Saints*,
Associating *Peers*,
Each heart for fear with *Patience* pants,
To lose more than his Ears;
Toney's dead, and *Monmouth*'s fled,
The Helm is turn'd a Lee
The *Plot* (the Nail) is knock'd o'th head,
And hey then up go we.

5.

No longer may the *Papists* boast
Their Bloody black Designs:
Old *Rome* thy Ancient Glory's lost,
For all thy Learn'd Divines:
For Royal Murders, Treasons base,
And matchless Treachery,
The *Jesuits* must now give place,
And hey Boys up go we.

6.

How well did we contrive the *Plot*,
And laid it at their Door,
For which old *Stafford* went to pot,
And many guiltless more;
But now the Tide is come about,
The Truth of all we see;
And when the Murder all is cut,
Then hey Boys up go we.

7.

Rumsey's Gold, and *Rumbold* bold,
Conspire to kill the *King*,
And *Pickering* in fatal hold,
Must answer for the thing;
Neltborp, *West*, and all the rest,
With *Perkin* may agree,
To be o'th' *Tower* (not Throne) possest;
Then hey Boys up go we.

8.

Our City *Ryots* and Country *Rents*,
That to Rebellion tend,
Our Races, and our Hunting-bouts,
In Insurrections end;
The Rebel now is catch'd i'th' Snare
He laid for Monarcy;
At last the *Gallows* claims its share,
Then hey Boys up go we.

The Whigs *Down-fall.*
Tune, *Hey Boys up go We.*

NOw, now the *Antichristian* Crew
Shall all go down, because
Our *Magistrates* do well pursue,
And Execute the Laws:
Those Rascals who do always rail
Against all Law with Spight;
Would make a Law against the Law,
Great *York* should lose his *Right.*

To perfect which, they made their choice
Of *Parliaments* of late.
Of Members that had nought but *Voice*,
And *Megrims* in their Pate:
Wi. Williams he the Speaker was,
And is't not wondrous strange;
The Reason's plain, he told it was,
Because they would not change.

He told you Truth, nor think it strange;
He knew well their intent,
They never meant themselves to change,
But change the Government:
For now cry they the King's so poor,
He dares not with us part;
And therefore we most Loyally
Will break his Royal Heart.

The *Habeas Corpus* Act is past,
Then ſo far we are ſafe;
He can't impriſon us ſo faſt,
But ſtrait we have Relief:
He can't deny us ought we aſk,
In ſo much need he ſtands;
And before that we do Money give,
We'l tye up both his Hands.

The Preſident of *Forty One*,
Which were till *Forty Eight*;
Now our Preſidents are grown,
For why they had their weight:
So weigty were they, they cut off
Our *Royal Monarch's* Head;
The ſelf ſame reaſon bids us now,
To act the ſelf ſame deed.

And when we have a Martyr made
Of anoth'r Gracious King,
Then all the *Traiterous Plots* we've laid,
We'll to perfection bring:
And to protect our wicked Deeds,
Religion ſhall go down;
We'll rout out all the *Royal Seed*,
Pretenders to the Crown.

Thus having *Monarchy* deſtroy'd,
We'll govern by *Free-will*;
The *Light* of th' *Spirit* ſhall be our Guide,
Then what man can do ill:
Religion is the ſureſt Cloak
To hide our Treachery;
The Rabble we'll confine to th' yoak
Pretending to ſet *Free*.

Therefore my Country men, truſt not
Where *Religion's* the pretence;

For

For if you do, you'l find a *Plot*
To destroy your *Innocence*:
For those who lead you to *Rebel*,
You'l find i'th' close to be,
Pure *Instruments* were sent from *Hell*,
To foment *Treachery*.

The Downfal of the Good old Cause.
Tune, *Hey Boys up go we.*

NOw the bad *Old Cause* is Tapt,
And the *Vessel* standeth stoop'd
The *Cooper* may starve for want of *work*,
For the *Cask* shall never be *hoop'd*:
We will *burn* the *Association*,
The *Covenant* and *Vow*;
The publick *Cheat* of the *Nation*,
Anthony, now, now, now.

No *Fanatick* shall bear the sway,
In *Court*, *City*, or *Town*;
Three good Kingdoms to *Betray*,
And cry the *Right Line* down:
Let them cry, *They love the King*:
Yet if they hate his *Brother*,
Remember Charles *they murdered*,
And so they would the other.

Weavers and such like Fellows
In *Pulpit* daily prate;
Like the *Covenanters*,
Against the *Church* and *State*:
Yet they cry, *They love the King*.
But their *Business* will discover,
Charles *the first they Murdered*,
And so they would the other.

Where

Where these Fellows go to Drink,
In *City* or in *Town*;
They Villify the *Bishops*,
And they cry the *Stuarts* down;
Still they cry, *They love the King*,
But their *Business* I'll discover;
Charles *the first they Murdered*,
And so they would the other.

When the King wanted Money
Poor *Tangier* to Relieve;
They cryed down his *Revenue*,
Not a *Penny* they would give:
Still they cry'd, *They love the King*,
But their *Business* I'll discover;
Charles *the first they Murdered*,
And so they would the other.

The Noble Marques of *Worcester*,
And many such a Brave Lord;
By the *King* killing Crew,
They daily are *Abhor'd*:
And call'd *Evil Councellors*,
When the truth they did discover;
And Charles *the first they Murdered*;
And so they would the other.

The *Papists* they would kil the *King*,
But the *Fanaticks* did;
Their *Perjuries* and *Treacheries*
Are not to be paralell'd:
Let them cry, *They love the King*,
Their Faults I will discover;
Charles *the first they Murdered*,
And so they would the other.

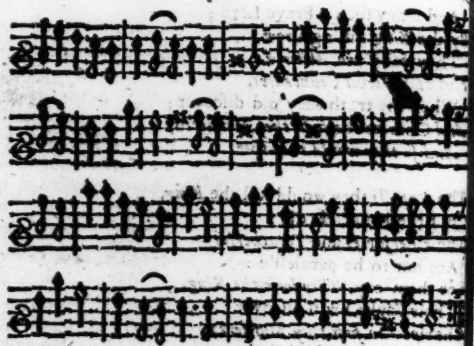
Charles the 2*d* stands on's Guard,
Like a good Politick King;

The

The *Fanaticks* ought to be abhor'd,
For all their Flattering:
Let them cry, *They love the King*,
Their *Tricks* I will discover;
Charles *the first they Murdered*,
And so they would the other.

Now let all good Subjects be
That bear a Loyal heart;
Stand fast for the *King*,
And each man act his part:
And to support his *Sovereign*,
Religion and the *Laws*,
That formerly were establish'd,
And down with the *Cursed Cause*.

The Riddle of the Roundhead. *To the Tune*, Now at last the Riddle is expounded.



NOw at last the Riddle is Expounded,
Which so long the Nation has confounded,
For the Roundhead
Begins the Game again,

For

Which so well they play'd in Forty four,
Now with greater hope;
For the fine Sham-plots will ne'r give over,
Till they piously have routed King and Pope.

2.

Anthony that worm of *Reformation*,
Who of *Commonwealth* has laid Foundation,
Which the Nation
So hotly does pursue;
Let him be rewarded in the *Tower*,
For his Merits due:
By that busie Plotting head laid lower,
We may perhaps escape what might ensue.

3.

Perkin makes fine legs to th'shouting Rabble,
Who to make him King he thinks are able;
But the Bable
Is only shew'd for use:
The silly Idiot serves but for a Tool still,
For Knaves to work their Fates,
But doth remain a dull mistaken Fool still,
For all their damn'd Cabals and *Wapping* Treats.

4.

The most zealous Parliament devoted,
For the publick good devoutly voted,
Pray note it,
That the Duke must ne'er be King;
And like honest faithful loyal Subjects,
His Majesty implore,
To sign their pious and religious Projects;
Or else the threatn'd King must reign no more.

5.

The renowned work of Reformation,
To be carry'd on throughout the Nation,
In a Passion
They vote the Canons down:
Acts and Statutes all must be confounded,
Law and Justice too,

To

To make way for the proud *rebellious Roundhead*,
That they once more the Nation may undo.

6.

Lords and Bishops both are useless Voted,
And the factious crew who gravely Plotted,
Are noted
For Lords and Commons too,
Whigs and *Brumighams* with shams and stories
Are *True Protestants*,
And *Protestants* are *Masquerades* and *Tories*.
The Modern Reformation of the Saints.

7.

Old Queen *Bess* that made the best Indentures,
Good King *Jemy* too against *Dissenters*,
He ventures
To turn them out of doors;
To take in *Quakers*, *Puritans* and *Ranters*,
The Parliament implores,
To build a Kirk of *Whigs* and *Covenanters*,
And make a Lawful Race of Sons of Whores.

8.

Rowley now with Wisdom and grave Reason,
To prevent the swift approaching Treason,
In season
Put a period to their strife;
In *Oxford* all the stratagems confounded,
The Roguish *Joyner* too;
And may no better fate attend the *Roundhead*
That wou'd the *Church* and *Monarchy* subdue.

9.

Oxford loyal youths who scorn to sham us,
With a perjur'd Bill of *Ignoramus*,
Or name us
For Loyal, Traytors known;
Soon found a flaw i'th' bottom of the *Joyner*,
By Justice and the Laws,
Of Church and Commonwealth an Underminer,
Who fell a Martyr in the *Good Old Cause*.

10

Now for ſhame ye Zealots be confounded,
Boaſt no more Allegiance, ſince a Roundhead
Is grounded
Upon the Holy Sham:
How dare ye talk of Loyalty, a Hater
Of Juſtice, King and Laws,
Since the *Whiggiſh* Proteſtant is found a Traytor,
And dies a Martyr in the *Good Old Cauſe.*

The Loyal *Sheriffs* of *London* and *Middleſex.* Upon their Election. Tune, *Now at laſt the Riddle*, &c.

1.

NOw at laſt the Matter is decided,
Which ſo long the Nation has divided;
Miſguided
By Intereſt and blind Zeal,
Which ſo well in *Forty four* they acted;
Now with greater heat,
They again act o're like Men diſtracted,
To give to *Monarchy* a new Defeat.

2.

Famous *North*, of noble Birth and Breeding,
And in Loyal Principles exceeding;
Is pleading
To ſtand his Countreys Friend,
To do Juſtice to the King and Nation,
Some ſo much oppoſe,
To renew the Work of *Reformation*,
And carry on again the *Good Old Cauſe.*

3.

Next renowned *Box* as high commended,
And of Loyal Parentage deſcended;
Intended
To do the *City* Right,
With true Courage, and firm Reſolution,
He the *Hall* adorns;

Box

But the Heads were all in a Confusion:
Such din there was and rattling with their Horns.

4.

Prick up ears, and push for one another,
Let not *Box* (an old *Malignant*) Brother;
Nor t'other
Our properties command
He's a *King's-man*, *North* is nothing better,
They walk Hand in Hand
He you know is the Lord Mayor's Creature:
And therefore 'tis not fit that they should stand.

5.

Where are now our *Liberties* and *Freedom*?
Where shall we find such friends when we shou'd
To bleed 'em
And pull the *Torys* down,
To push for our int'rest; who can blame us?
Sheriffs rule in the Town,
When we lose our darling *IGNORAMUS*:
We lose the Combat, and the day's their own.

6.

Then let every man stand by his Brother,
Poll o're ten times, *Poll* one for another;
What a Pother
You see the *Tories* make,
Now or never, now to save your *Charter*,
Or your hearts will ake,
If it goes for them, expect no *Quarter*:
If Law and Justice rule our heels must shake.

7.

Rout, a *Rout*, joyn 'Prentice, *Bore* and *Peasant*,
Let the *White-hall* Party call it Treason,
'Tis Treason
We should our Necks defend,
Routs and *Ryots*, *Tumults* and *Sedition*,
Poll 'em o're again,
These do best agree with our Condition;
If *Monarchy* prevail, we're all lost men.

8.

8.

The Lord Mayor is Loyal in his ſtation,
'Las what will become o'th *Reformation*;
O'th' Nation
If the *Sheriffs* be Loyal too?
Wrangle, Brangle, huff and keep a *Clutter*;
If we loſe the Field
Poll em o're again, it makes no matter:
For tho' we loſe the day, we ſcorn to yield.

9.

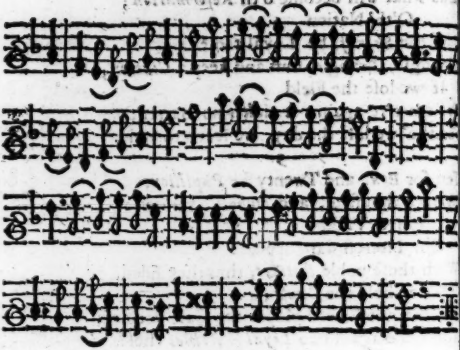
Ten for *Box*, and Twenty for *Papillion*,
North a thouſand, and *Dubois* a million:
What Villain
Our Intereſt dare oppoſe?
With thoſe noble *Patriots* thus they ſided,
To uphold the *Cauſe*;
But the good Lord Mayor the Caſe decided:
And once again two *Loyal Worthies* choſe.

10.

Noble *North* and famous *Box* promoted,
By due Courſe and legal Choice allotted;
They Voted
To be the City *Shreives*,
And may they both to *Londons* Commendation,
Her Ancient Rights reſtore,
To do that *Juſtice* to the *King* and *Nation*,
Which former *Factions* have deny'd before.

Old

Old *Jemmy*. Tune of, *Young Jemmy*.



1.

OLd *Jemmy* is a Lad
Right lawfully deſcended;
No *Baſtard* born nor bred,
Nor for a *Whig* ſuſpended:
The true and lawful Heir to th' Crown,
By Right of birth and Laws,
And bravely will maintain his own,
In ſpight of all his Foes.

2.

Old *Jemmy* is the Top
And Chief amongſt the Princes;
No *Mobile* gay Fop,
With *Brimigham* pretences:
A Heart and Soul ſo wondrous great
And ſuch a conqu'ring Eye,
That every Loyal Lad fears not
In *Jemmy*'s Cauſe to die.

3.

3.

Old *Jemmy* is a Prince
Of noble Resolutions,
Whose powerful influence
Can order our Confusions;
But oh! He fights with such a Grace
No force can him withstand:
No God of War but must give place
Where *Jemmy* leads the Van.

4.

To *Jemmy* every Swain
Does pay due Veneration;
And *Scotland* does maintain
His Title to the Nation.
The pride of all the Court he stands
The Patron of his Cause,
The Joy and Hope of all his Friends
The terrour of his foes.

5.

Maliciously they Vote,
To work Old *Jemmy's* Ruin,
And zealously promote
A Bill for his undoing:
Both Lords and Commons most agree
To pull his Highness down,
But ('spight of all their Policy)
Old *Jemmy*'s Heir to th' Crown.

6.

The Schismatick and Saint,
The *Baptist* and the Atheist,
Swear by the *Covenant*,
Old *Jemmy* is a *Papist*;
Whilst all the Holy Crew did plot
To pull his Highness down,
Great *Albany* a Noble *Scot*
Did raise unto a Crown.

7.

Great *Albany* they ſwear,
He before any other,
Shall be immediate Heir
Unto his Royal Brother,
Who will in ſpight of all his Foes,
His Lawful Rights maintain.
And all the Fops that interpoſe,
Old *Jemmy's York* again.

8.

The *Whigs* and Zealous Plot
To baniſh him the Nation,
But the Renowned *Scot*
Hath wrought his Reſtauration.
With high Reſpects they treat his Grace
His Royal Cauſe maintain;
Brave *Albany* (to *Scotland's* Praiſe)
'Is mighty *York* again.

9.

Againſt his envious Fates
The *Kirk* hath taught a Leſſon;
A Bleſſing on the States,
To ſettle the Succeſſion.
They real were, both Knight and Lord,
And will his Right maintain;
By Royal Parliament reſtor'd,
Old *Jemmy's* come again.

10.

And now he's come again,
In ſpight of all Pretenders,
Great *Albany* ſhall Reign
Amongſt the Faith's Defenders.
Let *Whig* and *Brimigham* repine;
They ſhew their Teeth in vain;
The Glory of the *Britiſh Line*,
Old *Jemy's* come again.

A new Song on the Arrivel of Prince George, *and his Intermarriage with the Lady* Anne. *Tune* Old Jemmy.

PRince *George* at laſt is come,
Fill every man his Bumper;
For the Valiant *Dane* make room,
Confuſion to each *Rumper*,
And ev'ry prodigal ſtarch'd *Fool*
Aſpires unto a Crown,
By hopes of Plotting *Knaves* to rule,
Who next wou'd pull him down.

2.

Preſerve Great *Charles* our King,
And his illuſtrious Brother,
Whilſt *Whigs* in halters ſwing,
And hang up one another:
The joyful Bridegroom and the Bride,
Prince *George* of Royal Race,
Of all the Swains the Joy and Pride,
The ſubject of their Lays.

3.

Brave *George* he is a Lad
With all perfections ſhining;
With ev'ry Virtue clad,
And every Grace refining:
But oh! of ſuch a warlike Race,
So Conqu'ring are his Charms,
No *Mars* in Field, but muſt give place
To his Victorious Arms.

4.

Brave *George*, Great *Denmark*'s Son,
(A ſtout and warlike Nation)
By Birth to *England*'s Crown
A near and dear Relation;
But now the Knot is doubly ty'd,
Which makes him ſtill more near,
The Knot which *Knaves* would have deſtroy'd,
By cutting off the *Heir*.

5.

5.

But now the Tribe's dispers'd,
Their Projects are defeated,
Which *Walcot* and the rest
Did hope to have compleated:
And now they'l pay for all their scores,
Who for that *Int'rest* stood,
And let 'em hang for Sons of Whores,
Who thirst for *Royal Blood*.

6.

Poor *Perkin!* where's the hope
Of all thy high promoting?
Now, Bully *Tom*, a Rope
Has crown'd thy Cheats and Plotting:
Let *Ferguson* with *Gray* escape,
They safe are ev'ry where,
If *Murder*, *Treason*, *Lust* and *Rape*
Can pass unpunish'd here.

7.

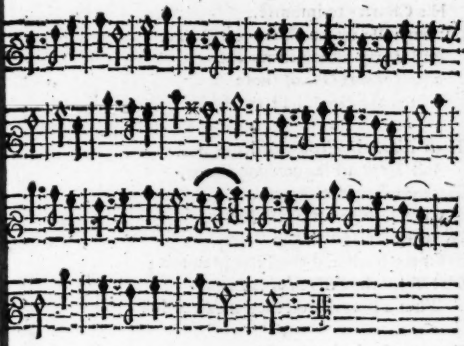
Let *M*---*h* for a Crown,
That hopeful Prince so Loyal,
Away with Rebels run,
To raise an Army-Royal:
Brave *George* for *England* scorns to fly,
Old *Jemmy* stout as He,
Their *Plots* and *Malice* we defie,
And all their *Treachery*.

8.

May Heav'n, which him did raise
O'th' *Protestant* Profession,
In His Immortal Race
Maintain the just Succession,
That no pretending Bastard bold
In time to come may dare
His lawless Title to uphold,
Against the Lawful Heir.

TITUS Tell Troth, *A new SONG,*

To the Tune of, Hail to the Myrtle Shades.



1

HAil to the *Knight of the Poſt*;
To *Titus* the Chief of the Town,
Titus who vainly did boaſt
Of the *Salamanca Gown*;
Titus who ſaw the world o're,
From the Tower of *Validolid*,
Yet ſtood in the *White-horſe* door,
And ſwore to it, like the *Creed*.

2

Titus at *Watton* in *May*,
To *Titus* at *Iſlington*;
And *Titus* the ſelf ſame day
Both here and there again.
Titus who never ſwore *Truth*,
His Politick *Plots* to maintain,
And never yet bawk'd an *Oath*,
When call'd to the *Teſt* again.

3

Then *Titus* was Meekeſt of all,
When *Never a penny in's Purſe*,
And oft did on *Pickering* call,
His Charity to imburſe.
But when he ſwore *Damnable Oaths*,
And *Lying* eſteemed no Sin,
Then *Titus* was *One* of thoſe
Whom the *Devil* had entred in.

4

Then *Titus* the Frown of Heav'n,
And *Titus* a Plague upon Earth,
Titus who'l ne'r be *Forgiven*,
Curs'd from his *Fatal Birth*;
Titus the *Curſe* and the *Doom*
Of the Rich and the Poor Man too;
Oh! *Titus* thou *Shred of a Loom*,
What a Plague doſt thou mean to do?

5

Titus an *Orthodox Beaſt*,
And *Titus* a *Presbyter Tall*;
Titus a *Popiſh Prieſt*,
And *Titus* the ſhame of all;
Titus who ne'r had the Skill,
The wiſe with his *Plots* to deceive.
But *Titus* whoſe *Tongue* can kill,
Whom Nature has made a Slave,

9

Titus the Light of the Town,
Where *Zealots* and *Whigs* do reſort;
Titus the Shame of the *Gown*,
And *Titus* the Scorn of the *Court*.
Titus who ſpew'd out the *Truth*,
To ſwallow the *Covenant*;
But never yet bluſh'd at an *Oath*,
Whom *Lying* has made a *Saint*.

7

Yet *Titus* believed cou'd be
Againſt any *Popiſh Lord*,

Whi

Whilſt ſtill againſt *Shaftsbury*
The *Witneſs* and *Truth*'s abhor'd;
So *Titus* got Credit and Gold
For *Lying*, and thought it no Sin;
But againſt *Diſſenters* bold,
The *Truth* is not worth a pin.

8

Thus *Titus* ſwore on a pace,
'Gainſt thoſe whom he never did ſee,
Yet *Titus* with brazen Face
Wou'd our *Preſerver* be.
But as *Titus* the foreman in Truſt;
Diſcover'd this *Miſtery*:
May *Titus* ſo be the *Firſt*,
That leads to the *Triple-Tree*.

Hue-and-Song after Patience Ward. *The ſame Tune.*

1

ALl hail to *London* fair Town,
Hail to the *Mayor* and the *Shrieves*;
Hail to the *Scarlet Gown*,
Whoſe Sentence our *Patience* grieves:
Juſtice and Law hath prevail'd,
With *Patience* a *Verdict* to find,
'Gainſt *Patience*, whoſe Conſcience fail'd;
Oh *Patience*! why art ſo blind?

2

Patience, the joy of the Town,
The comfort and hope of the Crowd;
Patience, who got great renown
By *Perjury*, *Lies*, and *Fraud*:
Patience who ne'r had the Heart
His *Sovereign*'s Rights to maintain;
But *Patience* he had the Art
To *Swear* and *Forſwear* again.

3

Patience for *Church* and for *State*,
And *Patience* for *Meetings* byſtealth;

Patience, who would Translate
The *State* to a *Commonwealth*:
Whose *Zeal* has his *Patience* betray'd,
To lie for the *Saints* in distress;
Nay, tho' he's *Forsworn*. ('tis said,)
He *Swore* he could do no less.

4

Patience, whose Zeal did contrive
The *Monument*, *Figures*, and *Spire*,
That while there's a *Papist* alive
We may not forget the *Fire*:
The *Pillory* now is his Lot,
He has rais'd such a flame with his *Crew*,
That *London* is now too hot;
Oh *Patience*! where art thou now?

5

Patience for *Zeal* to the *Cause*,
Did Preach to the Captives in Goal,
Patience, with great applause,
Gave large to an *Hospital*:
To *Use* now his Money may lend,
For *Pomfret* he'll never more stand,
Nor Warrants for *Thompson* send,
T'please *Titus* o'th' *Perjur'd* Band.

6

Patience with Coller of *Brass*,
To woful Disasters did fall,
Patience with *Copper Face*,
And a Conscience worse than all;
To *Holland*, to *Holland* he goes:
For plainly now it appears,
That (in spight of all *Whiggish Laws*,)
Ignoramus can't save his *Ears*.

7

Some say that the *Saints* may not *Swear*,
But *Lie* ev'n as much as they can;

Yet *Patience* in ſpight on's *Ears*,
Will *Swear* and *Forſwear* again :
That *Patience* ſhould be ſo far loſt,
Alas ! who with *Patience* can bear ?
That a *Saint* ſhould be *Knight o'th' Poſt*,
And an *Elder* without an *Ear*.

8

Let ev'ry good Subject with Me,
Who *Patience* a Virtue doth praiſe,
Leſt he fall into *Perjury*,
With *Patience* pray for more *Grace*.
But now I with *Patience* have done,
Leſt with *Patience* I keep ſuch a *Rout*,
That aſtray more with *Patience* run,
And weary your *Patience* out.

Oates *thraſht in the* Compter, *and ſack'd up in* Newgate. Tune, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades.*

1

HAil to the *Prince* of the *Plot*,
All hail to the *Knight of the Poſt*,
Poor *Titus* ! 'tis now thy Lot
To pay for all the Roaſt,
From Wine, and ſix Diſhes a day,
Is ſure a deplorable Fate,
To fall to the Basket, and pray
For an Alms through an *Iron grate*.

2

Titus who once was a Prince,
Now *Titus* a Captive in Goal,
Titus who lov'd a Wench,
Or any thing wore a tail ;
Titus who made a full paſs
At a following *Bum* in the Room,
Is clapt up himſelf by the Arſe
And cannot reverſe his Doom.

3

Did *Titus* ſwear true for the *King* ?
And is the good *Doctor* forſworn ?
Did *Titus* our Freedom bring ?
And *Oates* in *Newgate* Mourn ;
Was *Titus* the *Light* of the Town ?
The *Saviour* and *Guardian* proclaim'd,
And now the poor *Doctor* is thrown
To a *Dungeon*, in *Darkneſs* damn'd ?

4

But now, to declare the Cauſe,
I'll tell you as brief as I can,
The *Doctor* can't in the cloſe.
Prove *Titus* an honeſt Man :
Can *Titus* be juſt to the *King*,
From Treaſon and Treachery ſet free,
When the *Doctor* hangs in a String,
For *Plotting*, and *Perjury*.

5

For Dammage the *Doctor* has done,
Poor *Titus* is got in the Pound,
Till the *Doctor* produce the Sum,
Full *thirty thouſand Pound* :
If you knew on what damnable ſcore ;
Such perilous words he brought forth,
You'd ſay his falſe Tongue coſt more
Then ever his head was worth.

6

The *Doctor* an Evidence,
Againſt our great *Duke* did come in ;
Nay, ſuch was his Inſolence,
To impeach our Gracious *Queen* ;
For which, ſuch *Indictments* are brought,
Such *Actions* of *Scandal* crowd in,
That *Titus* could wiſh, 'tis thought,
He were out of the *Doctors* Skin.

Nay,

7

Nay, further, while *Titus* ſwore,
For the ſafety and life of the *King*,
The *Doctor* began to roar,
And he belch'd out his poyſon'd Sting;
The *Doctor* for *Titus* may ſtretch,
H'has ſo brought his bus'neſs about,
Without the kind help of *Ketch*
It's fear'd he will ſcarce get out.

8

Through ſixteen cloſe Key-holes, 'tis plain,
Inviſible *Titus* did paſs,
And the *Doctor* got back again,
To catch a great *Don* at *Maſs*.
But now they are both in the Trap,
'Tis a wager but *Jack* in the Fields,
(Tho' *Titus* may chance to eſcape)
Has the *Doctor* faſt by the heels.

Pluto, *the Prince of Darkneſs, his Entertainment of Col-*lonel Algernoon Sidney, *upon his Arrival at the* Infernal Palace. Tune, *Hail to the Myrtle Shades.*

Pluto.

ROom, room, for great *Algernoon*,
You *Furies* that ſtand in his way;
Let an Officer unto me come,
Who ſerv'd me every day,
Promoting Sedition and Evil,
To alter the *Church* and the *State*,
He deſerves an Imployment in *Hell*.
He has done great ſervice of late.

Pluto.

He is one of the damn'd old Crew,
Who Voted the death of the *King*:
At *Oxford* again he did ſue
To be at the ſelf-ſame thing.
All miſchiefs on Earth he devis'd,
All Hazards he alſo did run,

Nay,

To render my Name solemniz'd
With the Rabble of *London* Town.

Pluto.

To *Monarchy* he was a Foe,
Religion he always disdain'd,
'Gainst *Government* and the *Laws* too,
Damn'd *Anarchy* he maintain'd:
I'll give thee Preferment here,
Since *England* has banisht thee thence,
Brave *Sidney* thou need'st not to fear,
Thou shalt have great Recompence.

Shaftsbury.

Now *Monarchy* has prevail'd,
Our *Fanatick Plots* to defeat,
On whom is the *Cause* entail'd?
Who'l stand it in spight of Fate?
We that maintain'd it so long,
From Justice were forced to fly;
If you then had come along,
You needed not there to die.

Essex.

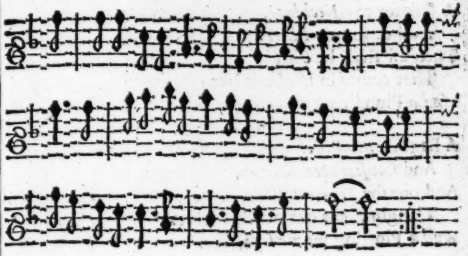
The *Factious* are quite undone,
For loss of the *Fanatick Peers*;
Now *Shaftsbury* and I are gone,
Poor *Oates* will lose his Ears.
For *M------h* our *Shams* and *Intrigues*
To th' World has plainly declar'd,
And *H-----d* our solemn *Leagues*,
In the *Plot* a long time prepar'd.

Russel.

I'm glad you are safe arriv'd,
Tho' I doubt you met *Jack* by the way,
Now *M------h* is reconcil'd,
What a plague is become of *Gray*?
Rebellion could ne'r disallow
Conspiring against the *Prince*,
Though I by a *Sham-dying Vow*
Did plead great *Innocence*.

The Swearers Chorus to the Presbyterian Plot

To the Tune of, *The Jovial Bugger.*



1

THere was a Monstrous *Doctor*;
This *Doctor* had no Peer,
A Rogue from his Cradle,
And bred to Lie and Swear;
And a Swearing *we will go, will go, will go,*
And a Swearing *we will go.*

2

A Bag for my *Pilgrims*,
Another for *Black-Bills*,
Ten thousand *blank Commissions*
To move as many Hills:
And a Swearing *we will go*, &c.

3

A Bag for my *Sallery*,
From every Fool subborns,
Three brawny Bums to follow me,
And Bugger them by turns:
And a Buggering *we will go*, &c.

4

A Bag for my *Plunder*,
Sir *William*'s on the scent;

The *Pole* did ne'r so Thunder
In the *Grand Vizier*'s Tent:
And a Plund'ring *we will go*, &c.

5

A Bag for my *Necklace*,
Another for my *Plate*?
Then all shall be Fish
That comes in *Waller*'s Net;
And a Plund'ring *we will go*, &c.

6

A Bag for my *Pistols*
And *Consecrated Knives*,
And one for *Tormentillio's*,
T'fright Fools out of their Lives:
And a Plotting *we will go*, &c.

7

A Bag for the *Parson*,
Another for *Don John*;
Though I swore like a Whoreson
Yet still I did swear on:
And a Swearing *we will go*, &c.

8

Through four and twenty Key-holes
I sally'd like a Witch,
And through as many *Brick-walls*
I'll swear I went through stitch:
And a Swearing *I will go*, &c.

9

To *Lambeth* we will go,
Where we first made the *Plot*;
While *Prance* and I can swear and lie,
They all shall go to pot:
And a Plotting *we will go*, &c.

10

Then we'l to *Godfrey* go,
And find him kill'd o'th' pot,
And swear the *Papists* did it,
To prove our *Popish-Plot*:
And a Murd'ring *we will go*, &c.

11

A Gown I have for ſhew
Amongſt the *Clergy* grave,
And, when I pleaſe a *Cloak*
To hide the double *Knave*:
And a Plotting *we will go*, &c.

12

I had a pretty knack
To Wheedle, Swear and Lye,
By the Rebellious Rabble
How much admir'd was I!
When a Swearing *we did go*, &c.

13

In fair *London* Town
I live, and pay no Rent;
The *Brethren* they provide for me,
And I am well content:
And a Swearing *we will go*, &c.

14

Of all Ocupations
The *Swearer* is moſt bleſt;
For when he ſwears moſt falſly,
He's always paid the beſt:
And a Swearing *we will go*, &c.

15

I fear no *Plots* againſt me,
Although the *Whigs* Rebel;
Then who would be honeſt,
Since ſuch Rogues fare ſo well?
And a Plotting *we will go, will go, will go,*
And a Plotting *we will go.*

The Beggers *Chorus, in the* Jovial Crew. *A new Tune.*

1

THere was a Jovial Begger
He had a Wooden Leg,
Lame from his Cradle,
And forced for to Beg:
And a Begging *we will go, will go*, &c.

2

A Bag for my Oat-meal,
Another for my Rye;
A little Bottle by my ſide,
To drink when I'm a dry;
And a Begging *we will go*, &c.

3

A Bag for my Wheat,
Another for my Salt,
A little pair of Crutches,
To ſee how I can halt;
And a Begging *we will go*, &c.

4

A Bag for my Bread,
Another for my Cheeſe,
A little Dog to follow me,
And gather what I leeſe;
And a Begging *we will go*, &c.

5

To *Pimblico* we'l go,
Where we ſhall mery be;
With every man a Can in's hand,
And a Wench upon his knee;
And a Begging *we will go*, &c.

6

And when that we're diſpoſed,
We tumble on the Graſs,
With our long patch'd Coats,
For to hide a pretty Laſs;
And a Begging *we will go*, &c.

7

Seven years I ſerved
My good old Maſter *Wild*,
Seven years I begged
Whilſt I was but a Child;
And a Begging *we will go*, &c.

8

I had the pretty knack,
To wheedle and to cry,

By

By young and by old,
Much pittyed then was I;
And a Begging *we will go*, &c.

9

Fatherless and Motherless,
Still was my complaint,
And none that ever saw me,
But took me for a Saint;
And a begging *we will go*, &c.

10.

I beg'd for my Master,
And got him store of pelf,
But *Jove* now be praised,
I now beg for my self;
And a begging *we will go*, &c.

11

Within a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no rent,
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content;
And a begging *we will go*, &c.

12

I fear no Plots against me,
But live in open Cell,
Then who wou'd be a King
When a *Begger* lives so well;
And a Begging *we will go*, &c.

Panatick *Zeal, or a Looking-glass for the* Whigs. Tune *A Swearing we will go*, &c.

1

WHo wou'd not be a *Tory*,
When the Loyal are call'd so;
And a *Whig* now is known,
To be the Nations *Foe*;
So *a* Tory *I will be, will be, will be,*
And a Tory *I will be.*

With

2

With little Band preciſe,
Hair *Presbyterian* cut;
Whig turns up Hands and Eyes
Tho' ſmoaking hot from *Slut*,
So a Tory *I will be*, &c.

3

Black Cap turn'd up with *white*,
With *woolfiſh Neck* and *Face*;
And *Mouth* with *Non-ſence* ſtuft;
Speaks *Whig* a man of Grace;
And a Tory *I will be*, &c.

4

The *Siſters* go to *Meetings*
To meet their *Callants* there;
And oft miſtake for my *Lord*,
And ſhivle out my *Dear*:
And a Tory *I will be*, &c.

5

Example, we do own
Then Precept better is;
For *Creſwel* ſhe was ſafe,
When ſhe liv'd a *Private Miſs*;
And a Tory *I will be*, &c.

6

The *Whigs* tho' ne'r ſo proud,
Sometimes have been as low:
For there are ſome of *Note*,
Have ſong a *Raree-Show*.
And a Tory *I will be*, &c.

7

Theſe *Muſhrooms* now have got
Their Champion turn-coat *Hick*,
But if the *Naked truth* were known,
They'r aſſiſted by *Old Nick*.
And a Tory *I will be*, &c.

8

To be, and to be not
At once is in their *Power*:

For when they'r In, they'r Guilty,
But clear when out o'th' *Tower*;
And a Tory *I will be*, &c.

9

To carry on their *Designs*,
Tho't contradicts their *Sense*:
They'l clear a *Whiggish* Traytor
Against plain *Evidence*.
And a Tory *I will be*, &c.

10

The *Old Proverb* doth us tell,
Each Dog will have his day,
And *Whig* has had his too,
For which he'l soundly pay;
So a Tory *I will be*, &c.

11

For *Bodkins* and for *Thimbles*,
Now let your *Tubsters* cant;
Their confounded tyr'd *Cause*,
Had never yet more want.
So a Tory *I will be*, &c.

12

For *Ignoramus Toney*
Has left you in the *Lurch*;
And you have spent your *Money*,
So faith e'en come to *Church*.
For *a* Tory *I will be*, &c.

13.

They are of no *Religion*,
Be it spoken to their Glories,
For St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*,
With Them both are *Tories*,
And a Tory *I will be*, &c.

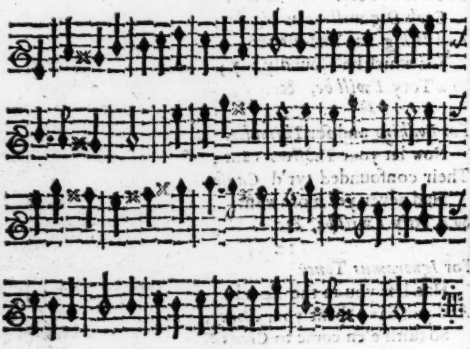
14

They'r excellent contrivers,
I wonder what they'r not;
For something they can make
Of nothing, and a *Plot*.
And a Tory *I will be*,

15

But now your *Holy Cheat*
Is known throughout the Nation,
And a *Whig* is known to be
A thing quite out of Fashion:
And a Tory *I will, will be, will be,*
And a Tory *I will be.*

London's *Lamentation for the loss of their* Charter.
To the Tune of, Packington's Pound.



1

YOu *Free-men*, and *Masters*, and *Prentices* mourn,
For now you are left with your *Charter* forlorn:
Since *London* was *London*, I dare boldly say,
For your *Riots* you never so dearly did pay;
In *Westminster-Hall*
Your *Dagon* did fall,
That caus'd you to *Ryot* and *mutiny* all:
Oh London! *Oh* London! *thou'dst better had none,*
Than thus with thy Charter *to vie with the* Throne.

2.

Oh *London!* Oh *London!* how cou'dſt thou pretend,
Againſt thy *Defender* thy crimes to defend?
Thy *Freedom* and *Rights* from kind *Princes* did Spring,
And yet in contempt thou withſtandeſt thy *King*:
With bold brazen Face
They pleaded thy Caſe,
In hopes to the *Charter*, the *King* wou'd give place:
Oh London! *thou'dſt better no* Charter *at all,*
Than thus for Rebellion *thy* Charter *ſhou'd fall.*

3.

Since *Britains* to *London* came over to dwell,
You had an old *Charter* to buy and to ſell;
And whilſt in *Allegiance* each honeſt man lives,
Then you had a *Charter* for *Lord Mayor* and *Shrieves*
But when, with your Pride,
You began to backſlide,
And *London* by Factions did run with the Tide;
Then London, *Oh* London! *'tis time to withdraw,*
Leſt the Flood of your Factions *the Land over-flow.*

4

When Faction and Fury of *Rebels* prevail'd,
When *Coblers* were *Kings*, and *Monarchs* were Jayl'd;
When *Maſters* in Tumults their *Prentices* led,
And the *Tail* did begin to make War with the *Head*;
When *Thomas* and *Kate*
Did bring in their Plate,
T'uphold the *Old Cauſe* of the *Rump of the State*:
Then tell me Oh London! *I prithee now tell,*
Hadſt thou e'r a Charter *to Fight and Rebel?*

5

When zealous *Sham-Sheriffs* the City oppoſe,
In ſpight of the *Charter*, the *King*, and the *Laws*,
And make ſuch a Ryot and Rout in the Town,
That never before ſuch a Racket was known;
When *Ryoters* dare
Arreſt the *Lord May'r*,
And force the *King's Subſtitute* out of the *Chair*;

Oh

*O*h London! *whose* Charter *is now on the* Lees,
Did your Charter *e'r warant such actions as these?*

6

Alas for the *Brethren*! what now must they do,
For chooſing *Whig-Sheriffs* and *Burgeſſes* too?
The *Charter* with *Patience* is gone to the pot,
And the *Doctor* is loſt in the depth of the *Plot*:
St. *Stephen* his *Flayl*
No more will prevail,
Nor Sir *Robert's Dagger*, the *Charter* to bail:
Oh London! *thou'dſt better have lain in the* Fire,
Then thus thy old Charter *ſhou'd ſtick in the Mire.*

7

But ſince with your Folly, your Faction and Pride,
You ſink with the *Charter*, who ſtrove with the Tide,
Let all the loſt Rivers return to the Main
From whence they deſcended; they'l ſpring out again:
Submit to the *King*
In every thing,
Then of a *New Charter New Sonnets* we'l ſing:
As *London* (the *Phœnix* of *England*) ne'r dies,
So out of the Flames a new *Charter* will riſe.

A Narrative of the Popiſh-Plot, *ſhewing the cunning contrivance thereof.* Tune, *Packingtons-Pound.*

The Contents of the firſt Part.

How Sir Godfrey *is kill'd, his Body they hide,*
Which brought out in Chair, *a* Horſeback *does ride;*
How Jeſuits *diſguis'd our Houſes do fire;*
How ſubtly they Plot, *and the King's death conſpire;*
Of divers great Lords *drawn in to their Bane,*
An Iriſh *Army, and* Pilgrims *from* Spain.

1

GOod People, I pray you, give ear unto me,
A *Story* ſo ſtrange you have never been told
How the *Jeſuit, Devil* and *Pope* did agree,
Our *State* to deſtroy, and *Religion* ſo old:

To

To *murder* our *King*,
A most horrible thing!
But first of Sir *Godfrey* his death I must sing;
For howe'r they disguis's't, we plainly can see,
Who *murder'd* that *Knight* no good *Christian* cou'd be.
The truth of my Story if any man doubt,
We have witnesses ready to swear it all out.

2

At *Somerset-house* there is plain to be seen
A *Gate* which will lead you into the *Back-Court*;
This place for the *Murder* most fitting did seem,
For thither much People do freely resort:
His Body they tost
From Pillar to Post,
And shifted so often, t'had like t'have been lost;
To which with *dark-Lanthorns* the *Jesuits* did go,
But no way distrusted our honest *Bedloe*,
The truth of my Story, &c.

3

Lest such close contrivements at length might take *air*,
When as his dead Body corrupted did grow,
They quickly did find an invisible *Chair*,
And set him on *Horse-back* to ride at *Sohoe*:
His *own Sword* to th' Hilt,
(To add to their Guilt,)
They thrust through his Body, but no blood was spilt;
T'have it thought he was kill'd by Theeves they did mean
So they left all his *money*, and made his *Shoes* clean.
The truth of my Story, &c.

4

To shew now the excess of *Jesuitical Rage*,
They this *Loyal Cit*) to ruine would bring,
Cause you *Citizens* are so *Religious* and *Sage*,
And ever much noted as *true* to your *King*:
T'your Houses they go
With *Fire* and with Tow,
And pilfer your Goods, and 'tis well you 'scape so

Y'have

Y'have seen how they once set the Town all in Flame,
Yet it is their best *Refuge*, if we believe *Fame*.
The *truth of my Story*, &c.

5

By Bedlo's Narration is shewn you most clear,
How *Jesuits* disguis'd into Houses will creep;
In a Porter or Carman's Frock they appear,
Nay, will not disdain to cry *Chimney sweep*;
Or sell you *Small Cole*,
Then drop in some hole
A *Fire-Ball*, or thrust it up by a long Pole.
But I now must relate a more tragical thing,
How these Villains conspir'd to *murder* our *King*.
The *truth of my Story*, &c.

6

At the *White-horse* in *April* was their main *Consult*,
Where a writing these Plotters wickedly frame;
The death of our *Sovereign* was the result,
To which at least *Forty* all signed their name:
They would not do that,
In the place where they sat,
Trusty *Oates* must convey't from this man to that;
To make sure work, by *Poyson* the *Deed* must be done,
And by a long *Dagger*, and shot from a *Gun*.
The *truth of my Story*, &c.

7

For fear at St. *Omers* their *Oates* might be mist,
They agreed with the *Devil* t'appear in his place,
In a body of *Air*, (believe't if you list)
Which lookt just like *Oats*, & mov'd with the same *grace*;
T'cou'd Plot, it cou'd Cant,
Turn eyes like a *Saint*,
And of our great *Doctor* no feature did want;
Thus hundreds might swear they saw *Oates* every day,
But true *Oates* was here, and the *Devil* lawfully.
The *truth of Story*, &c.

8

From *Father Oliva* Commiſſions did come,
To raiſe a great Army much Treaſure is ſpent;
The *Old Man* did once think to take Poſt from *Rome*,
For to ride at th' head of them was his intent;
Lord *Bellas* was fit
(Who can deny it?)
To Command in his place, when his *Gout* wou'd permit;
Lord *Stafford* was proper'ſt to truſt with their pay,
Old *Ratcliff* to range them in Battle-Array.
The *truth of my Story*, &c.

9

Th' *High-Treaſurer's* place the L. *Powis* did pleaſe,
(Men of *deſp'rate* Fortunes oft venture too far;
Lord *Peters* would hazard *Eſtate*, and his *Eaſe*,
And *Life* for the Pope too, in this Holy War;
Lord *Arundel* of old
So War-like and bold,
Made choice of a *Chancellor's Gown* we are told:
All theſe did conſpire with the Lord *Caſtlemain*,
Who now his good *Dutcheſs* will ne'r catch again,
The *truth of my Story*, &c.

10

Great ſtore of wild *Iriſh* both civil and wiſe,
Deſign'd to joyn with the *Pilgrims* of *Spain*;
Many thouſands being ready all in good guiſe,
Had vow'd a long Pilgrimage over the Main;
To Arm well this Hoſt
When it came on our Coaſt,
Black-Bills forty thouſand were ſent by the Poſt,
This Army lay privately on the Sea-ſhore,
And no man e'er heard of 'em ſince or before.
The *truth of my Story*, &c.

The Second Part.

The Contents of the second Part.

Of Arms under ground for Horse and for Foot,
The King almost kill'd, but Gun will not shoot,
For which Pickering *is whip'd. All of them swear*
To be true to the Plot; *yet* Oates, *not for fear,*
But revenge, being turn'd away, and well hang'd,
Discovers them all; the Jesuits *are hang'd.*

1

The Plot being thus subtly contriv'd as you hear,
To God knows how many this *Secret* th' impart,
Some famous for *Cheats*, yet their *Faith* they don't fear
To tie a *Knave* fast they had found a new *Art*.
They swore on a Book,
And *Sacrament* took;
Yet you'l find, if into their grave Authors you look
To forswear's no sin (as the *Recorder* well notes)
Nor Treason, Rebellion, nor cutting of Throats.
The *truth*, &c.

2

Still blinded by Zeal, and inveigl'd by Hope,
Store of Arms they provide for Fight and Defence;
The Lords must command as Vice Roys of the *Pope*,
And all over *England* they raise *Peter-pence*:
Their Letters they send
By *BEDLOE* their Friend.
Or else by the Post, to shew what they intend;
Some hundreds *Oates* saw, which the Jesuits did write,
'Twas a wonder not one of them e'er came to light.
The *truth*, &c.

3

Pounds two hundred thousand they to *Ireland* sent,
Fifteen thousand to *Wakeman* for Potions and Pills,
Forty thousand in Fire-works we guess that they spent
And at least ten thousand for the foresaid *Black-Bills*.
Fifteen hundred more
Groves shou'd have, they swore,
Four Gentlemen Ruffians deserved fourscore;

Pic

Pious *Pickering* they knew was of *Masses* more fond,
And for thirty thousand they gave him a Bond.
The *truth*, &c.

4

These two, to kill the *King* by promises won,
Had now watch'd for some years in *St. James's-Park*,
And *Pickering* (who never yet shot off a Gun)
Was about to take aim, for he had a fair mark;
Just going to begin't,
He *miss'd his flint*,
And looking in Pan, there was no Powder in't;
For which he their Pardon does humbly beseech,
Yet had thirty good lashes upon his bare Breech.
The *truth*, &z.

5

But a sadder mischance to the Plot did befall,
For *Oates* their main Engine fail'd when he came to't,
No marvel indeed if he couzen'd them all,
Who turn'd him a begging and beat him to boot,
He wheeling about,
The whole Party did rout,
And from lurking holes did ferret them out,
Till running himself blind, he none of them knew,
And fainting at Councel, he could not swear true.
The *truth*, &c.

6

To strengthen our Doctor brave *Bedloe's* brought in,
A more credible Witness was not above ground;
He vows and protests, what e'r he had been,
He wou'd not swear false now for five hundred pound.
And why should we fear,
They falsly would swear,
To damn their own Souls, and to lose by it here:
For *Oates*, who before had no Penny in's Purse
Discov'ring the Plot, was seven hundred pounds worse.
The *truth*, &c

Two Witneſſes more were let loſe from the Jayl,
Though one, 'tis confeſt, did run back from his word,
(In danger of life a good man may be frail)
And th'other they ſlander for cheating his Lord;
T'each one of theſe men
The *Jeſuits* brought Ten,
To diſprove 'em in time, and in place, but what then?
One Circumſtance lately was ſworn moſt clear,
By a man who in hopes has four hundred a year.
The truth of my Story. &c.

8

Beſides 'twas oft urg'd, we muſt always ſuppoſe,
To murder the *King* a great *Plot* there has been;
And who to contrive it ſo likely as thoſe
Who *Murder* and *Treaſons* do hold for no ſin;
Things being thus plain,
To plead was in vain,
The *Jury* inſtructed again and again.
Did find them all *Guilty*, and to ſhew 'twas well done,
The People gave a *Shout* as for Victory won,
The truth of my Story, &c.

9

'Tis ſtrange how theſe *Jeſuits*, ſo ſubtile and wiſe,
Should all by the *Pope* be ſo baſely trepan'd,
To hang with much comfort when he ſhall adviſe,
And go to the *Devil* too at his command
He may give them leave
To *Lye* and *Deceive*;
But what when the *Rope* does of life them bereave,
Can his *Holineſs*, think you, diſpence of that pain,
Or by his *Indulgences* raiſe them again?
The truth of my Story, &c.

16

Yet, like *Mad-men*, of life a contempt they expreſs,
And of their own happineſs careleſs appear;
For Life and for Money not one wo'ud confeſs,
They'd rather be *Damn'd* than be *Rich* and live here.
But ſurely they rav'd,
When *God* they out-brav'd, And

And thought to *renounce* him the way to be sav'd,
And with *Lies* in their *mouths* go to *Heav'n* in a *String*,
So prosper all *Traytors*, and *God save the King*.
The truth of my Story, &c.

Concordat cum Recordo Cl. Par.

Blanket-Fair, *or the History of* Temple-street. *Being a Relation of the merry Pranks plaid on the River of* Thames *during the great Frost. Tune* Packingtons Pound.

1

COme listen a while (tho' the weather be cold)
In your *Pockets* and *Plackets* your hand you may hold.
I'll tell you a *Story* as true as 'tis rare,
Of a *River* turn'd into a *Bartholomew*-Fair;
Since old *Christmas* last
There has been such a *Frost*,
That the *Thames* has by half the whole *Nation* been crost
Oh *Scullers* I pitty your fate of extreams,
Each *Land-man* is now become free of the *Thames*.

2

'Tis some *Lapland Acquaintance* of Conjurer *Oates*,
That has ty'd up your hands & Imprison'd your *Boats*;
You know he was ever a Friend to the Crew
Of all that to Admiral *James* have been true.
Where *Scalls* once did *Row*
Men walk too and fro,
But e're four Months are ended, 'twill hardly be so.
Should your hopes of a *Thaw* by this weather be crost,
Your *Fortune* will soon be as hard as the *Frost*.

3

In *Roast-Beef* and *Brandy* much Money is spent,
And *Booths* made of *Blankets* that pay no ground-rent;
With old-fashion'd *Chimneys* the *Rooms* are secur'd,
And the Houses from danger of *Fire* are ensur'd.
The chief place you meet
Is call'd *Temple-street*,
If you do not believe me, then you may go see't.

From the *Temple* the *Students* do thither resort,
Who were always great *Patrons* of *Revels* and *sport*.

4

The *Citizen* comes with his *Daughter* or *Wife*,
And swears he ne'r saw such a sight in his Life:
The *Prentices* starv'd at home for want of *Coals*
To catch them a *heat* do flock thither in *shoals*,
While the Country *Squire*
Does stand and admire,
At the wondrous conjunction of *Water* and *Fire*.
Strait comes an arch *Wag*, a young *Son of a Whore*,
And lays the *Squires head* where his *heels* were before.

5

The *Roterdam Dutchman* with fleet cutting *Sceats*,
To pleasure the *crowd* shews his *tricks* and his *feats*;
Who like a *Rope-dancer* (for his sharp *Steels*)
His *Brains* and activity lies in his *Heels*.
Here all things like fate
Are in slippery state,
From the *sole* of the *Foot* to the *crown* of the *Pate*.
While the *Rabble* in *Sledges* run giddily round,
And nought but a circle of folly is found.

6

Here *Damsels* are handed like *Nymphs* in the *Bath*,
By *Gentlemen-Ushers* with *Legs* like a *Lath*;
They *slide* to a *Tune*, and cry give me your *Hand*,
When the tottering *Fops* are scarce able to stand.
Then with fear and with care
They arrive at the *Fair*,
There *Wenches* sell *Glasses* and crackt *Earthen-ware*;
To shew that the World and the pleasures it brings,
Are made up of brittle and slippery things.

7

A *Spark* of the *Bar* with his *Cane* and his *Muff*,
One day went to treat his new rigg'd *Kitchen-stuff*,
Let slip from her *Gallant*, the gay *Damsel* try'd
(As oft she had done in the *Country*) to slide,
In the way lay a stump,
That with a damn thump,

She

She broke both her *Shoe-ſtrings* and cripl'd her *Rump*.
The heat of her *Buttocks* made ſuch a great *thaw*,
She had like to have drowned the man of the *Law*.

8

All you that are warm both in *Body* and *Purſe*,
I give you this *warning* for better or worſe,
Be not there in *Moonſhine*, pray take my advice,
For ſlippery things have been done on the *Ice*.
Maids there have been ſaid
To loſe *Maiden-head*,
And *Sparks* from full *Pockets* gone empty to Bed.
If their *Brains* and their *Bodies* had not been too warm,
It is forty to one they had come to leſs harm.

Freezland-Fair, *or the* Icy Bear-Garden. *The Tune, of* Packington's-Pound.

1

I'Ll tell ye a *Tale*, (though before 'twas in *Print*)
If you make nothing on't then the *Devil* is in't,
'Tis no *Tale* of a *Tub*, nor the *Plotting* of *Treaſon*,
But of very ſtrange things have been done this cold [ſeaſon,
You know there's a *Book*
No, no, I miſtook,
For I could not find it, though long I did look;
Yet I do not queſtion, for all the odd freaks,
We ſhall find it again when e're the *Froſt* breaks.

2

If you do believe what was told us by *Oates*,
Ye never again will have uſe of your *Boats*;
Without you do now imploy the *Wheelers* to do't,
Ye ne'r will be able to bring all about.
He talkt of a *Plot*,
Believe it, or not,
To blow up the *Thames*, and to do't on the Spot;
Then either the *Doctor* muſt now be believ'd,
Or elſe the *Doctor* and we are deceiv'd.

3

No water I ſee which does fairly incline,
To make me believe he has ſprung now his *Mine*;
Though that did not do what the *Doctor* intended.
Yet he may for one thing be ſaid to be commended.
He ſaid that the *Pope*,
(Pray mind, 'tis a *Trope*)
Wou'd ſend us his *Bulls* by the way of the *Hope*;
And tho' for the *ſign* we have all along been waiting,
I t'other day ſaw on the *Ice* a *Bull-baiting*.

4

I hope you'l believe me, 'twas a fine ſight,
As ever I ſaw on Queen *Beſſes* night;
Though I muſt confeſs I ſaw no ſuch *Dogs* there,
As us'd to attend the *Infallible Chair*.
Yet there was ſome Men,
Whom I knew again,
Who *bawl'd* as they did, when they choſe *Aldermen*.
And faith it had been a moſt excellent *Shew*,
Had there been ſome *Crackers* and *Serpents* to throw.

5

Another thing pleas'd me, as I hope for Life,
I ſaw of a Man that had gotten a *Wife*;
To ſee the rare *Whimſies*, the *Woman was ſick*,
So never ſuſpected a *ſlippery Trick*:
But when ſhe came there,
The *Ice* wou'd not bear,
But whether 'twas *his fault* or *hers*, I can't *ſwear*;
Yet thus far is true, had he loſt his *Wife*,
He then might have pray'd for a *Froſt* all his life.

6

There's very fine *Tricks* and new ſubject for *Laughter*,
For there you may take a *Coach* and go by *Water*,
So get a *Tarpawling* too, as you are *Jogging*,
Tho' a *Nymph* t'other day for it got a good *Flogging*.
There was an old *Toaſt*,
Of *Beef* had a *Roaſt*,
Which fell into th' *Sellar*, and fairly was loſt.

O ſee in Old *Proverbs* ſometimes there is truth,
A Man is not ſure of his *Meat* till's in's *Mouth*.

7

But I had forgot my chief buſ'neſs I ſwear,
To give an account of new *Temple-ſtreet* Fair;
Where moſt of the *Students* do daily reſort,
To ſhew the great love they had always for *ſport*.
Who oft give a *Token*,
I hope't may be ſpoken,
To *Whore* in a *Mask*, who *ſqueaks* like a *Pig* a *Poke* in
To ſee ſuch *crack't Veſſels* ſail is a new matter,
Who have bin ſo *ſhatter*'d between *Wind* & *Water*

8

Like *Babel* this *Fair*'s not built with *Brick* or *ſtone*,
Though here I believe is as great *Confuſion*;
Now *Blanckets* are forc'd a double *Duty* to pay,
On *Beds* all the night, and for *Houſes* all day;
But there's ſomething more,
Some people deplore,
Their careleſly leaving open Sellar door,
Which puts me in mind of *Jack Presbyter*'s trick,
Who from *Pulpit* deſcends the like way to *Old Nick*.

9

Come all ye young *Damſels* both *ſwarthy* and *faire*,
This is the beſt place to put off your *cracket ware*;
Here's *Chapmen* good ſtore who too't ſtifly will ſtand,
And ſcorn to put *Coin* that is falſe in your hand:
While you're there abiding,
And on the *Ice Gliding*,
Let 'em ſay what they will, 'tis but a back-ſliding.
But if you ſhou'd *Prove*, then ſay I am a *Prophet*,
Thô 'tis a ſlippery trick there ſhall come no more of it

10

There's many more *Tricks*, but too long to be told,
Which are not all *new*, thô there's none of 'em *old*;
There's the *Fellow* that *Printeth* the *Old-Baily Tryal*,
Who to all the dull *Printers* does give a *Denyal*;
He, I *Print* for a *Sice*,
(For that is his price) D 5 Your

Your *Name* (that you may brag 'twas done) on the *Ict*.
And Faith I do think it a very fine thing,
So my *Tal's* at an end. But first, *God save the King*,

A Song on the Popish-Plot, *by a Lady of Quality. Tune* Packingtons-Pound.

1

SInce counterfeit *Plots* have affected this Age,
Being acted by *Fools*, and contriv'd by the *Sage*;
In City, or Suburbs no man can be found,
But frighted with *Fire-Balls*, their heads turn'd round.
From Pulpit to Pot,
They talk of a Plot,
All their *Brains* were *enslav'd*, and each man turn'd *Sot*.
But let us to Reason and Justice repair,
And this *Popish Bugbear* will fly in the Air.

2

A Politick States-man of Body unsound,
Thoonce in a tree with the Rabble set round,
Run *Monarchy* down with *Fanatick Rage*,
And Preach'd up *Rebellion* i'that credulous Age;
He now is at work
With the Devil and Turk,
Pretending a Plot, under which he doth lurk,
To bumble the *Mitre*, while he squints at the *Crown*,
Till fairly and squarely he pulls them both down.

3

He had found out an Instrument fit for the *Devil*,
Whose mind had been train'd up to all that was Evil:
Of Fortune sunk low, and detested by many,
Kick'd out at St. *Omers*, not pity'd by any:
Some whisperers fix'd him
Upon this Design,
And with promis'd reward did him countermine:
Though his *Tale* was ill told, it serv'd to give fire
Despis'd by the *Wise*, whilst *Fools* did admire,

4

The next that appear'd, was a *Fool-hardy Knave*,
Who ply'd the *High-ways*, and to *Vice* was a *Slave*;
Being fed out of *Basket*, in Prison forlorn,
No wonder that *Money* should make Him *Forsworn*.
He boldly dares swear
What men tremble to hear,
And learns a false Lesson without any fear,
For when he is *out*, there's one that's in's place,
Relieves his *Invention*, and quickens his pace.

5

In a *Country* Prison another was found,
Who had cheated his Lord of *One Thousand pound*;
He was freed from his Fetters, to *Swear* and *Inform*,
Which very couragiously he did perform,
To avoid future strife
He takes away Life,
To save poor *Protestants* from *Popish Knife*:
Which only has edge to cut a *Rogues Ears*,
For abusing the People with *needless Fears*.

7

Another starts up, and tells a false *Tale*,
Which strait he *revok'd*, his courage being *frail*:
But, to *fortify* one that needeth his aid,
(Being tempted by *money*, which much doth perswade)
He swore he knew all
That contrived the fall,
Of one who that day was seen near to *White-Hall*;
Where he by an Officers powerful breath,
More likely by far, received his death.

7

A *Gown-man* most grave, with *Fanatical form*,
With his scribling wit doth blow up this Storm;
For moth-eaten Records he worships the *Devil*,
Being now lodg'd at *Court*, he must become civil.
He hunts all about
And makes a great Rout,
To find some old Prophesy to help him out;

But his Friend that was hous'd with him at *Fox-hall*,
Being joyn'd with his Master, ſtill ſtrengthens 'em all.

8

Then comes a crack'd *Merchant*, with his ſhallow Brain,
Who firſt did lead up this *ſtigmatis'd Train*:
He ſince is grown uſeleſs, his Skill being ſmall;
Yet at a dead lift he's ſtill at their call:
He has peſter'd the Preſs,
With ridiculous droſs,
In this fortbling Age he could do no leſs,
But to ſo little purpoſe as plainly appears,
With Pen he had better ſat picking his ears.

9

To end with a Prayer, as now 'tis my lot,
Confounded be *Plotters* with their *Popiſh-Plot*,
God bleſs and preſerve our Gracious Good *King*,
That he may ne'r feel the *Presbyter*'s ſting;
As they brought his Father
With rage to the Block,
So would they extirpate all the whole Stock,
But with their falſe *Plots* I hope they will end
At *Tyburn*, where the *Rabble* will ſurely attend.

The Whigs *hard heart for the cauſe of the hard* Froſt.
Tune, Packingtons Pound

1

YE *Whigs* and *Diſſenters*, I charge you attend,
Here is a ſad ſtory as ever was told,
The *River* of *Thames*, that once was your Friend,
Is frozen quite over with *Ice* very cold;
And Fiſh which abounded,
Though they can't be drownded,
For lack of their *Liquor*, I fear are confounded.
Then leave your *Rebellious* and damn'd *Presbybering*,
Or you may be glad of *Poor-Jack* and *Red-herring*.

2

Now, had it been frozen with *Brimſtone* and *Fire*,
The wonder had been much deeper at bottom;

The

Tho ſome do believe your Sins do require
A puniſhment great as e'r fell upon *Sodom*:
But then the poor Fiſh
Had been dreſs'd to your Diſh,
And, 'ſtead of a *Plague*, you had then had your wiſh;
Pikes, *Flounders*, together with *Gudgeons* and *Roaches*,
Had ſerved for the Luxury of theſe *Debauches*,

3

But alas! to diſtruſt ye this *Froſt* now is ſent,
As if it would ſhew ye your *Conſciences* harden'd;
And if each *Mothers Child* make not haſt to repent,
How the *Devil* d'ye think ye ſhall ever be pardon'd?
'Tis a very hard caſe,
As ever yet was,
That the *River* ſhould ſuffer for every Aſs!
Poor *Thames*! thou may'ſt curſe the foul Lake of *Geneva*
For whoſe faults thou doſt penance, ſans hope of Re-

4 [prieve-a,

This *Thames* (O ye *Whigs*!) brought you plenty & pride,
So ye harden'd your hearts with your *Silver* and *Gold*,
But if ever ye hope to redeem *Time* or *Tide*,
Hot muſt your *Repentance*, your *Zeal* muſt be *cold*;
Your damn'd hungry Zeal
For rank *Commonweal*,
Will hurry ye headlong all down to the *Deel*;
Then melt your hard hearts, & your tears ſpread abroad,
As ever ye hope that your *Thames* ſhall be thaw'd.

5

Make haſt, and be ſoon reconcil'd to the *Truth*,
Or you may lament it both old men and young;
For, ſuppoſe ev'ry *Shop* ſhould be turn'd to a *Booth*,
Oh, were it not ſad to be told with a tongue!
Should *Cheapſide* advance
Up to *Petty-France*,
And *Londons Guild-hall* up to *Weſtminſter* dance;
O, what would become of your wealthy brave *Chamber*,
If it were forc'd ſo far *weſtward* to clamber?

6

Cooks-Shops with roast *Victuals*, and *Taverns* with *VVine*,
Already are seen on the *River* with plenty,
Which are fill'd ev'ry morning before you can *Dine*,
By *Two's* and by *Three's*, I may truly say *Twenty*;
Jack, *Tom*, *VVill* and *Harry*,
Nan, *Sue*, and *Mary*,
Come there to devour *Plum-Cakes* and *Canary*:
And if with their *Dancing* & *VVine* they be tir'd,
For a *Tester* a piece there's a *Coach* to be hir'd.

7

There's *Ginger-bread*, *Small-Cole*, and *hot Pudding-pies*,
With *Bread & Cheese*, *Brandy*, & good *Ale* & *Beer*:
Besides the *Plum-Cakes* too, there's large *Cakes of Ice*,
Enough to invite him that will come there;
All which does betide
To punish your Pride;
Y'are plagu'd now with *Ice*, 'cause you love to *back-slide*
Methinks it should warn you to alter your *Station*,
For y'have hitherto built on a slippery *Foundation*.

8

Ye Merchants to *Greenland* now leave off your sailing,
And for your *Train-Oyl* your selves never solicite;
For there is no fear of your *Merchandise* failing,
Since the *VVhales* I'm afraid mean to give us a visit:
The great *Leviathan*
May sail to *England*,
To see a worse Monster the *Presbyterian*.
Was ever a Vengeance so wonderful shewn,
That a *River* so great should be turn'd to a *Town*?

The praise of the Dairy-Maid, *with a lick at the* Cream-Pot, *or a Fading* Rose. *Tune*, Pachintons Pound.

1

LEt Wine turn a *Spark*, and Ale huff like a *Hector*,
Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, & *Jove* his rich *Nectar*.
Neither *Cider* nor *Sherry*,
Metheglin nor *Perry*,

Shall

Shall more make me *Drunk* which the vulgar call *merry*:
These *Drinks* o're my *Fancy* no more shall prevail,
But I'll take a full soop at the merry *Milk*-Pail.

2

In praise of a *Dairy* I purpose to sing;
But all things in order, first, *God save the King*,
And the *Queen* I may say,
That ev'ry *May-day*,
Has many fair *Dairy-Maids*, all fine and gay.
Assist me, fair Damsels, to finish this Theme,
And inspire my *fancy* with *Strawberries* and *Cream*.

3

The first of fair *Dairy-Maids*. if you'l believe,
Was *Adam's* own Wife, your Great-grandmother *Eve*;
She milk'd many a Cow,
As well she knew how,
Tho *Butter* was then not so cheap as 'tis now;
She hoarded no *Butter* nor *Cheese* on a Shelf,
For the *Butter* and *Cheese* in those days made it self.

4

In that age or time there was no damn'd *Money*,
Yet the *Children* of *Israel* fed upon *Milk* and *Honey*:
No *Queen* you could see
Of the highest Degree,
But would milk the *Brown Cow* with the meanest she.
Their *Lambs* gave them Cloathing, their *Cows* gave them [Meat,
In a plentiful Peace all their *Joys* were compleat.

5

But now of the making of *Cheese* we shall treat,
That *Nurser* of *Subjects*, bold *Britains* chief *Meat*.
When they first begin it,
To how the *Rennet*
Begets the first *Curd*, you wou'd wonder what's in it.
Then from the blew *whey*, when they put the *Curds* by,
They look just like *Amber*, or Clouds in the *Sky*.

6 Your

6

Your *Turkey Sherbet* and *Arabian Tea*,
Is Diſh-water-ſtuff to a Diſh of new *VVhey*;
For it cools Head and Brains,
Ill Vapours it drains,
And tho your *Guts* rumble, 'twill ne'r hurt your Brains.
Court-Ladies i'th' morning will drink a whole Pottle,
And ſend out their *Pages* with *Tankard* and *Bottle*.

7

Thou *Daughter* of *Milk*, and *Mother* of *Butter*,
Sweet *Cream* thy due praiſes how ſhall I utter?
For when at the beſt,
A thing's well expreſs'd,
We are apt reply, *that's the Cream of the Jeſt*:
Had I been a *Mouſe*, I believe in my Soul
I had long ſince been *drowned* in a *Cream-bowl*.

8

The *Elixir of Milk*, the *Dutch*-mens delight,
By motion and tumbling thou bringeſt to light;
But Oh, the ſoft ſtream
That remains of the *Cream*!
Old *Morpheus* ne'r taſted ſo ſweet in a Dream:
It removes all *Obſtructions*, depreſſes the *Spleen*,
And makes an old *Bawd* like a *VVench* of fifteen.

9

Amongſt the rare *Virtues* that *Milk* does produce,
A thouſand more *Dainties* are daily in uſe;
For a *Pudding* I'll tell ye,
E'r it goes in the Belly,
Muſt have both good *Milk* and the *Cream* and the *Jelly*:
For a dainty fine *Pudding* without *Cream* or *Milk*,
Is like a *Citizen's* Wife without *Satten* or *Silk*.

10

In the *Virtue* of *Milk* there's more to be muſter'd,
The charming delights of *Cheeſe-Cakes* and *Cuſtard*;
For at *Totenam-Court*
You can have no Sport,
Unleſs you give *Cuſtards* and *Cheeſe-Cakes* for't:

And

And what's *Jack Pudding* that makes us to laugh,
Unless he hath got a great *Custard* to quaff.

11

Both *Pan-cakes* and *Fritters* of *Milk* have good store,
But a *Devonshire White-pot* requires much more.
No state you can think,
Tho you study and wink,
From the lusty *Sack posset* to poor *Posset-drink*;
But *Milk's* the Ingredients, tho *Sack's* ne'r the worse;
For 'tis *Sack* makes the Man, tho *Milk* makes the Nurse.

12

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is *cool*,
A rich *clouted Cream* or a *Goose-berry-Fool*;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her *Husband* a *Fool*, and yet pleas'd him full well.
Give thanks to the *Dairy* then every Lad,
That from good natur'd *women* such *Fools* may be had.

13

When the Damsel has got the Cows teat in her hand,
How she merily sings, while smiling I stand,
Then with pleasure I rub,
Yet impatient I scrub,
When I think of the blessing of a *Syllabub*:
Oh *Dairy-maids*, *Milk-maids*, such bliss ne'r oppose,
If e'r you'l be happy; I speak under the *Rose*.

14

This *Rose* was a Maiden once of your Profession,
Till the *Rake* and the *Spade* had taken possession;
At length it was said,
That one Mr, *Edmond* did both *dig* and *sow* in her *Parsley-bed*;
But the *Fool* for his labour deserves not a *Rush*,
For grafting a *Thistle* upon a *Rose bush*.

15

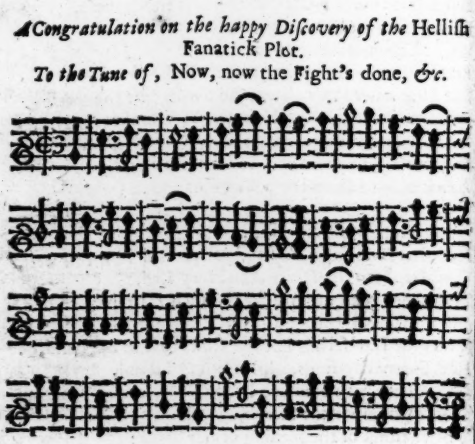
Now *Milk*-maids take warning by this Maidens fall,
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all;
Mind well your Milk-pan,
And ne'r touch a man,

And

And you'l ſtill be a Maid, let him do what he can.
I am your well-wiſher, then liſt to my word,
And give no more Milk than the *Cow* can afford.

A Congratulation on the happy Diſcovery of the Helliſh Fanatick Plot.

To the Tune of, Now, now the Fight's done, *&c.*



1

COme now let's rejoyce, and the City Bells ring,
And the Bonefires kindle, while unto the *King*
We pay on our knees the grand tribute that's due,
Of thanks and oblation which now we renew,
For Mercies that we have received of late,
From Prudence and Juſtice diverting our Fate.

2

The Curtain is drawn, and the Clouds are diſperſt,
The Plot's come to light that in darkneſs did neſt;
Jack Calvin's diſplay'd with his Colours in grain:
And who were the *Traytors* and *Villains* 'tis plain:

The

The Traps that they laid, and the Snares that they ſet,
Have caught them at laſt in their own ſilly Net.

3

The Foreman himſelf, that Off-ſpring of Hell,
In whoſe wicked Breaſt all Treaſon doth dwell,
To the *Tower* was ſent, with his triple Name,
Whilſt the *Triple-tree* groans for his Carcaſs again,
And many Rogues more their Leader will follow
Unto the ſame place, whilſt we whoop and hollow.

4

The Libelling Tribe that ſo long have Reign'd,
And ſowed Sedition, ſhall now be Arraign'd;
Their Shams and their Lies ſhall do them no good,
When they come to the tree, there's no ſhamming that [wood:
Janway and *Curtis* in the forlorn hope,
Then *Vile*, *Smith*, and *Care* ſhall neck the next Rope.

5

So, ſo, let them dye that would Monarchs deſtroy,
And ſpit all their Venom our Land to annoy:
If that their Pow'r were to their Malice equal,
And their Courage the ſame, they'd ſoon ruine all;
But their Courage is low, and their Power but ſmall;
Their *Treaſon* is high, and muſt have a fall.

6

When *Trojans* of old (our Anceſtors) were
In danger of Shipwrack, and toſs'd here and there;
Great *Neptune* ſoon quell'd thoſe Rebels and Storms,
With brandiſhed trident, and free'd them from harms;
They fled from his Face, through the guilt of their cauſe,
As theſe from our Lyon, if he ſtretch'd out his paws.

7

Go Devils, be gone to the Region below,
Here's no buſ'neſs of yours, or ought left to do:
No Tempter we need, we can act all our ſelves,
Without any help from you ſilly Elves;
For what *Presbyter* acts, he thinks a diſgrace,
All Hell ſhould out-do him, or dare ſhew their Face.

8

For produce all the ill that Hell ever hatch'd,
'Tis nothing at all when it comes to be match'd;
With what has been Plotted by Traytors of late,
Who aim'd at the ruine of Church, and of State:
By Perjury, Bribes, by subborning, all Evil,
By Murder, and worse than e're came from th' Devil,

9

Now *Presbyter* come and submit thy stiff Neck,
Thou labour'st in vain our Great Monarch to check;
Whose Power Divine no Mortals controul,
But hazard the loss of both Body and Soul:
Then banish for ever your *Commonwealth* hope,
Which tends to destruction, and ends in a Rope.

EPILOGUE.

With Wine of all sorts let the Conduits run free,
And each true heart drink the *Kings* health on his knee.
No Treason shall lodge in our breasts while we live,
To *God*, and to *Cæsar*, their due we will give;
We'll pray with our hearts, and fight with our hands,
Against all *Fanaticks*, when Great *James* commands.

A new SONG on the Death of Colledge *the* Protestant Joyner. Tune, *Now, now the Fight's done.*

BRave *Colledge* is Hang'd, the Chief of our hopes,
For pulling down *Bishops* and making New *Popes*:
Our dear Brother *Property* crawls on the Grownd,
In *Poland* King *Anthony* ne'r will be Crown'd:
For now they'r resolv'd, that *Hearts* shall be Trump,
And the Prentices Swear, they will Burn the *Old Rump*.

2.

Brave *Colledge*, both Champion and Carver of *Laws*,
Who dyed undaunted, and stuck to the *Cause*;
What mischief mightst thou to the *Godly* have done
Had thy daring Soul, dreaded the World to come?
And all thy dear Party to danger expos'd,
If Thou to the World, hadst thy secrets disclos'd.

But

3.

But now thou art Hang'd, and that fear is past,
Were all that's in question as safe in the Nest,
Then we some new means, might consult or contrive,
To drive on our purpose, to prosper or thrive:
But the *Popish Plot*, has now quite lost its Name,
And none thy bright *Blunderbuss* dare to maintain.

4.

What K--- but Great *Colledge*, could e'er make a *Pope*,
Tho' he was o'er-rul'd by the end of the *Rope*?
Great *Colledge*, was certainly *Jure Divino*,
When the Triple Crown, on the *Popes* Head did *Shine*.
He burnt him to ashes, for pastime like *Nero*,
Then straight made a new one, such Power had our *Hero*.

5.

Great *Colledge*, must certainly dye a good *Martyr*,
Being Knight of the *Halter*, and above the *Garter*;
Our dear Brother *States-man*, tho' bred in a *Saw-pit*,
Had Internal *Genius*, enough to o'rethrow Wit:
He fram'd a new Moddel, to limit the K---,
In hopes Crown and Scepter, might truckle to him.

6.

Great *Britain* n'er bred such a Brother as *Colledge*,
He made Seven *Popes*, in his Time to our knowledge;
Our Signals of Crimes, he put in the *Popes* Arms
Which prudent Contrivance, our Function Alarms.
With threats in Petition, Kings Power to restrain,
Yet *Towser* and *Broomstaff*, ride Admiral again.

7.

Great *Hannibal*'s Conquest, nor *Oliver*'s Nose,
Could with such small Slaughter, subdue such great Foes,
As he in three years, with the help of our Party,
Hath check't our three Kingdoms and *Magna Charta*,
The Head of our *Church*, and the Head of our *Cause*,
He would have maintain'd them by *Perjury* and *Blows*.

8.

He now may be call'd, a third *Saviour o'th' Nation*,
To save his dear Church he Renounced Salvation.

Like

Like Famous *Cargile*, he dy'd for *King Jesus*,
Defying *Church Idols*, enough to amuze us:
He ty'd up together both Us and our Crimes,
And dy'd like a Devil, to damp our Designes.

9.

Our *Cause* t'th' *Character-men*, we must refer
To *Shadwell*, and *Settle*, to *Curtis* and *Care*.
To know who suceeeds, our late Captain the *Joyner*,
He must be an Artist, some Carver, or Coyner,
To make our Solemnity, and some New *Popes*,
On which our dependance hangs, and our Hopes.

10.

But when the time comes, that the *Pope* must be burn'd
I fear we shall find that the Tide is much turn'd?
For the *Tory* Party, hath got so much ground,
To Head a *Rebellion* there's none will be found;
For now they'r Resolv'd that *Harts* shall be Trump;
And the Prentices Swear, they'l burn the *Old Rump*.

11.

Such a confused Monster, they swear they'l Compose
Of all the *Dissenters*, that are the Kings Foes;
The *Baptist*, and *Biter*, the *Pendant* and *Quaker*,
From which they will draw such a Prodigious Creature:
More Diabolical and Invectively far,
Then all the *Popes* Solemnity at *Temple-Bar*.

12.

Our Common-Councel let's Summon together,
To Pannel packt Jury's, Let's mak't our endeavour,
For an *Habeas Corpus* insists on our Power;
To fetch our Great Patriots out of the *Tower*;
And then we'll Dispute the Case, for *Reformation*,
And make the Proud *Torys* Resign us the Nation.

The Complcat Swearing-Master; To the Tune of,
Now, now the Fight's done

ONce on a time, the *Doctor* did swear,
By the help of his Friend the Prince of the Air,

He was buſie in Conſult, one day in *Spain*,
And on the ſame day in *England* again:
And the Dr. *did ſwear that Noble* Don John,
Though little and Fair, was a tall black Man.

2.

The *Dr.* Swore he brought Commiſſions to Town,
From Father *Oliva* to men of Renown:
To raiſe mighty Forces the King to Deſtroy,
For which many *Ruffians* the *Pope* did imploy;
And the Dr *did Swear that little* Don John,
Was black, and alſo a very tall Man.

3.

That forty thouſand *Pilgrims* there were,
Arm'd with *Black-bills*, that march'd in the Air;
And ready to ſtrike when the *Pope* ſhould command,
And carry to *Rome* poor little *England*.
And the Dr. *did Swear as few others can,*
That little Don John *is a tall black Man.*

4.

And the *Dr.* did ſwear he had Letters full many
But for all he Swore, he ne'r produc'd any.
It's much he kept none to make out the matter,
But it may be he loſt them in croſſing the Water;
But that's all one, the Dr. *Swore on,*
That little Don John *was a tall black Man.*

5.

He ſwore two hundred thouſand Pounds ſent
To *Ireland*, which was all to be ſpent:
In *Squibs* to burn Houſes, *Amunition* and *Bills*,
And pay Popiſh Doctors for *King-Killing Pills*:
Which he ſwore had been done if the Plot *had gone on,*
And then ſwore Don John *was a tall black Man.*

6.

And the *Dr.* did ſwear he knew not ſome men,
Yet afterwards ſwore, he knew them again:
And the Dr. did ſwear by the fair candle-light,
He could not diſcern a Man from a *Mite*:
But believe him who will, for I hardly can,
That little Don John *is a tall black Man.*

And

7.

And he ſwore he always a *Proteſtant* was,
And ne'r car'd a Fart for *Pope* or for *Maſs*.
And he Swore he went to St. *Omers* to find
What the *Jeſuits* had againſt *England* deſign'd.
And the Dr. *did ſwear, deny it who can,*
That little Don John *was a tall black Man.*

8.

And the *Dr.* did ſwear a thouſand things more,
That diſcovering the Plot had made him grow poor.
And he ſwore himſelf 700 pounds worſe,
But a pox of all lies, take that for a curſe:
But I'le not believe it, although others can,
That little Don John *is a tall black Man.*

9.

Now if it ſhould pleaſe the *Dr.* to ſwear,
(To Keep his hand in,) a Man is a Bear;
Or the *Dr.* will ſwear his Soul to the Devil,
He ſhall do it for me, I love to be Civil;
Every man in his way, let the Dr. *ſwear on,*
But I beg his excuſe in the ſize of Don John.

10.

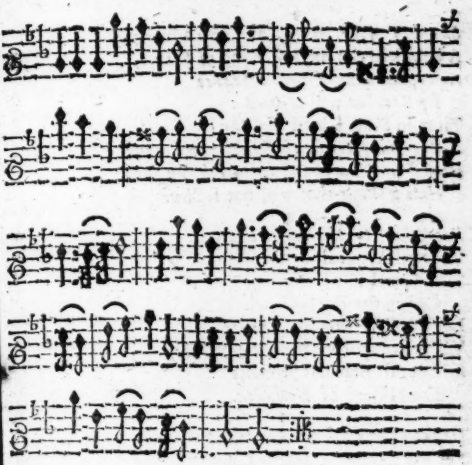
The *Dr.* may ſwear the *Crow* to be white,
Or a *Pigmy* to be of *Gygantick* height,
Or double his numburs of *Pilgrims* and *Bills*,
And ſwear them drawn up in *Lincolns-Inn-fields*.
I hear't and believ't as much as I can,
That little Don John *is a tall black Man.*

11.

There's no ſtopping the Tide, let the *Dr.* ſwear on.
The black ſh[illegible] fair, or the fair the black Man,
Or ſwear what he will, I care not a T——,
I'd as ſoon as his, take another mans word:
So Dr. *be damn'd, and ſwear all you can,*
Don John *is not tall, nor yet a black Man.*

The

The Whigs *drown'd in an honest* Tory *Health.*
To the Tune of, Hark, the thundring Canons roar.



1

WEalth breeds *care*, *love*, *hope* & *fear*
What does *Love* or *Business* here,
While *Bacchus*'s Navy doth appear;
Fight on, and fear not sinking:
Fill it briskly to the brim,
Till the flying top-Sails swim,
We owe the first Discovery to Him
Of this great world of *Drinking*.

2

Brave Cabals, who States Refine,
Mingle their debates with Wine;
Cares and the God of the Vine
Make every great Commander: Let

Let ſober Sots ſmall Beer ſubdue,
The wiſe and valiant, VVine do woe;
The *Stagarite* had the Honour too
To be Drunk with *Alexander*.

3

Stand to your Arms! and now advance
A health to the *Engliſh* King of *France*,
And to the next of *Boon Eſprance*
By *Bacchus* and *Appollo*:
Thus in State I lead the Vân;
Fall in your place by the Right-hand man!
Beat Drum! march on! dub a dub, ran dan!
He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

4

Face about to the Right again,
Britains Admiral of the Main,
YORK, and His Illuſtrious Train
Crown the days Concluſion:
Let a Halter ſtop his Throat
VVho brought in the formoſt *Vote*,
And of all that did promote
The Miſtery of *Excluſion*.

5

Next to *Denmark's* VVar-like Prince
Let the following health Commence;
To the Nympth whoſe Influence
That brought the *Hero* hither:
May their Race the tribe annoy,
VVho the Grandſire would deſtroy,
And get every year a Boy
VVhilſt they are together.

6

To the *Royal Family*
Let us cloſe in Bumpers three;
May the Ax and Halter be
The pledge of every *Roundhead*:
To all Loyal hearts purſue,
VVho to the *Monarch* dare prove true;
But for him they call *True Blew*,
Let him be confounded.

An excellent new Song *on the late Victories over the* Turks. *To a pleasant new Tune.*

1.

HArk the thundring *Cannons* roar.
Echoing from the *German* shore,
And the joyful News comes o'r;
The *Turks* are all confounded;
Lorrain comes' they run, they run;
Charge your Horse thro'the grand *half-moon*
We'l *quarter* give to none,
Since *Staremberg* is wounded.

2

Close your *Ranks*, and each brave Soul
Take a lusty flowing Bowl,
A grand Carouse to th' *Royal Pole*,
The Empires brave Defender;
No man leave his Post by stealth,
Plunder the *Grand Visiers* wealth,
But drink a *Helmet* full to th' *Health*
Of the second *Alexander*.

3.

Mahomet was a sober Dog,
A *Small-Beer* drouzy senseless *Rogue*,
The Juice of the Grape so much in vogue
To forbid to those Adore him;
Had he but allow'd the *Vine*,
Given 'em leave to carouze in *Wine*,
The *Turk* had safely past the *Rhine*,
And conquer'd all before him.

4.

With dull *Tea* they sought in vain,
Hopeless Vict'ry to obtain,
Where sprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry Vein;
Success must needs attend him;

Our *Brains*, (like our *Canons* warm
With often Firing feels no harm,
While the sober sot flies the *Alarm*,
No *Lawrel* can befriend him.

5.

Christians thus with *Conquest Crown'd*,
Conquest with the *Glass* goes round,
Weak *Coffee* can't keep its ground,
Against the force of *Claret*:
Whilst we give them thus the Foyl,
And the *Pagan Troops* Recoyl,
The Valiant *Poles* divide the Spoyl,
And in brisk *Nectar* share it.

6.

Infidels are now o'recome,
But the most Christian Turks at home
Watching the Fate of *Christendom*,
But all his hopes are shallow;
Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,
Let English *Cæsar* now advance,
And if he sends a Fleet to *France*,
He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

Rejoyce in Tryumph, *Or a Plaudite on the* Ottomon *defeat at* Vienna.

Tune, *Hark how the thundring Cannons roar.*

I'M glad to hear the *Canons* roar
Resounding from the *German* shoar,
Better News than heretofore,
That *Babels* Beast is wounded;
The *Christians* brave, both all and some
Charge with the *Horse* & *Kettle drum*,
The Enemy of *Christendom*,
Till *Turks* are quite confounded.

2.

The King of *Poland* (in a Phrase)
The great *Grand Seignour* did amaze,

An

And the noise his Siege did raise,
Couragious *Solymannus* !
(If you resolve to come again)
You must recruit both might & main,
Or else it will be all in vain,
To think that they'l trepan us.

3.

His Christian Majesty of *France*
Doth Booty play, the *Germans* dance,
And he doth laugh at our mischance,
Himself he dare not venter ;
But Pimp the Beast, and *Babels Whore*,
And he Bo-peep stands at the door,
While the wanton Canons roar,
Then *Hector*-like he'l enter.

4.

But spite on *Turk* and Great *Mogul*,
And Pox upon the *Scarlet trull*,
And we *Poppie* too dare pull,
If *James* be our Commander ;
Or though He Newtral seem to be,
He can command both Land and Sea,
And over-throw the big-look'd Three,
And trace brave *Alexander*.

5.

Then let no rancor joyn'd with hate
Make Ruptures in the Church or State
But all submit to Divine Fate,
And keep within our Border ;
Let none old *England* then forsake,
(Since Crowns & Kingdoms lye at Stake)
Foreign War to undertake,
Till *James* give further Order.

6.

The *Germans* tall that heretofore,
They Captive took one *Bull* and *Boar*,
The *Minotaurus* of a *Whore*,
Did roar like any Thunder ;

Then *P. P.* how could this be
The great *Gibralter* of the Sea?
Whose Army was to fight with thee,
And force the World to wonder.

7.

But *Ottomon* pray get you gone,
We *Christians* do but draw you on;
We'll greater booty have, or none,
And if you'l not prevent it,
If ever you turn your face this way
We'll make the *Canon-musick* play;
And you shall dance the *English* Hay,
Till all your bones lament it.

8.

Our Royal *James* will make you know
The sharpness of a *Yorkshire Ho*,
And prov'd by Land and Sea your Foe,
If *James* command to do it:
Both *England*, *Scotland*, *Dutch* and *Dane*,
And all his Islands of the Main,
Will not be able to refrain:
If he once bid to do it.

9.

Then fill the Piss-pot to the Swine,
Heap me a rousing glass of Wine,
The dancing *Thames* shall pledge the *Rhine*,
And *Tiber* shall be *Præses*,
Then here's to *James* that Rules the Main,
To *Poland*, *Holland*, *Scot* and *Dane*,
To *Germany*, and brave *Lorain*,
But pray you *potus nestis*.

The Whig-Intelligencer; *or*, *Sir* Samuel *in the Pound*.
Tune, *Hark! the thundring Canons roar.*

HArk! the fatal day is come,
Fatal as the day of Doom,
For Sir *Samuel* there make Room,
So fam'd for *Ignoramus*:

He whose Conſcience cou'd allow
Such large favours you know how,
If we do him juſtice now,
The Brethren will not blame us.

2.

Stand to the Bar, and now advance,
Morden, *Kendrick*, *Oates* and *Prance*.
But let the Foreman lead the Dance,
The reſt in courſe will Follow:
Tilden, *Kendrick*, next ſhall come,
And with him receive their Doom,
Ten thouſand Pound, at which round *Sum*
The *Hall* ſet up a *Hallow*;

3.

Brave Sir *Barnard---on* now,
Who no *Main* would e'r allow,
To loſe *ten thouſand* at a throw,
Was pleas'd to all mens thinking.
Ten thouſand Pounds! a diſmal note,
Who before had given his Vote,
Not t'give our King a Groat,
To ſave the Throne from ſinking.

4.

But yet there's a Remedy,
Before the *King* ſhall get by me,
I'll quit my darling Liberty.
Nor will I give bail for't:
For e'r the Crown ſhall get a Groat
In oppoſition to my Vote,
I'll give them leave to cut my Throat,
Altho' I lye in Goal for't.

5.

Were't for *Mon----h*, I'de not grieve,
Or brave *Ruſſel* to retrieve,
Or that *Sydney* yet might live,
Twice Told, I'd not complain, Sir,
Nay, what's more, my whole Eſtate,
With my *Bodkins*, *Spoons*, and *Plate*,

So I might reduce the State,
To a *Commonwealth* again Sir.

6.

Or that *Mon---h* were in Grace,
Or Sir *Sam.* in *Jefferey*'s place.
To ſpit all Juſtice in the Face
For acting Law and Reaſon,
Or that *Tories* went to pot,
Or we ſhould prove it a Sham Plot,
Or *Eſſex* did not cut his Throat,
Or Plotting were not Treaſon.

7.

Thus I'd freely quit my Coyn;
But with *Tories* to combine,
Or keep the Heir in the right Line,
That *Popery* be in faſhion,
To ſee the *Holy Cauſe* run down,
While mighty *York* is next the *Crown*,
And *Perkin*'s forc't to fly the Town,
Oh vile Abomination!

8.

Sooner then obedience owe
To their Arbitrary Law,
Or my Bail in danger draw,
For Breach of good Behaviour,
I with *Bethel*, and the reſt
O'th' Birds, in Cage will make my Neſt
And keep my Fine to Plot and Feaſt,
Till *Mon*---- be in favour.

On the moſt High and Mighty Monarch King JAMES II. *His Exaltation on the Throne of* England. *Being an excellent new Song. To the ſame Tune.*

1

HArk! the Bells and Steeples Ring!
A Health to JAMES our Royal King,
Heav'n approves the Offering
Reſounding in a *CHORUS*;

Let

Let our Sacrifice aſpire,
Richeſt Gums perfume the Fire,
Angels, and the Sacred Quire
Have led the way before us.

2

Through loud *Storms* and *Tempeſt* driv'n,
This wrong'd Prince to us was giv'n,
The mighty *James*, preſerv'd by Heav'n
To be a future Bleſſing:
The Anointed Inſtrumenr,
Good Great *Charles* to Repreſent,
And fill our Souls with that content,
Which we are now poſſeſſing.

3

Juſtice, Plenty, Wealth and Peace,
With the fruitful Lands increaſe,
All the Treaſure of the Seas,
With Him to Us are given;
As the *Brother*, Juſt, and Good,
From whoſe *Royal Father's* Blood,
Clemency runs like a Flood,
A Legacy from Heaven.

4

Summon'd young to fierce *Alarms*,
Born a *Mars* in midſt of Arms,
His good Angels kept from harms,
The Peoples Joy and Wonder;
Early *Laurels* Crown'd His Brow,
And the Crowd did Praiſe allow,
Whilſt againſt the *Belgick* foe
Great *Jove* imploy'd his Thunder.

5

Like Him none e're fill'd the Throne,
Never Courage yet was known
With ſo much Conduct met in One,
To claim our due Devotion;
Who made the *Belgick Lyon* Roar,
Drove 'em back to their own ſhore,

To humble, and incroach no more
Upon the *Britiſh* Ocean.

6

When poor *Holland* firſt grew proud,
Sawcy, Inſolent, and Loud,
Great *James* ſubdu'd the *boyſt'rous crowd*,
The foaming Ocean Stemming;
His Countreys Glory, and its Good,
He valu'd dearer than his Blood,
And rid ſole *Sovereign* o're the *Flood*,
In ſpight of *French* or *Flemming*.

7

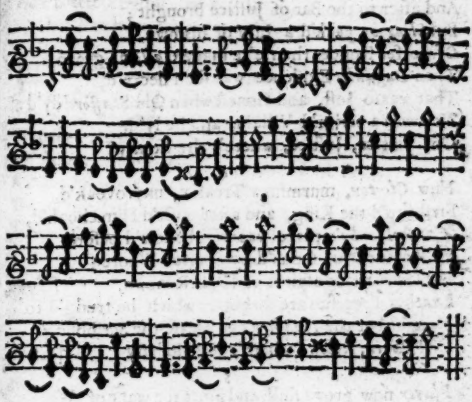
When He the Foe had overcome,
Brought them *Peace* and *Conqueſt* home,
Exil'd, in Foreign Parts to Roam,
Ungrateful REBELS *Vote Him*:
But ſpite of all their Inſolence,
Inſpir'd with God-like Patience,
The Rightful *Heir*, kind Providence
Did to a Throne promote Him.

8

May *Juſtice* at his Elbow wait,
To defend the *Church* and *State*,
The Subject, and this *Monarch*'s Date,
May no Storm e're diſſever:
May he long Adorn this place,
With his *Royal Brother's Grace*,
His *Mercy*, and His *Tenderneſs*,
To Rule this Land for ever.

London's

London's *Loyalty. To a new Tune, call'd* Burton Hall.



1

ROwze up great *Genious* of this Potent Land,
Leſt Traytors once more get the upper hand;
The Rebel Crowd their former Tenents own,
And Treaſon worſe than Plagues infect the Town:
The Sneaking Mayor and his two Pimping Shreeves,
Who for their honeſty no better are than Theeves;
Fall from their Sov'raigns ſide, To court the *Mobile*,
Oh! *London, London*, where's *thy Loyalty*;

2

Firſt, *Yorkſhire Patience* twirls his Copper Chain;
And hopes to ſee a *Commonwealth* again;
The Sneaking Fool of breaking is affraid,
Dares not change ſides, for fear he loſe his Trade;
Then Loyal *Slingsby* does their *Fate Divine*,
He that abjur'd the King, and all His Sacred Line,
And is ſuppos'd His Fathers Murderer to be;
Oh! *Bethel, Bethel*, where's thy Loyalty?

3

A moſt *Notorious Villain* late was caught,
And after to the Bar of Juſtice brought;
But *Slingsby* pack'd a Jury of his own,
Of worſer Rogues than e're made *Gallows* groan,
Then *Dugdales* Evidence was ſoon decry'd,
That was ſo Juſt, and Honeſt when Old *Stafford* dy'd:
Now was a perjur'd Villain, and he ly'd.
Oh! Juſtice, Juſtice, where's thy Equity?

4

Now *Cl--ton*, murmurs Treaſon, unprovoak'd,
Firſt ſup'd the King, and after wiſh'd Him choak'd,
'Cauſe *Danby*'s place was well beſtow'd before,
He Rebel turns, ſeduc'd by *Scarlet* Whore;
His ſawcy pride aſpires to High Renown, [Town,
Leather Breeches are forgot in which he trudg'd to
Nought but the *Treaſury* can pleaſe the Scribbling
Oh! *Robin, Robin*, where's thy Modeſty? [Clown

5

Player now grows dull, and pines for want of Whore,
Poor *Creſwel*, ſhe can take his word no more,
Three hundred Pounds, is ſuch a heavy yoak,
Which not being pay'd, the worn-out Bawd is broke;
Theſe are the Inſtruments by Heaven ſent,
Theſe are the Saints Petition for a Parliament:
That would for Int'reſt ſake, deſtroy the *Monarchy*,
Oh! *London, London*, where's thy Loyalty?

6

Heaven Bleſs fair *England*, and its Monarch here,
In *Scotland*, bleſs their High Commiſſioner,
Let *Perkin* his ungracious errour ſee,
And *Toney* ſcape no more the *Triple-Tree*:
Then Peace and Plenty ſhall our Joyes reſtore,
Villains and Factions ſhall oppreſs the Town no more.
But every Loyal Subject then ſhall happy be,
Nor need we care for *Londons* Loyalty.

No Protestant-Plot, *or the* Whigs Loyalty: *with the* Doctors *new discovery. Tune* Londons Loyalty.

HElls restless Factious Agents still Plot on,
And *Eighty Three* smells rank of *Forty One*;
The *Royal Martyrs* Foes pursue his Sons,
Who seek their lives with *Blunderbuss* and *Guns*:
Th' Infernal Regicides so inflam'd with Zeal,
Are for killing King and Duke, t'erect a *Commonweal*;
This is the daily trade and practice of our modern *Whigs*
Tho' they are always baffled in their damn'd Intrigues

2

What! Ho! cries *Titus*, rise ye sleepy Heads,
Unless you'l all be murder'd in your Beds;
Fierce *Hanibal* of *France* is at your Gate,
Come Rascals, Mutiny e're it be too late:
The *Spanish Pilgrims*, once hir'd to cut your Throats,
Are landed now at *Milford Haven*, believe your Saviour *Oates*; [ground,
And the horrid Popish Army, that were hid under
Are, I'll take my Oath, within a Trumpets sound.

3

See there, a fighting Army in the Air!
But now it vanishes, and does disappear;
A *Spectre* told strange things to honest *Bess*,
Which much amaz'd the *Hatfield Propheteſs*:
I told 'em true at first, what black Designs would be,
Carry'd on against the King, and Royal *Albany*,
By the discontented *Whigs*; but Rebel *Toney* since,
Made me contradict my former Evidence.

4

I've lost my Swearing Trade, now by this Hand,
Must I be forc'd to starve, or leave the Land;
My injur'd Prince has long since on me frown'd,
For *Perjuries* against his Life and Crown:
I'll follow *Rumbold*, *Wade*, *Nelthorp*, *Walcot*, *Hone*,
With that cruel Blood-hound *Burton*, who've all fled the
Town; [For

For if I tarry here much longer, I harbour dreadful fears
That I shall be Hang'd, or forfeit both my Ears.

5.

Unparallel'd Assassines, that could dare
To attempt the Life of *Joves Vice-Gerent* here:
Of whom the Gods do take such special care,
None ought to mutter Treason to the Air;
But cut-throat Protestants may do any thing,
And inform the *Roman-Catholicks* how to murder King.
They take it in great dudgeon to be equaliz'd for villainy.
Yet their Hellish Crimes must pass for Loyalty.

6

But thanks to Heaven, who did curb their Power,
And has preserv'd us from that fatal hour:
When Villains were to Massacre us all,
And *Noll*'s Successors to possess *White-Hall*;
Walcot has taken up *New-gate* for his Bower,
And the Lord *Russel* is gone to fortifie the *Tower*:
Whilst we that stand for Church and State, with great
[Security Sing,
And pray *Jove* to preserve the life of *James* our King.

Londons Joy and Loyalty, on his Royal Highness *the Duke of* York's *return from* Scotland. *the same Tune.*

1

ROuze up ye *Tories* Of this *Factious Land*,
Now Loyalty hath got the upper-hand:
The Rabble-Rout their *Errours* shall disclaim,
And Homage pay to *York*'s Illustrious Name;
The *London* Mayor is faithful to his Trust,
And the two present Sh'riffs wou'd fain be counted Just;
And every *Factious Rebel* through the Town agree,
To shew the heighth of *Londons* Loyalty.

2.

Now the loud threatning Tempest is dispers'd,
And all their shamming *Plots* are quite revers'd;
Great *JEMY*'s happy *Restauration* here,

Makes

Makes a new day in *Londons* Hemiſphere,
The Clouds are gone that did oppreſs His Reign,
And joyful day breaks forth in this glad Land again.
Then to the Mighty Duke of *York* and *Albany*,
Now *London*, *London*, ſhew thy Loyalty.

3

A Royal Pair, with their Illuſtrious Train,
To *Londons* Joy are now return'd again
Great Gracious *Charles* did in the Front appear,
And Princely *York* advanced in the Rear;
The Right *Succeſſor* is return'd again,
Whom former *Faction* ſent an Exile o'r the Main,
Then to the Mighty Duke of *York* and *Albany*
Now *London*, *London*, Shew thy *Loyalty*.

4

Let *Whigs* and *Zealots* tremble at his Name,
And all their curſed Principles reclaim,
Let *Factious* Vote, nor *Ignoramus* Law,
The Royal Cauſe no longer overthrow;
Let injur'd JEMMY live for to requite,
And be reveng'd on thoſe that do oppoſe His Right;
That to the Mighty Duke of *York* and *Albany*,
London now at laſt may ſhew its Loyalty.

5

Heav'n bleſs the King, preſerve the Lawful Heir,
Let *Tories* Sing, and *Brinighams* Deſpair:
To ſee Great YORK, inveſted in His own,
Spight of all Fop-pretenders to the Throne;
Then Truth and Juſtice ſhall our Joys reſtore;
Aſſociations ſhall deſtroy our Peace no more;
But to our Gracious King, with *York* and *Albany*,
All Subjects ſeek to ſhew their LOYALTY.

The Couragious Loyaliſt; or a Health to the Royal Family. Tune, Londons Loyalty.

1

DRown Melancholly in a Glaſs of Wine;
We will be jolly, let the Miſer pine;

Boys

Boys drink about, we'll make the Tavern roar;
When the Bumpers out, we'll call again for more:
It makes good Bloud to run within our Veins,
It puts good Reason also in our Brains:
He that will deny it, hanged let him be;
Here's a health to all the Royal Progeny.

2

Boys, we'll be merry, whatsoe'r ensue;
Drink *Sack* and *Sherry* till the Skie look blew:
Let the *Whigs* lament, and whiningly complain;
We with one consent, drink to the *Royal Train*;
Heavens bless Great *James*, and the Duke of *York*;
All the *Lords* and *Earls*, and every Royal Spark,
Down with every Factious shamming, whining Crew;
Give them Rope and hanging, since it is their due.

3

Drawer bring us Wine, fill the other Bowl,
Let us lose no time, for he's an honest Soul
That doth love his Prince, and the ancient Laws,
He is a man of Sense, he shall have our applause,
As mighty *Charles*, his renowned Name,
Let it be Recorded in the Books of Fame:
But he that will deny *Allegiance* to the King,
Hang him, let him dye, and in a Halter swing.

4

Brave Noble *Lyons*, be ye stout and true,
Stand in defyance of the Rabble Crew;
They that design'd our Laws to undermine,
We will make them flye like Chaff before the wind:
Those that did consent yielding to allow,
Those that did invent the *Association-Vow*,
To conceal their *Treason*, hang 'em let them swing,
Here's a Health to *James* the most Renowned King.

5

Now sure the *Whigs* they will no more Rebel,
Old *Cromwels* Piggs, that suck'd up all the swill,
Their hopes are drownded, as we plainly see,
Some were confounded, in their Villainy,

Tommy

Tommy he is fled, *Toney* he is dead,
Some of them were hang'd, others loſt their Head:
Ketch in the concluſion paid them their Arrears,
Since this confuſion, how they hang their Ears.

6

Then learn to bow, and in Obedience ſtand,
To our *Cæſar* now the Glory of the Land,
None can convince, for what I ſpeak is true,
He is a Prince of Love and Pity too:
Thoſe that are Loyal, they are perfect free,
There's no denyal of their Liberty,
Then true Hearts be mery, make the Tavern ring,
Fling up your Caps, and cry, *God ſave the KING.*

Ryot *upon* Ryot: *or a Cant upon the Arreſting the Loyal* Lord Mayor *and* Sheriffs. *Tune, the ſame.*

Gallants, if you wou'd hear a Tale Sung o're,
So daring and bold, 'twas never done before:
See London's *Loyal* Sheriffs, *and* Lord Mayor,
(*Bearing the* Sword,) *Arreſted in the* Chair.

1

ROwze up Great Monark in the Royal Cauſe;
The great Defender of our Faith and Laws:
Now, now, or never, cruſh the Serpents Head,
Or elſe the Poyſon through the Land will ſpread.
The Noble *Mayor* and his two Loyal *Shrieves*,
Bearing the Sword's aſſaulted by Uſurping Thieves;
Who their Rebellious Ryots would maintain by Law:
Oh London! London! *where's thy Juſtice now?*

2

Smite, ſmite, the Snakes did firſt their Sting reveal,
Stabbing thy *Royal Brother* in the Heel;
And ſtruck ſo many Loyal Martyrs dead,
Now in the Sun ſlie boldly at the Head;
Slaves that reſiſt all Power but their own; [*Throne*,
He that would Uſurp the *Chair*, would next Uſurp the
Who neither *Royal Heir* nor *Loyal Mayors* allow:
Oh London! London! *Where's thy* Charter *now?*

3 *London*,

3

London, of Faction's the eternal Spring,
Yet so much favour'd by a Gracious King;
Who dost such Deeds that have no parallel,
Only to teach thy Children to Rebel.
This will Record thee in the Books of Fame;
This bold attempt no Law, nor Precedent can claim:
Blood and the *Crown*, *Papilion* and *Dubois* out-do:
Oh London! London! *where's thy* Charter *now*?

4

Was this the way your Ryots to repair;
In spight o'th' *Charter*, to Arrest the *Mayor*?
And 'gainst the *Sheriffs* your sham Actions bring,
Cause justly chosen, and approv'd by th' King?
What call you this, but *Treason*? whilst the Fool
That did Arrest the *Mayor*, expects himself to Rule;
And, save his own, no other power would allow:
Oh London! London! *where's thy* Charter *now*?

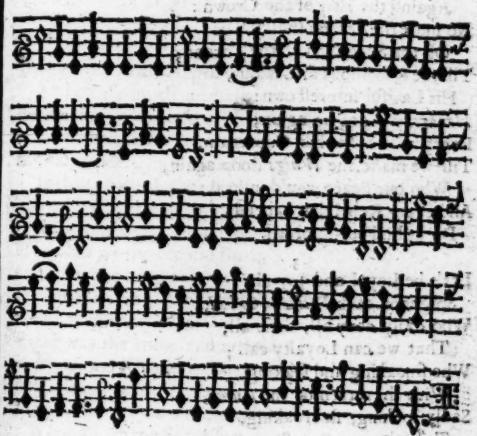
5

Hang up the Factious Heads that dare oppose,
The Sword of Justice, and the ancient Laws:
Who in his Office dare Arrest the *Mayor*,
Disowns the Pow'r that plac'd Him in the *Chair*.
Tantara-ra-ra! Let the Trumpets sound, [ground:
Double all your Guards, and let the Cent'nels stand their
He that Arrests the *Mayor*, would seize the *Monarch* too:
Oh Mighty *Monarch* hang up all the Crew,

The

The Well-wishes to the Royal Family.

To a new Play-House Tune.



1

NOw the *Tories* that Glories
In Royal *Jemmy*'s return,
The Tavern roar it, and score it,
Your Caps and Bonets burn:
Let the Lads and the Lasses
Set foot to foot in their turn;
And he that passes his Glasses,
May he never scape the Horn:
Royal *James* is come again,
There's for honest men room again,
The true Heir is come again;
Fop Pretenders we scorn,
Then hey Boys laugh it, and quaff it.
Let *Whigs* and *Zealots* mourn.

2 Let

2

Let Impeaches and Speeches
Be with the Authors pull'd down;
And all that Preaches or Teaches
Againſt the Heir of the Crown:
No more the *Zealous* ſhall tell us
Of the Succeſſion of the Throne;
Till the Rebellious ſo Zealous,
His Lawful Intereſt own:
Monarchy is got up again,
Every man take his Cup again,
Till we make the *Whigs* ſtoop again,
Who our Peace wou'd inthral:
And every Rebel that Libel'd,
Do at his Foot-ſtool fall.

3

Let's be Loyal and Joy-al,
Spight of each *Factious Cabal*,
Who daily deny all, defie all,
That we can Loyalty call;
Who ſmoaking and ſoaking,
With the return of the *Rump*,
Sadly looking, ſit croaking,
To ſee it wore to a Stump;
Then ſet the Glaſs round again,
For our time let's not ſpend in vain,
But let us now drink amain,
Fill it up to the Brim:
Come round Boys let's Trowl it, and Bowl it,
Till our Joys they do ſwim.

4

For him our Choices and Voices,
Shall hereafter be free,
Whilſt each one Rejoyces, our noiſes
Shall defend the raging o'th' Sea;
We'll attend Him, befriend Him,
Let *Malice* Vote what it will;
Coyn we'll lend Him, Defend Him,
And we'll rejoyce in Him ſtill:

Then

Then let us no Mirth refrain,
Since that now He is safe again,
Well having escap'd the Main;
From the Salt waters set free,
Then hey Boys laugh it, and quaff it,
And let us merry be.

5

Though the Zealous, grow Jealous,
And create much needless fear,
By which means they'd drill us & will us,
Like themselves to appear;
But no wonder, since Plunder,
Is that at which they do aim,
That the *Whigs* wander under
Religious Guile, which they shame:
But at last we have found them,
And from the bottom unwound them,
So that each man may sound them,
And laugh at the *Old Cause*,
Which was the ruine and undoing,
Of King and Kingdoms Laws.

6

Then let's rout 'em and flout 'em,
Who rail at the Succession,
That would rout Him whom we so esteem,
Beyond all Expression;
Fill *Claret*, who's for it?
And let each Bumper go round,
Who doth bar it, or spare it,
May he with *Goats* Horns be Crown'd:
Here's a Health to the Dutchess,
Grant her long life, health, and Riches,
And a young Prince is all our Wishes,
Whilst all the Factious Repine,
Then come away wi't, ne'r stay it,
Let no man baulk his Wine.

Juſtice Tryumphant, an excellent new Song in Commendation of Sir George Jeffreys, *Lord Chief-juſtice of* England. *Tune,* Now the Tories that Glories, *&c.*

1

NOw the Traytor, King-hater,
(That glories ſtill in his Crime,)
And every *Aſſociator*,
Give Thanks, for now it is time:
Let the *Whigs* in the *Tower*,
Who thought to make us a prey,
Rejoyce, 'tis yet in their power
To keep a *Thankſgiving-day*:
Loyal *Jeffreys* is Judge again,
Let the *Brimighams* grudge amain,
Who to *Tyburn* muſt trudge amain,
Ignoramus we ſcorn;
May Heav'n direct Him, protect Him,
Let guilty Traytors mourn.

2

Noble *Jeffreys*, ſo Loyal,
Of *Englands* Judges the Chief,
Whom *Factions* ſought to deſtroy all,
The *Whigs* both Envy and Grief;
Sir *George*, in Juſtice inſtructed,
Whoſe Fate the Crowd did contrive,
With *Popes* in Tryumph conducted,
To fley and burn him alive:
He, with old *Heraclitus*,
And *Towzer*, that does ſo bite us,
And *Thompſon*, with all who right us,
Were led about for a ſhew,
And burnt for *Papiſts*, by *Atheiſts*
Own'd no *Religion* or *Law*.

3

Englands Juſtice, ſo Loyal,
Whom all the Tribe did oppoſe,
Has now before him the Tryal
Of the new *Good old Cauſe*;

Williams,

Williams, who did so gore him
When he did sit in the Chair,
Must now, for Treason, before him
Hold up his hand at the Bar:
Noble *Jeffreys*, who thinks it a scorn
Oates or *Evidence* to subborn,
Or by taking Bribe be forsworn,
As some others before;
But he, Chief-Justice, our trust is
They'l pay for the old Score,

4

Let not Rebels enslave you
With hopes to make you more free,
Nor wilful Bigots deceive you
With shews of Loyalty;
No *Blunderbusses* be planted
Against the life of the King;
Nor *Rouse* nor *Russel* be Sainted,
For first promoting the thing:
Let not Rascals forge Speeches,
To make Rebellion and Breaches,
And clear the Bloud-thirsty Leeches,
Who would for Innocents pass,
By hatching Treason, 'gainst reason,
To set up an Ignorant Ass.

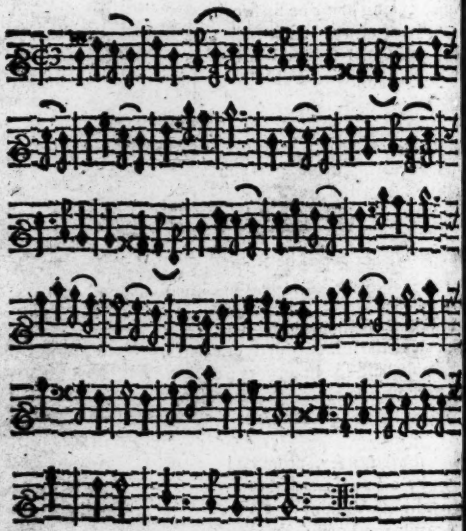
5

Then shall *London*, promoted
Be by a Loyal Lord Mayor,
In spight of Villains that Voted
Against the Lawful Heir;
No Committees of Rebels
Who in blind corners harrangu'd;
No more Seditious Libels,
When *Care*, *Vile*, *Curtis* are hang'd:
Then all hands shall address the Throne,
Peace and Plenty possess the Throne,
Rogues no longer oppress the Throne,
Oates shall gull us no more,

And

And *London* quarter a *Charter*
More glorious than before.

State *and* Ambition, *a new Song at the Dukes* Theatre.



I

STate and Ambition alaſs will deceive ye,
There's no ſolid joy but the bleſſing of Love,
Scorn does of pleaſure fair *Silvia* bereave ye,
Your Fame is not perfect 'till that you remove:
Monarchs that ſway the vaſt Globe in their Glory,
Now Love is their brighteſt Jewel of power,
Poor *Strephon's* heart was ordain'd to adore ye,
Ah! then diſdain his paſſion no more.

2

Jove in his Throne was the Victim of Beauty,
His Thunder laid by, he from Heaven came down,
Shap'd like a Swan, to fair *Leda* paid duty,
And priz'd her far more than his Heavenly Crown:
She too was pleas'd with her Beautiful Lover,
She ſtrok'd his fair Plumes and feaſted her Eye,
And he too in Loving, knew well how to move her;
By Billing begins the buſineſs of Joy.

3

Since Divine powers example have given
If we do not follow their Preceps, we ſin,
Sure 'twill appear an affront to their Heaven,
If when the Gates open we enter not in;
Beauty my Deareſt was from the beginning,
Ordained to cool Mans amorous rage,
And ſhe that againſt that decree will be ſinning
In Spring, ſhe will find the Winter of Age.

4

Think on the pleaſure while Love's in its Glory,
Let not your ſcorn, Loves great Altar diſgrace,
The time may come when no Swain will adore ye,
Or ſmooth the leaſt wrinkle Age lays on your Face,
Then haſt to enjoyment whilſt Love is freſh blooming,
And in thy height and vigour of day,
Each minuit we loſe, our pleaſure's conſuming,
And ſeven years to come, will not One paſt, repay.

5

Think my dear *Silvia*, the Heavenly bleſſing,
Of Loving in youth, is the Crown of our days,
Short are the hours where Love is poſſeſſing;
But tedious the minuits when croſt with delays.
Love's the ſoft Anvil where Nature's agreeing,
All Mankind are form'd, and by it they move,
'Tis thence my dear *Silvia* and I have our being,
The *Cæſar* and *Swain* ſpring from Almighty Love.

6

I ſee my dear *Silvia* at laſt has conſented,
That bluſh in your Cheek does plainly appear,
And nought but delay ſhall be ever repented,
So faithful I'll prove, and ſo true to my Dear,
Then *Hymen* prepare, and light all thy Torches,
Perfume thy head Altar, and ſtrew all the way,
By little degrees Love makes his approaches,
But Revels at night for the loſs of the day.

The Royal Admiral, *an excellent new Song on His Illuſtrious Highneſs the Duke of* York *His being deputy* High-Admiral *of* England.

Now England's *Sov'reign Lords it o'r the Main,*
When Mighty York *is* Admiral *again.*

To a pleaſant new Tune, call'd, State and Ambition.

1

FAction and Folly (alaſs!) will deceive you,
The Loyal man ſtill the beſt Subject does prove;
Treaſon of *Reaſon* (poor *Whig*) will bereave you,
You cannot be bleſs'd, till this *Curſe* you remove,
Charles our great *Monarch*, when Heav'n did reſtore Him
With His *Royal Brother*, ſafe on our Shoar,
Ordain'd us, that we next our King ſhould adore Him
Then *Johnſon* play the *Apoſtate* no more.

2

Clayton may fret, and bring Vows of Obedience
To *Ferguſon*, *Baxter*, or *Curtis* and *Care*;
Patience approach with pretended *Allegiance*
To his *Sov'reign Lord*, yet oppoſe the *Right Heir*:
Can he pretend to be honeſt or Loyal,
Nay though he late at *Weſtminſter* ſwore,
And yet the next day will (like *Perkin*) deny all,
What e'r he ſaid, or ſwore to before?

3

Let *Trenchard* and *Hamden* ſtir up a Commotion,
Their *Plotting* and *Voting* ſhall proſper no more,

Now Gallant old *Jemmy* commands on the Ocean,
And mighty *Charles* kept them in aw on the *Shoar*.
Let *Lobb* and *Ferguſon* Preach up *Sedition*
At *Coffee-Houſe*, *Conventicle*, *Cabal*,
Now *Jeffreys* is Juſtice, and *York* in Commiſſion,
Their *Scandal* and *Plots* ſhall pay for 'em all.

4

Jemmy the Valiant, the Champion-Royal,
His own and the *Monarchies* Rival withſtood;
The *Bane* and the *Terrour* of all the Diſloyal,
Who ſpilt the late *Martyr's*, & ſought for his *Blood*.
Jemmy who quell'd the proud Foe on the Ocean,
And Reign'd the ſole *Conquerour* over the Main;
To this brave *Hero* let's all pay Devotion,
Since He is *Englands Admiral* again.

5

York our great *Adm'ral*, the Oceans Defender,
The *Joy* of His *Friends*, and the *Dread* of His *Foes*,
The *Lawful Succeſſor*; what *Baſtard-Pretender*
(Whom Heav'n the *true Heir* has ordain'd) dare oppoſe?
Jemmy who taught the *Scotch Rebel* Allegiance,
And made the high *Dutch* to His Standard to low'r,
In time will reduce the proud *Cit* to Obedience,
And make the falſe *Whig* fall down and adore.

6

Let *Bethel* and *Hamden* lie ſhopt for their Treaſon,
And for the new *Factions* expreſs their old *Zeal*;
Let falſe Sir *Samuel* rail on without reaſon,
And ev'ry night dream of a new *Commonweal*:
Plotters be brought with their *Plots* to confuſion,
While *Charles* ſways the *Shoar*, & *York* the vaſt *Main*,
Till all are confounded who ſought the *Excluſion*,
Then *England* will be old *England* again.

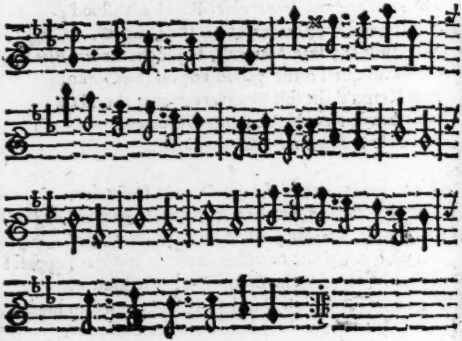
7

Then to our *Monarch* let's quaff off a Bumper,
And, next to our *Sov'reign*, the Prince of the Bloud:
The Ax and the Gibbet Crown ev'ry *Rumper*,
Who *York* in the Lawful Succeſſion withſtood.

May

May *Rumbold*, *Gray*, *Armſtrong* & *Sidney* be Sainted,
And *Titus*'s long *Tongue*, ſo often forſworn,
May his ſhort neck ſtretch for't when *Oates* is attainted,
And wiſh into th' World he had never been born.

Ignoramus, *An excellent Song. To the Tune of,* Lay by your Pleading.



1

SInce Reformation
With *Whigs* in Faſhion,
There's neither Equity nor Juſtice in the Nation,
Againſt their Furies,
There no ſuch Cure is,
As lately hath been wrought by *Ignoramus Juries.*
Compaction of Factions
That breeds all Diſtractions,
Is at the Zenith point, but will not bear an Action.
They ſham us, and ſham us,
And ram us, and damn us,
And then in ſpight of Law, come off with Ignoramus

2

Oh, how they Plotted,
Brimighams Voted,
And all the *Mobile* the *Holy Cauſe* promoted;
They Preach'd up Treaſon,
At ev'ry Seaſon,
And taught the Multitude Rebellion was but reaſon,
With Breaches, Impeaches,
And moſt Loyal Speeches,
With Royal Blood again to glut the thirſty Leeches.
They ſham us, and flam us, &c.

3

'Tis ſuch a *Jury*,
Wou'd paſs no *Tory*,
Were he as Innocent as a Saint in Glory:
But let a Brother
Raviſh his Mother,
Aſſaſſinate his King, he would find no other.
They ſhamed, and blamed,
At Loyaliſts aimed,
But when a *Whig's* repriev'd the Town with Beacons
They ſham us, and flam us, &c. [flamed.

4

This *Ignoramus*
With which they ſham us,
Wou'd find againſt a *York* to raiſe a *Monmouth* amus.
Who clears a Traytor,
And a King hater,
Againſt his Lawful Prince wou'd find ſufficient matter;
They ſought it and wrought it,
Like Rebels they ſought it,
And with the price of Royal *Martyrs Blood* they bought
They ſham us, and flam us, &c. [it.

5

At the *Old Baily*,
Where Rogues flock daily,
A greater Traytor far than *Coleman*, *White*, or *Staley*;
Was late Indicted,
Witneſſes cited,

But then he was set free; so the King was righted.
'Gainst Princes, Offences
Prov'd in all senses:
But 'gainst a *Whig* there's no truth in Evidences.
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

6.

But wot you what, Sir?
They found it not, Sir;
'Twas ev'ry Jurors case, and there lay all the Plot, Sir.
For at this season,
Shou'd they do reason,
Which of themselves wou'd scape, if they found it *Trea-*
Compassion in fashion, [*son*?
The Int'rest of the Nation,
Oh, what a Godly point is self-Preservation!
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

7

'Las what is Conscience
In *Baxter*'s own sense,
When Int'rest lies at stake, an Oath & Law is Nonsense?
Now they will banter
Quaker and *Ranter*,
To find a *Loyalist*, and clear a *Covenanter*.
They'l wrangle and brangle,
The Soul intangle,
To save the *Trayrors* Neck from the old Triangle.
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

8

Alas! for pity
Of this good City,
What will the *Tories* say in their drunken Ditty?
When all Abettors,
And *Monarch*-haters, [*Traytors.*
The *Brethren* damn'd their Souls to save malicious
But mind it, long winded,
With prejudice blinded,
Lest what they did reject, another Jury find it.
Then sham us, and flam us, &c.

The

The Loyal Conqueſt, *or Deſtruction of Treaſon. Tune,* Lay by your Pleading.

1

NOw Loyal *Tories*
May Tryumph in *Glories,* [*Stories.*
The fatal *Plot* is now betray,d,the reſt were *Shams* and
Now againſt *Treaſon,*
We have *Law* and *Reaſon,*
And ev'ry bloody *Whig* muſt go to pot in time & ſeaſon.
No ſhamming, nor flamming,
No ramming, nor damning,
No Ignoramus *Jury's now for* Whigs, *but only hanging.*

2

Look a litle further,
Place things in order,
Thoſe that ſeek to kill the King, *Godfry* might murther;
Now they'r detected,
By Heaven neglected,
In black deſpair cut their *Throats,* thus *Pluto*'s work's
No ſhamming, nor flamming, &c, [effected.

3

Catch grows in faſhion.
And fears this new faſhion,
Leſt ev'ry *Traytor* hang himſelf, and ſpoil his beſt pro-
Tho' four in the morning, [feſſion,
Tyburn adorning,
He cries out for a ſcore a time, to get his men their
No ſhamming, nor flamming, &c. [learning.

4

Now we have ſounded
The bottom which confounded,
Our *Plotting Parliament* of late who had our King
Hamden and others, [ſurrounded.
And *Trenchard* were Brothers,
Who were to kill the King and Duke, and hang us for
No ſhamming, nor flamming, &c. [their murthers.

5.

Surprising the *Tower*,
And the *Court* in an hour, [power,
And enter in at the *Traytors* Gate, but 'twas not in their
Our Guards now are doubled,
E'r long they will be trebled,
The harmony of *Gun* & *Drum*, make guilty consciences
No shamming, nor flamming, &c. [troubled.

6.

If *Grey* is retaken,
The root o'th' *Plot* is shaken,
Russel lately lost his Head, the bleeding *Cause* to waken;
M------h in Town still,
With *Armstrong* his Council;
The Lady *Gray* may find him out under some Smock or
No shamming, nor flamming, &c. [Gown still,

7

Give 'em no Quarter,
They aim at *Crown* and *Garter*,
They'r of that bloody Regiment, that made their *King* a
Leave none to breed on, [*Martyr*.
They'd make us to bleed on,
They are all the blood'st *Canibals* that ever man did
No shamming, nor flamming, [read on.
No Ramming, nor Damning,
No Ignoramus Jury's now for Whigs *but only hanging.*

The Newcastle *Associators*; *Or the* Trimmers *Loyalty, being a true Relation how several Sanctified Brethren were Apprehended, and found Signing the* Association, *(several others having made their escapes) at the* Assizes *at* Mewcastle, August *the* 2d. 1684. *To the Tune of*, Ignoramus.

1

LAy by your *Reason*,
Truth's out of *Season*;
Since *Treason*'s *Loyalty*, and *Loyalty* is *Treason*.
Torey the Jealous,
Sidney the Zealous, Con-

Contriv'd the Nations fall, yet both were Loyal Fellows;
With *Patience*, Narrations,
And ASSOCIATIONS.
Lord what ado there was for *Teckley*'s Reformations,
They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sotted*, and *Voted*;
And never will have done, till their Heads are all pro-

2 [moted

With Insurrections,
Lawless Objections,
They study'd to promote the *Commonwealth* projections
Monarchy-Haters,
ASSOCIATORS,
Did swear into a League with *Rascals*, *Whigs* & *Traytors*;
They venture, Indenter,
In Bond they do enter:
Whilst at the *Royal Pair* their malice still did center:
They *Plotted*, and *Lotted* and *Sotted*, and *Voted*,
And never will have done till all the Tribe's promoted.

3.

But the brave *Chief Justice*,
In whom our trust is,
Will do the *Rebels* right, who in Law the first is,
In this high Station,
Purging the Nation,
Of all that did promote the damn'd *Association*:
Bakers and *Quakers*,
And *Monarchy*-haters.
And all that joyn in League with *Associators*.
They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sotted*, and *Voted*,
And never will have done, till all their *Train*'s promoted.

4

He late surprizes,
In quaint disguises,
No less than seventeen at *Newcastle* Sizes:
Villains he scented,
That had indented,
And with the *Cooper* had a new Tap invented;

Jack Shallow, *Sim Swallow*,
Will Weeks, and *Tom Tallow*, [follow.
Nine were for *Traytors* found, the next in course will
They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sotted*, and *Voted*,
And never will have done, till all the *Tribe's* promoted.

5

Theſe on their *Tryal*,
Wou'd all be *Loyal*,
Although the *Royal Race* they ſtudy'd to deſtroy all.
Their *Falſe Hearts* ſounded,
The reſt Confounded,
Guilt flying in their Face for the *Fact*, abſconded.
Both *Richard* the *Bitcher*,
And *William* the *Letcher*, [for't.
Whilſt *Thumb*, & *Dick*, & *Tom*, are left behind to ſtretch
They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sotted*, and *Voted*,
And in good time we hope will likewiſe be promoted.

6

Toney that ſcented,
And firſt invented
This *Holy Covenant*, was the firſt abſented.
Of all forſaken,
To ſave his Bacon,
He into *Wihgland* crawls, but was overtakn.
The Starter's a *Martyr*,
Death gives no quarter.
Whilſt *Wakot* and the reſt were by the head cut ſhorten.
They *Plotted* and *Lotted*, and *Sotted*, and *Voted*,
And never will have done till their heads are promoted.

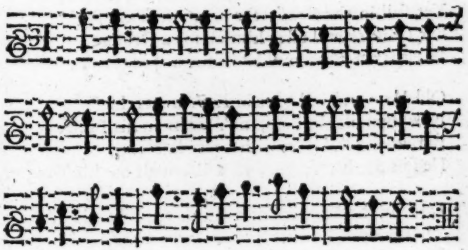
7

Ruſſel did try for't,
Sidney did die for't,
While *Rumbold*, *Gray*, & *Tom*, with the reſt did flie for't:
For all their Teaching,
Ferguſon's Preaching,
His *Head's* upon a Pole, and his Quarters bleaching:
The Starter's a *Martyr*,
The *Squire* gives no Quarter,

For

For now the *Bully Knight* is by the head cut ſhorter.
They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sotted*, and *Voted*,
And never will have done till their quarters are promo-
8 [ted.
Now be confounded
Whig, Trimmer, Roundhead,
And all the Factious lump of *Treaſon* ſo confounded.
By every Action,
We ſee your Faction,
Tends only to involve the Nation in diſtraction.
Your *Lopping*, and *Fopping*,
And *Blunderbuſs* Popping, [*Chopping*.
And all your flying for't, won't ſave your Necks from
You *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sotted*, and *Voted*,
And in good time we hope yon ſhall be all promoted.

A new Song made by a Perſon of Quality, and Sung before His Majeſty at Wincheſter. Tune, *Cook Lawrel.*



1.

A *Tory* came late through *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
And as he paſs'd by heard a *Citizen* bawl;
The Judges are Perjur'd, and we are undone,
Our *Liberty*'s loſt, and our *Charter* is gone.

2

This comes of our Prating since *Colledge* is dead;
This comes of our Plotting without *Tony*'s Head:
For he had more wit in his *Treason* by half,
As he hook'd himself on, he crook'd himself off.

3

He scarce had said this when a *Baron* approach'd,
That ruin'd two Sisters, the younger Debauch'd:
The reason he cry'd, I'm loath to describe,
He would have a *Maiden-head* out of the *Tribe*.

4

The next came a Peer, and Knight of great Fame,
One famous for Stabbing, the other was Lame;
Oh Heavens! in what a strange Age do we dwell,
When *Bully*'s Reform, and *Cripples* Rebel.

5

With them the sweet speaker *Wi Williams* I saw,
His head full of projects but empty of Law;
For he('tis observ'd) has been dull as a Dog,
Since *Payton* batoon'd him for calling him Rogue.

6

Peart *Wallop* and *Winnington*, Mutinies breed,
Yet still in the *Cause*, for no purpose are Fee'd:
For *Cradock* will offer himself for a Drudge,
If either of them will be fit for a Judge.

7

Old *Ma---rd*, all ages in *Faction* was chief;
Now mumbles by rote, ne'r looks in his Breif:
But rotten *Rebellion* with never last long,
He spit out his Teeth, and will cough out his Tongue.

8

Now by the *Recorder* new Cards must be plaid,
That body of Law with a *Sarazens-Head*,
That (Span'el-like) fawns on the King to his Face,
And yet makes the *Whigs* just amends for his place.

9

For Magistrate *Patience*, I plainly confess,
I've little to say because he's in distress;
But he that sat in th' Cities great Chair,
Would a *Pillory* grace; so I wish he were there.

Da

10

Dubois and *Papillion*, the Cities ſham *Shrieves*,
Whoſe Truth and whoſe Loyalty no man believes;
That Arreſted the *Mayor*, and no danger he ſaw,
To keep from ſelf hanging I leave to the Law.

11

For Law they complain'd, of the Lawyers they boaſt,
They'r pleas'd, till by Law they their *Charter* had loſt:
Law, Law, was the cry of the Mutinous Crew,
The *Devil's* in't if they ha'nt Law enough now.

12

Scribe *Cl---n*'s Wife deckt with the ſpoils of the Poor,
Embroider'd in Scarlet like *Babylon*'s Whore;
But let me adviſe him to ſtrip off her Red,
And make her a Petticoat of her *Green Bed*.

13

Old *Player*'s grown rampant, late pickt up a Whore,
And ſwore he'd recant, and be *Whiggiſh* no more;
By *Tories* made drunk, in the Company's view,
The Saint kiſt her C---t, and drank healths in her Shoe.

14

Now liſten ye *Whigs*, and hear what I ſpeak,
A *Monarch* (like Heaven) can give and can take;
But you for *Rebellion* no reaſon can bring,
So hang your ſelves all; and *God ſave the King*.

The Whigs *Diſappointment upon their intended Feaſt.*
To the Tune of, Cook Lawrel.

1.

HAve you not heard of a *Feſtival Convent* of late?
Compos'd of a pack of *Notorious Diſſenters*?
Appointed by *Tinkers* in *Whigland* to meet,
To Sign and to Seal *Covenanted Indenture*.

12.

The day was appointed, and all things prepar'd,
In order thereto, by the *Sages* o'th' Nation,
And a Reverend *Sermon* was then to be hear'd:
T'exort 'em to th' Oath of *Aſſociation*.

3

All sorts of Trades-men were bid to be there,
The *Lords*, *Abhorrers*, and *Commoners* too;
But the *Cooper* 'fore all was to take the Chair,
To set forth the matter as well he knew how.

4.

The Godly *Gown-men* all *Chain'd* and *Fur'd*,
Two *Shrieves*, and the Deel knows what of the *Rabble*,
Invited on purpose, and set on, and *Spur'd*,
To make a confusion worse then our old *Babel*.

5.

The chief of the Feast was a *Fop*, and a *Mouth*,
Cry'd up by the City *Cooper*, and *Player*,
Whose name they'd extend from *North* unto *South*,
By the trick of a *Black-Box* to make him an *Heir*.

6.

For down into *Durham* an Envoy was sent,
Amongst the chief, of the *Northern Clergies*,
To find out a Writing to that very intent,
Who had thirty good *Guineys* to defray his Charges.

7.

The Reverend *Titus* was Chaplain to th' Feast,
Brim full of *Plots*, with Oaths to maintain them,
The Deel could afford them no such a *Guest*;
'Mongst all the damn'd Crew to entertain them.

8.

Next came in *Janeway*, *Curtis*, *Vile*, and *Care*;
With his *Packet* of *Lies* thrust under his Arm,
Then *Don Dangerfield* more subtile by far,
Than poor Mother *Cellier* that acted no harm.

9

All sorts of *Informers* were bid to be there,
And the damn'd *Ignoramus* Jurors too,
To participate of this *Festival* Cheer:
By way of *Thanksgiving* for what they did do.

10

Some hundreds more were to be at the *Feast*;
And all things thereunto were fitted,

But

But in ſteps an Order which foreſtall'd the *Gueſts*,
Diſbanding the Cooks e're the Meat was half Spitted,

11

Tag, Rag, and Long-tail were all to come in,
To ſit at this King of *Poland*'s Table:
The *Feaſt* I conceive elſe was not worth a Pin,
Without the conſent of an inſolent Rabble.

12

What pining, and fretting, and fuming was there,
When all the good Creatures were ſo laid aſide,
'Twou'd make a Saint both to ſtamp and to ſtare,
To ſee ſuch a *Zealous Aſſembly* decry'd.

13

Here now the Nation was thus far ſettled,
And all things brought to a much better Cue,
Here a new *Government* was to be ſettled;
And the Deel knows what beſide they will do.

14

Some think it was like the *Oxford* old ſtroke,
Which was well, being given in Seaſon,
And ſome think they are under a burthenſom yoak,
'Cauſe they may not Aſſemble for *Sedition* and *Treaſon*.

15

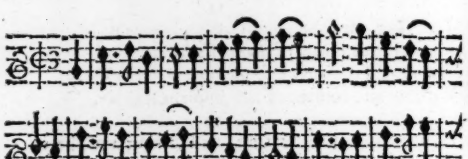
Some hold it not prudently acted at all,
To check an Aſſembly of ſo great an *Intention*,
Who ſtudy'd and aim'd at the Tory's down-fall,
In raiſing the *Whigs* by a new *Invention*.

16

Some ſay they were nettled, and galled within,
To ſee our Great *York* embrac'd by the City.
If that be the cauſe on't we care not a pin,
Let them hang up each other, and ſo ends my Ditty.

Newgate

Newgate *Salutation, or a Dialogue between Sir* W. W. *and Mrs.* Cellier. *Tune,* The Fight is now ended.



1.

OLd Stories of State grow now out of date,
And *Factious Promoters* obstructed by Fate;
Great *James* in his Throne protects us alone,
Without those wild Maggots which *Calvin* has blown;
And now in the calm a reflection I'll make,
Of a kind Salutation in *Newgate* late.

2.

'Twixt a Knight of the *Cause*, whose great eminence,
Of *Popish* Rat-catching, and smooth impudence;
Lov'd by all those who are the Kings Foes,
But in the Reception he dreaded some blows:
For when Fire and Water by accident greet,
Those unruly Elements clash when they meet.

3

And down-right Dame *Cillier*, who still keeps her place,
To which he prefer'd with marks of *disgrace*:
And now they are met in *Newgate* to treat,
You'd freely give sixpence you had seen the feat.

But

But she was transported and stood in a maze,
Whilst he like an *Owl* among *Lapwings* did gaze.

4

He snuffl'd with's Nose, and made a long pause,
In a new-fashion'd Cloak he wrap'd up the Old Cause,
He cry'd Madam *Cellier*, I hope we are Friends,
Were't now in my power I'd make you amends.
Pray turn not my *Stomach* with lancing old *Sores*,
My squeazy misfortunes are far worse than yours.

5

Great Sir, you are welcom into this great House,
I scorn to throw water upon a drown'd Mouse;
None of my Relations I have seen this year,
Could be half so welcom should they be brought here.
Your great *Vigilance*, and your *Zeal* doth surpass,
In Courage, *Don Quixot*, in Zeal *Hudibrass*.

6

I'th' silent of Night, no Goblin nor Spright,
Could e're work such wonders as you did Sir Knight;
In finding out Priest without help of Lights,
You were the *Knight Errand* on all such exploits.
No *Janus*'s two Faces, nor *Argus*'s strange Eyes,
E're bilkt up their *Fortunes*, like you by surprise.

7.

Though you were betray'd by *Oates* and his *Bums*,
Those *Amber-Necklaces* like *Beads* on your thmmbs;
Supply'd you with Coin Sir those Debts for to pay,
Besides those Rich *Medals* in ambush for Prey:
Or some score of Pounds *Bedingfield* (pull'd out on's Bed)
Though two years at least after he had been dead.

8,

Guzman to your Worship was but a meer Sot,
He never had sense to find out a *Sham-Plot*;
But you by the Art Sir of *Legerdemain*,
What you put in the *Meal*-Tub, could fetch out again;
But all you neat Jugglers Confederates do keep,
As my Maid and you in the *Meal*-Tub did meet.

The

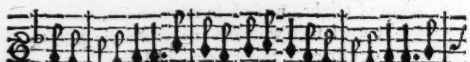
9

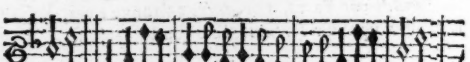
The Knight in his Paſſion found truth would confute,
St. *Francis* then enter'd to end the diſpute.
Sir this is no place for your ſafety and Honour,
She's void of the *Light* which the Cauſe put upon her.
To me give your hand Sir into my own Room,
We'll conſult who ſupplies our kind Ladies at home.

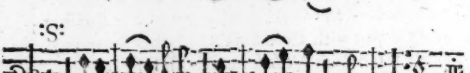
10

Now ſince we are inform'd the *Knight* is got looſe,
And finding ſome clauſe of thecaſe in the Nooſe,
wrapt up in the tangle, Great *Charles* he did dun,
To Pardon his Treaſon what's paſt, and to come.
So an anſwer moſt fit I hope he did receive,
For a Treach'rous *Fool*, and a *ſly buiſy Knave*.

A new Song on the old Plot. Tune, Tangier March.







1

LEt the *Whigs* repine, and all combine,
In a damn'd *Aſſociation*,
Let *Tonge* fret, and *Perkin* Sweat,
That their *Plot*'s grown out of Faſhion;
Since our Royal *Jemmy*'s come again
To ſpoil their Uſurpation,
Riſing like the morning *Sun*,
To cheer the drooping *Nation*.

2.

You dull ſham Prince, whoſe Impudence
To a *Throne* would be aſpiring;
See the Rable crowd, that made you proud,
Have ceas'd their loud admiring,
Curſe in time thoſe Rogues of State,
That taught you Rebel Notions;
And at the true *Succeſſors* Feet,
Pay all your juſt *Devotions.*

3.

Let Bully *Tom* receive his Doom,
So long ſince due in Reaſon,
For *Murders* then, and now again
For *Mutiny* and *Treaſon,*
To Kidnap Cully ſtill has been
His buſineſs of importance:
And now poor *Perkin* has drawn in,
And Rook'd out of his Fortunes.

9.

In old Laws we find, the *Cuckold's* kind,
To thoſe that do *Cornute* him;
Or why ſhould *Grey* the *Traytor* play,
And to *Perkin* be ſupporting?
But the *Coxcomb* fain would be
A Wittal to a King too:
That his *Baſtards* may again
Rebel for ſome ſuch thing too.

10.

But of all *Fools*, a Pox on *Tools*,
That againſt all Law and Reaſon,
The *Cauſe* maintain without the gain,
Or the profit of the *Treaſon*:
What from Wit, or Courage, Hopes
That gaping Cully *Br---n*;
That does to Mungrel *Perkin* ſtoop,
And the Royal ſide abandon,

6

Fat Turnſpit *Frank*, with Wit ſo *rank*,
Has ſome excuſe for ſtarting; Whom

Whom we despise, in time may rise,
To be *Jester* to King *Perkin*,
But for *Essex*, *H--d*, *Grey*, and *K--t*,
Those Fools of *Land* and *Money*:
Why what the *Deel* was their intent,
To set up Rebel *Toney*?

7

The *Polish* Prince has some pretence
To be *Whigland* Rabbles *Hector*,
And with reason too may head the Crew,
And in time become *Protector*:
Since *Ambition* and *Revenge*,
Are motives very moving,
But a *Plague* on *Fools* that him do bring,
To *Rogues* must Rule above him.

8.

Oh, ye *Tapland* Crew, that *Treason* brew,
And of *Toney* make an *Idol*:
And *Perkin* sham with *King* in *Name*,
The *King* of the *Golden Medal*,
Curse and damn the *Black Cabal*,
That inspir'd your Rebel knowledge,
E're *Bills vera* find you all,
The Fate of Pious *Colledge*.

Londons *Joy and* Tryumph, *on the Installment of Sir* William Pritchard *Lord Mayor for the ensuing year.* Tangier March.

1

LEt the *Whigs* revile, the Tories smile,
That their business is compleated;
Let all rejoyce with heart and voice.
That the *Whig*'s at last defeated.
The *Whigs* for Loyalty so fam'd,
With all their hopes are undone;
Since now brave *Pritchard* is proclaim'd
The Loyal Mayor of *London*.

2

You *Poliſh* Brace whoſe brazen Face,
To the Chair wou'd be aſpiring,
See the Rabble Crowd who bawl'd ſo loud;
Are bawk'd beyond admiring;
Learn in time to mitigate
Your bold tumultuous Furies,
E're you ſhall find, you truſt too late,
To *Ignoramus Juries*.

3.

Let *Player Tom* receive the Doom,
So long due for his Cheating,
Who did purloin the City Coyn,
To keep up holy *Meeting*;
To rob the Orphan, and the Poor,
His great diſcharge of truſt is,
And run upon the Widows ſcore,
To do the City Juſtice.

4.

Let *Ward* repent, and *Jenks* relent,
Their Practice ſo malicious,
Let *Hubland* rue, with all the Crew,
That they were ſo Officious;
Such *Jews* as theſe; who did deny
Their Saviour for a Teſter,
No doubt again wou'd Crucify
Their Sovereign Lord and Maſter.

5

For *North* and *Rich*, and every ſuch,
They ſet up a *Papillion*:
'Gainſt *Pritchard*, bold, with *Corniſh*, *Gold*;
With *Ryot* and *Rebellion*.
To love the King can you pretend,
Who Royaliſts deny all?
And with ſuch vigour dare contend
Againſt the Man that's Loyal.

5

For ſhame in time repent your Crime,
Your *Ryot* and Commotion;

And

And to the Mayor who kept the Chair,
Pay all your juſt Devotion.
Such was their Loyalty of late,
To give the King no Money:
But freely throw away their Plate.
To joyn with Rebel *Toney*.

7

Thus you before did run on ſcore
With *Royal Charles*, your Maſter:
Like drunk or mad, ſpent all you had,
To uphold a bold *Impoſtor*.
Let not Knaves again betray,
And rob you of your Reaſon;
Then leave your *Factious* heads to pay
The forfeit of your *Treaſon*.

8

With all your heat what did you get?
With all your did ann quarter;
But to involve with each reſolve
The more entangled *Charter*?
To *James* your juſt *Allegiance* give,
Your *Properties*, then plead 'em,
Defending the *Prerogative*,
You beſt protect your *Freedom*.

Tangiers *Lamentation on the Demoliſhing and blowing up of the* Town, Caſtle, *and* Citadel. *The ſame Tune.*

1

LEt the *Moors* repine, their hopes reſign,
Now the *Pagan Troops* are cheated;
Let *Foot* and *Horſe* disband their *Force*,
Since *Tangier* is defeated:
Alaſs *Tangier*! what ſuddain *Doom*
Hath wrought this alteration,
That thus thy *March* ſhould now become
Thy fatal *Lamentation*?

2 Now

2

Now, alaſs *Tangier!* that coſt ſo dear
In Money, Lives, and Fortunes,
See how the States, the kinder Fates,
For thy own Fate importunes:
Had this been *Plotted* by the *Moors*,
Alaſs! it were no matter;
But blown up thus by thy own Store,
Thou'dſt better ſwom in water.

3

The old Port *Tangier*, where for good Cheer
We never paid Extortion:
Which, whilſt it ſtood, was once thought *good*
To be a *Monarchs* Portion,
Whilſt *Engliſh* hearts thy walls poſſeſt,
They ſcorn'd e're to ſurrender,
Now to the *Foes* is left a Neſt
For Serpents to engender.

4

Alaſs! what now muſt the Sea-men do,
When they come aſhore to Lord it,
For a little freſh ſtore, & a little freſh whore?
Which *Tangier* ſtill afforded.
No Ambuſcade of treacherous *Moor*,
Nor ſhall *Ben Ottor*'s Highneſs
Court any more the *Britiſh* Shoar,
To try the Ladies kindneſs.

5

It would grieve your heart, ſhould I impart
The Gold and precious Matter
That lies oppreſt in every Cheſt
Drown'd underneath the water.
But now the *Mold* that forc'd the *Main*,
The *Mold* ſo gay and bonny,
Is with the Cheſts blown up again,
But ne'r a Croſs of Money.

6

Of how many Souls, and large Punch-bowls,
Has been the undoing?

How

How many tun of precious Coin
Lie buried in the Ruin?
Had this been done some years ago,
Of *Horsemen* and *Postillions*,
T'had sav'd some thousand lives the blow,
And sav'd besides some Millions.

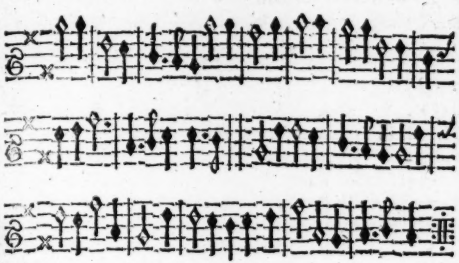
7

VVhen the Pile took fire above the Spire,
I wish (for th' good o'th' Nation)
The walls well cramm'd, with *Rebels* ramm'd
Of the *Association*:
The *Bethels* of a *Commonwealth*,
Each sullen *Whig* and *Trimmer*,
That boggle at a *Loyal Health*,
Yet will not bawk a Brimmer.

8

Now Heav'n preserve (while *Rebels* starve)
The *King* and's *Royal brother*,
VVhile *Traytors* flie, and others die,
Impeaching one another:
That gracious *Prince* that values more
His Subjects lives and pleasure,
Than all the wealth of *Africk* Shore,
And *Tangiers* buried Treasure.

A Tory *in a* Whigs *Coat. Tune,* Up with Alley, *&c.*



1

WHat! ſtill ye *Whigs* uneaſie!
Will nothing cool your Brain,
Unleſs great *Charles* to pleaſe ye,
Will let ye drive his Wain?
Then up with *Prance* and *Oates*,
And up with Knaves a pair;
But down with him that Votes
Againſt a *Lawful Heir.*

2

Your grievance is remov'd,
Old *Stafford* s made a Saint,
Though you but little prov'd,
The Karle away you ſent.
Then up with all your ſpight,
And ſhew us what you mean;
I fear me, by this Light,
You long to vent your Spleen.

3

That *Peerleſs Houſe of Commons*
So zealous for the *Lord*,
Meant (piouſly) with ſome on's
To fleſh the *Godly Sword*:

Then

Then up with au the *Leaven*,
With each *Dissenting Loon*,
Then up with Bully *Stephen*;
But *Colledge* is gone doon.

4

What wood those *Loons* have had?
What makes 'em still to mutter?
I think they 'r au gone mad,
They keep so muckle a clutter:
Then up with *Pilk* and *Shute*,
Another blessed Pair;
And up with ev'ry Brute,
But chiefly *Goatham's Mayor*.

5

Our *Salamanca* Priest,
Hath left his Flock in hast;
And shrewdly in the mist;
Which makes us all agast:
Then up with Lads of worth,
With *Baldwin*, *Vile*, and *Care*:
For these must now *hold Forth*,
And *Dick* shall nose a Pray'r,

6

But is our *Parson* gone?
And whither gone I trow?
What, back again to *Spain*?
Geud Faith e'n let him go:
Then up with blundering *S.*
The *Tories* Plague, I trow;
'Tis be our Cause must bless
With *Characters*, and so——

7

But scurvy *Heraclitus*,
And *Roger* too is rude,
And *Nat* who plagues poor *Titus*,
Whichmakes us chew the Cud;
Then up with *Associations*,
Remonstrances, and *Libels*;

'Tis

'Tis theſe muſt ſave *three Nations*,
And will preſerve our *Bibles*.

8

The *Poliſh Fox* does ſeem
To ſleep his time away;
But his pernicious Dream
Is only to *Betray*:
Then up with *How*, the Mole,
And many more that be;
But up with little *Pole*
Upon the higheſt *Tree*.

9

Heraclitus is a Debtor,
To ſome within the City,
Who ſent him ſike a Letter,
He'l pay them in a Ditty:
Then up with au *Diſſenters*,
Up with 'em in a Cart;
And up with him that ventures
His Majeſty to thwart.

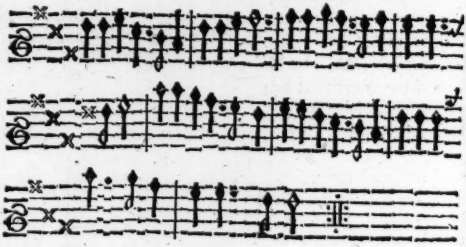
10

But now great *York* is come,
(Whom Heaven ſtill be with)
You'l find (both all and ſome)
'Twas ill to ſhew your teeth:
Then up with ev'ry *Round head*,
And ev'ry *Factious Brother*,
Our luck is now confounded,
Ye au muſt up together.

'Tis

Ye

Whig upon Whig, or a pleasant dismal Song on the old Plotters newly found out. Tune, O hone, &c.



1

BEloved harken all,
O *hone*, O *hone*,
To my sad Rhimes that, shall
O *hone*, O *hone*.
Be found in Ditty sad,
Which makes me almost mad,
But *Tories* hearts full glad,
O *hone*, O *hone*.

2.

Essex has cut his Throat,
O *hone*, O *hone*,
Russel is Guilty found,
O *hone*, O *hone*.
Walcot being of the Crew,
And *Hone* the *Joyner* too,
Must give the Devil his due,
O *hone*, O *hone*.

3.

Rumsey swears heartily,
O *hone*, O *hone*.
West swears he does not lie,
O *hone*, O *hone*.

Lord

Lord *H----d* vows by's troth,
That they are good men both,
And take the self-same Oath,
O hone, O hone.

4.

I heard some People say,
O hone, O hone,
Monmouth is fled away,
O hone, O hone.
And some do not stick to say,
If he falls in their way,
He will have damn'd fair play,
O hone, O hone.

5.

Armstrong and *Grey* Got wot,
O hone, O hone,
And *Fergusson* the *Scot*,
O hone, O hone.
Are all run God knows where,
'Cause stay they dare not here,
To fix the grand Affair,
O hone, O hone.

6

Juries (alass) are thus,
O hone, O hone,
There's no *Ignoramus*,
O hone, O hone.
But you'l have Justice done,
To ev'ry Mothers Son,
And be hang'd one by one,
O hone, O hone.

7

Now how like Fools we look,
O hone, O hone,
Had we not better took
O hone, O hone.

Unto our Trades and Wives,
And have kept in our Hives,
Which might have sav'd our lives.
O hone, O hone.

8

The King He says, that all
O hone, O hone,
That are found Guilty, shall
O hone, O hone.
Die by the Ax or Rope,
As some dy'd for the *Pope*;
Brethren there is no hope.
O hone, O hone.

9

The Sisters left behind,
O hone, O hone,
Must with vile *Tories* Grind,
O hone, O hone.
And still be at their call,
To play at up-tails all;
Nay, to be Poxt and all.
O hone, O hone.

10

The *Tories* now will drink,
O hone, O hone,
The Kings health with our Chink,
O hone, O hone.
Queen, Duke and Dutchess too,
And all the Loyal Crew.
Jerney Morblew, Morblew.
O hone, O hone.

Eustace Comines *the* Irish *Evidence, his Farewell to* England. *Tune,* O hone, *&c.*

1

BEe me Shoul and Shoulvation,
O hone, O hone.
I'll go to me own Nawtion:
O hone, O hone.

Old

Old *Toney* hence is fled,
And *Ruſſel* loſt his head;
I ſtarve for want of Bread.
O *hone.* O *hone.*

2
This ſawcy *Engliſh Plot,*
O *hone,* O *hone,*
Did make ours go to pot:
O *hone,* O *hone.*
What ſhall I do to go?
Let me ſhe, O *ho*! O *ho*!
Pox take me if I know:
O *hone,* O *hone.*

3
My fauce does red wid ſhame,
O *hone,* O *hone,*
That ever here I came:
O *hone,* O *hone,*
Ten, twenty Curſe upon
Sham Juſtice *Heddrington,*
Who made me firſt leave home,
O *hone,* O *hone.*

4
A Gra *Euſtace,* he did ſay
O *hone,* O *hone,*
You moyle for Groat a day:
O *hone,* O *hone.*
A *Plot-Office* now is ope,
I will advance your hope,
If you'l ſwear againſt the *Pope,*
O *hone,* O *hone.*

5
Be *Chreeſt* I will, ſaid I,
O *hone,* O *hone,*
Tell you ten hundred lie,
O *hone,* O *hone.*

I'll swear dem in and out,
We'll have a merry bout,
And make a Rabble rout,
O *hone*, O *hone*.

5

We came to *Weſtminſter*,
O *hone*, O *hone*,
Den he call'd me Maiſhter,
O *hone*, O *hone*.
I ſwore by fait and trote,
And be me Beeble *Oate*,
(What wee'd agreed on bote,)
O *hone*, O *hone*.

7

Then I was put in pay,
O *hone*, O *hone*,
Had five, ſix Groat a day,
O *hone*, O *hone*.
Which did fine Cloads afford,
Inſtead of Spawde, a Sword:
I knew not me ſhelf good Lord,
O *hone*, O *hone*.

8

But ſoon my Maiſhter Rogue,
O *hone*, O *hone*,
Was in ſpite of his Brogue:
O *hone*, O *hone*.
For the ſawce of his Thongue,
To Priſon dragg'd along,
Magnatum Scandalum, O *hone*, O *hone*.

9

Then was prepar'd a Drench,
O *hone*, O *hone*,
Oates himſhelf to Retrench;
O *hone*, O *hone*.
The meaner ſwearers then
To tremble did begin:
As I have a Shoul widin;
O *hone*, O *hone*.

10

By this Book I did fwear,
O *hone*, O *hone*,
Till *Patrick* mee fwine Saint:
O *hone*, O *hone*.
Bid me leave off mee cryes,
And fwear no more Plot-lies,
Then ſtraight away he hies:
O *hone*, O *hone*.

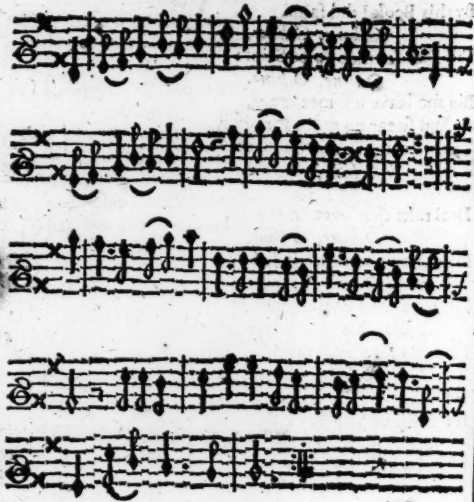
11

Deel take this Swearing trade,
O *hone*, O *hone*,
I'll go home to mee Spade:
O *hone*, O *hone*.
I'll fence the *Patatoes* round
And keep mee Maſhters ground;
I am too long Hell-hound.
O *hone*, O *hone*.

12

My Book-buſſing Tribe adieu:
O *hone*, O *hone*,
It is now bad wid you:
O *hone*, O *hone*.
And if I eſcape the Hang,
I've out-done all my Gang;
And leave you here t'Swing Swang.
O *hone*, O *hone*.

Dagon's *Fall. Tune*, Philander, *&c.*



1

AH Cruel Bloody fate!
What canſt thou now do more?
Alas! 'tis now too late
Poor *Tony* to reſtore:
Why ſhould the flattering Fates perſuade
That *Tony* ſtill ſhould live,
In *England* here,
Or in *Holland* there,
Yet all our hopes deceive?

2

A Noble Peer he was,
And of notorious Fame;
But now he's gone (alas!)
A Pilgrim o'r the Main:

The

The Prop and Pillar of our hope,
The Patron of our *Cauſe*,
The Scorn and Hate
Of Church and State,
The Urchin of the Laws.

3

Of matchleſs Policy
Was this Renowned Peer,
The bane of Monarchy,
The Peoples hope and fear.
The Joy of all true true Proteſtants,
The *Tories* Scorn and Dread;
But now he's gone
Who curſt the Throne,
Alas! poor *Toney's* dead.

4

For *Commonwealth* he ſtood,
Pretending *Liberty*;
And for the Publick Good,
Would pull down Monarchy:
The *Church* & *State* he would divorce,
The Holy *Cauſe* to Wed:
And in time did hope
To confound the *Pope*,
To be himſelf the Head

5

A *Tap* in's ſide he bore,
To broach all ſorts of Ill,
For which Seditious Store
The Croud ador'd him ſtill:
He ſpit his Venom through the *Town*,
With which the Saints poſſeſt,
Would Preach and Prate
'Gainſt Church and State,
While he perform'd the reſt.

6

When any change of State
Or Miſchief was at hand,

He had a working Pate,
And Devil at command:
He forg'd a Plot, for vvhich the heads
Of Faction gave their Votes;
But novv the Plot
Is gone to Pot,
What vvill becomé of *Oates*?

7

Under the fair pretence
Of *Right*, *Religion*, *Law*.
Excluding the true *Prince*,
The Church vvould overthrovv:
With ſuch Religious Shams he brought
The Rabble on his ſide;
And, for his ſport,
The *Town* and *Court*
In Parties vvould divide.

8

Novv, vvhat's become of all
His ſquinting Policy,
Which vvrought your *Dagon's Fall*,
From Juſtice forc'd to flie?
Old and Decrepid, full of pains,
As he of Guilt vvas full:
He fell to Fate,
And novv (too late)
He leaves us to condole.

9

Novv, learn ye *Whigs* in time,
By his deſerved fall,
To expiate his Crime,
E're Fate revenge you all;
For *Rights*, *Religion*, *Liberty*,
Are but the ſham pretence
To *Anarchy*,
But *Loyalty*
Obeys the Lawful Prince.

The Bully Whig; *or the poor* Whores *Lamentation for the Apprehending Sir* Thomas Armstrong. *Tune*, Ah, Cruel bloody Fate, *&c.*

1

AH cruel bloody *Tom!*
What couldst thou hope for more,
Then to receive the Doom
Of all thy Crimes before?
For all thy bold Conspiracies
Thy Head must pay the score;
Thy Cheats and Lies,
Thy Box and Dice,
Will serve thy turn no more.

2

Ungrateful thankless Wretch!
Hovv couldst thou hope in vain
(Without the reach of *Ketch*)
Thy *Treasons* to maintain?
For Murders long since done and past,
Thou Pardons hast had store,
And yet vvouldst still
Stab on, and kill,
As if thou hop'dst for more.

3

But *Tom*, e're he vvould starve,
More blood resolv'd to've spilt;
Thy flight did only serve
To justifie thy Guilt:
While they vvhose harmless Innocence
Submit to Chains at home,
Are each day freed,
While Traytors bleed,
And suffer in their room.

4

When *Whigs* a Plot did Vote,
What Peer from Justice fled?
In the *Phanatick* Plot
Tom durst not shevv his Head.

Novv Sacred Juſtice rules above,
The Guiltleſs are ſet free,
And the Napper's napt,
And Clapper's clapt,
In his Conſpiracy.

5

Like *Cain*, thou hadſt a mark
Of Murder on thy Brovv;
Remote, and in the dark,
Black Guilt did ſtill purſue;
Nor *England*, *Holland*, *France*, or *Spain*;
The Traytor can defend;
He vvill be found
In Fetters bound,
To pay for't in the end.

6

Tom might about the Tovvn
Have Bully'd, Huff'd and Roar'd,
By every *Venus* knovvn,
Been for a *Mars* ador'd:
By Friendly Pimping, and falſe Dice,
Thou mightſt have longer liv'd,
Hector'd and ſhamm'd,
And ſvvore and gam'd,
Hadſt thou no Plots contriv'd.

7

Tom once vvas Cock-a-hoop,
Of all the Huffs in Tovvn;
But novv his Pride muſt ſtoop,
His Courage is pull'd dovvn:
So long his Spurs are grovvn, poor *Tom*
Can neither flye nor fight,
Ah cruel Fate!
That at this rate
The *'Squire* ſhould foil the *Knight*.

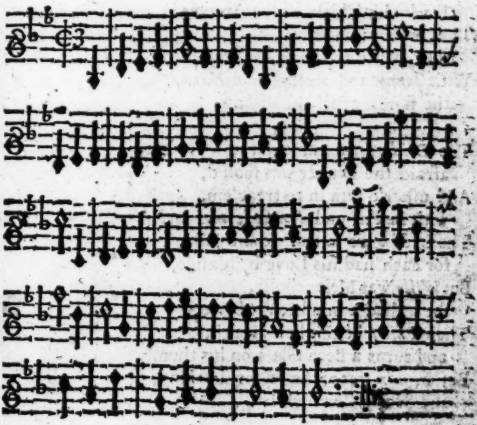
8

But now no remedy,
It being his juſt revvard;

In

In his ovvn trap you see,
The *Tiger* is ensnar'd;
So may all Traytors fare, till all
Who for their Guilt did flie,
With Bully *Tom*
By timely Doom,
Like him unpity'd die.

The Winchester *Wedding*; *or* Ralph *of* Redding, *and* Black Bess *of the* Green. *To a new Dance*: *or the* Kings Jigg.



5

AT *Winchester* was a Wedding,
The like was never seen
Twixt lusty *Ralph* of *Redding*,
And bonny black *Bess* of the *Green*:
The Fidlers were Crouding before,
Each Lass was as fine as a Queen,
There was a hundred and more,
For all the Countrey came in:

Brisk *Robin* led *Rose* to fair,
She lookt like a Lilly o'th Vale,
And Ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

2

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,
He helpt her over the Stile,
And swore there was none so pretty,
In forty and forty long mile:
Kit gave a Green Gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his hand to rise,
But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blew under the eyes:
Thus merrily chatting all,
they pass'd to the *Bride-house* along
With *Jonny* and pretty-fac'd *Nanny*,
the fairest of all the throng.

3

The *Bridegroom* came out to meet 'em,
afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
with *Bak'd*, and *Roasted*, and *boyl'd*;
The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
for each had his Love by his side,
But *Willy* was Melancholly,
for he had a mind to the Bride.
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
and turns a Beer Glass on his thumb,
But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for drinking,
the best in *Christendom*.

4

And now they had Din'd, advancing
into the midst of the *Hall*,
The Fidlers struck up for Dancing,
and *Jeremy* led up the *Brawl*:
But *Margery* kept a quater,
a Lass that was proud of her self,
Cause *Arthur* had stoln her Garter,
and swore he would tye it himself:

She

She ſtrugl'd and bluſht, and frown'd,
and ready with anger to cry,
Cauſe *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
had ſlip'd his hand too high.

5

And now for throwing the Stocking,
the Bride away was led,
The Bridegroom got Drunk, and was knocking
for Candles to light 'em to Bed:
But *Robin* that found him ſilly,
moſt friendly took him aſide
The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,
was playing at *Hoopers-hide*;
And now the warm *Game* begins,
the *Critical minuit* was come,
And Chatting, & Billing, and Kiſſing,
went merrily round the Room.

6

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
and blith as a Bird in the Spring,
And *Tommy* was ſo to *Katy*,
and Wedded her with a *Ruſh Ring*:
Sukey that Danc'd with the *Cuſhion*,
an hour from the room had been gone,
And *Barnaby* knew by her bluſhing,
that ſome other Dance had been done;
And thus of fifty fair Maids,
that came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,
that ſo did return again.

A new Song, in Praise of the Loyal Company of Stationers, who (after the general forfeit) for their singular Loyalty, obtain'd the first Charter *of* London, 1684. *To the Tune of* Winchester Wedding.

6

IN *London* was such a Quarter,
the like was never known,
About the forfeited *Charter*
betwixt the *Court* and the *Town*;
The Masters went crowding before,
the Prentices i'th' Rear did fall,
There were a thousand and more
attended to lead up the Brawl:
Kit Arm'd with a Fork and a Spade,
and *Bob* with a Shovel and Fork,
But *Tender* was for a Surrender,
and now it began to work.

2

Quoth *Willy* what lose the *Charter*?
I'll sooner lose my Head:
Quoth *Bob Hog* I'll die a Martyr
before that shall ever be said:
Quoth *John* you may shut up your Shopping,
your *Charter* was all your Shield,
For every Sea-man of *Wapping*,
may be Freeman now of the *Guield*;
Quoth a *Butcher*, the beggerly *French*
will out of our Mouths eat the Bread:
But the *Weaver*, he cock'd up his Beaver,
and valiantly march'd at the Head.

3

But *Stationers-Hall* so Loyal,
the *Charter* by which they meet,
The gift of his Ancestors Royal,
did humbly lay at his feet:
Whose Suit he so far befriendeth,
their Liberties know no bound,
Their *Charter* her Whigs extendeth,
through *London*, & full 4 miles round.

And

And now from the *Bygot* and *Whig*,
(to distinguish the good men and true)
The Table is purg'd, and Rabble
with the Members excluded withdrew.

4

With limping *Dick* the *Zealous*,
went doting *Yea*, and *Nay*,
And squinting *Jack* so Jealous;
lest Loyalty got the day.
With these *Jack Thumb* was reckon'd,
and hungry *Will* of the wood;
And *Frank* the first and the second,
and *George* that will never be good.
And thus they did trip it along,
whilst *William* led up the Brawl,
But *John* did storm above any,
to be turn'd out of the Hall.

5

Jack gave his right hand to *Harry*,
who almost his place had lost,
And swore if the day they carry,
the Loyal shou'd pay for the Roast,
But *Bob Hog* who made a tryal,
and found how the Jig wou'd go,
Resolv'd to change sides and be Loyal,
But all the *Dissenters* said no;
Thus whilst to the *Charter* or *Law*,
they would no obedience yield,
The glory was still, *true Tory*,
Is Master of the Field.

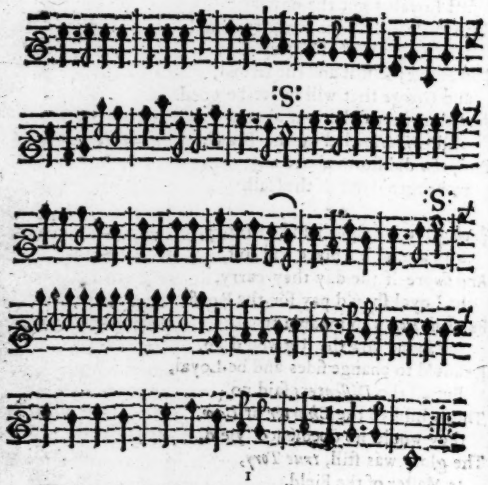
5

Now to the *Stationers* Honour,
the *Charter* is on Record;
Great *Charles* the bountiful *Donor*,
their Franchises has restor'd;
To whose everlasting Glory,
thy Honour will still redound;
That they are the first in Story,
who *London's* Charter did found;

Then

Then to the brave Founder a Health,
who first did our freedom create,
A Bumper to *Charles*, to the *Rumper*,
a Halter, and *Robin Hog's* Fage.

Russels Farewel. *Tune*, *Oh, the boxy* Christ-Church-Bells.



OH, the mighty Innocence
Of *Russel, Bedford's* Son!
That dy'd for the *Plot*,
Whether Guilty, or not,
By his last (Equivocating) Speech!
By the words of a dying Man,
There prove I know no *Plot*
'Gainst the Life of the *King*, or *Government*,
Either by Action, or Intent.

Fy,

Fy, fy, fy, fy, fy, fy, my Lord,
What are you about to do;
To ſink to Hell
By th' ſound of your Knell,
Both Soul and Body too.

2.

Oh, the ſhallow memory
Of this blood-thirſty Lord!
T'deny and confeſs
And all to expreſs
His guilty Inſolence the more:
I at Mr. *Shepherds* Houſe
Did hear ſome little ſlight diſcourſe,
How eaſie 'twas the Guards to ſeize;
Yet I am guiltleſs, if you pleaſe;
No, no, no, no, no, no, my Lord,
Your Guilt's too plainly ſeen,
And *M------h* too
With *Shaftsbury*'s Crew,
To deſtroy both King and Queen.

5.

Next your Lordſhip does proteſt,
No man had ever yet
That Impudence
Againſt his Prince,
To your Face to propoſe any foul Deſign:
Then you confeſs immediately
At the houſe of Politick *Shaftsbury*,
You heard ſuch words
Were ſharp as Swords,
The worſt can be thought, or *Engliſh* affords;
Which rais'd your Righteous Spirit to
Exclaim againſt their ſenſe;
Yet this you conceal'd,
And never reveal'd,
All in your blind defence.

4.

Popery (your Lordſhip ſays)
Is bloody and unjuſt;
(What then) you deſign'd
with thoſe you combin'd,
Was Farce, to jeſt our Lives away;
For when the Duke of *Mon.* came
T'acquaint your Honour of his fear
Of being undone by the heat of ſome,
Too violent for the *Bloody Cauſe*,
Away you go to *Shepherd*'s ſtrait,
Where pernicious words were ſaid,
In Paſſion all,
With Judgement ſmall,
But conſequence of Dread.

5

From the time of chooſing *Sheriffs*,
I did conclude the heat
Would this produce;
That's no excuſe,
But juſt confeſſion of the Fact.
Preſently your Lordſhip ſays,
For farther confirmation ſtill,
You are not ſurpris'd to find it fall
On your Honour, you deſerv'd it all:
Immediately you would proclaim
Aloud your Innocence,
Why your Lordſhip's mad,
In a *Cauſe* ſo bad,
To put the Sham-pretence.

6

Oh ye *True-Blew-Proteſtants*,
Whoſe times are yet to come,
You ſee your Fate,
Early or late;
Follow you muſt, 'tis all your Doom.
M----*h*, *Armſtrong*, *Ferguſon*,
Grey, *Goodenough* the Under-Shrieve,

With

With all your *Ignoramus* Crew,
That *Juſtice* hate, and *Treaſon* brew;
Scaffold, *Tyburn*, Halter, Ax,
Thoſe Inſtruments of Death,
As 'tis your due,
May't you purſue,
Till you reſign your Breath.

The Jealous Ladies Complaint. To an excellent New Tune.

1

TEll me no more,
There muſt be ſomething in't,
Think what you ſwore
When firſt you did begin't,
That none but I
Cou'd e're your heart ſuffice;
And my Eyes and my Thighs,
How your mind it did ſurpriſe,
But now *you Bitch, you look ſo lean*
You damn'd confounded ſtinking Queen,
Are all the words that I can gain,
For my great pain.

2

Can you forget
The Love you did delight in,
And thoſe great Pleaſures,
You us'd to ſpend the night in?
When with ſweet Raptures
So cloſe you did embrace
And your Love us'd to move
In another pretty place:
But now you take away your head,
And there you'll lie as tho' you're dead,
And all the Joys I had in Bed.
Are gone and fled.

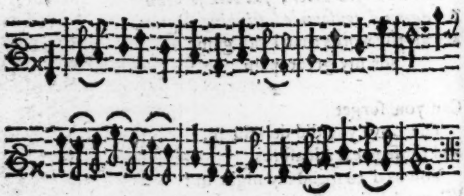
With

A new Amorous Song. To the Tune of, *The bonny Christ-Church-Bells.*

7

SEe how fair and fine she lies,
Upon her Bridal Bed,
No Lady at the Court
So fit for the Sport,
Oh she look'd so curiously white and red,
After the first and second time
The weary Bridegroom slacks his pace;
But Oh she cries, come, come, my Joy
And cling thy Cheek close to my Face;
Tinkle, tinkle, goes the Bell under the *Bed*,
Whilst time and touch they keep,
Then with a Kiss
They end their Bliss,
And so fall fast asleep.

The Norwich *Loyal Litany.*



DEfend us from all *Popish Plots*,
That so the People fray,
And eke also from Treacherous *Scots*
As bad or worse than they.

From *Parliaments* long *Rumps* & *Tails*,
From *House* of *Commons* Furies,

Defend us eke from *Proteſtant Flayls*,
And *Ignoramus Juries*.

Protect us now, and evermore,
From a white *Sheet* and *Proctor*,
And from the *Noble Peer* brought o're
The *Salamanca Doctor*.

A *Doctor* with a *Witneſs* ſure,
Both in his riſe and fall,
His *Exit* is almoſt as obſcure,
As his Original.

Deſigns and Dangers far remove,
From this diſtreſſed Nation,
And damn the *Trayterous Model* of
Bold *Toney's Aſſociation*.

And may the *Prick-ear'd Party* that
Have Coyn enough in Cupboard,
Forbear to ſhiver an Eſtate,
And Splinters mount for *Hobart*.

From ſixteen ſelf-conceited *Peers*,
Protect our Sovereign ſtill,
And from the damn'd Petitioners,
For the *Excluſive Bill*.

Guard (Heaven) great *JAMES* and His Eſtate,
'Gainſt *Toney* upon *Toney*;
And from the Houſe of *Commons*, that
Will give the King no Money.

From thoſe that did deſign & laugh,
At *Tangier* in diſtreſs,
And were *Mahometans* worſe by half,
Then all the *Moors* of *Fez*.

From

From such as with Usurping hand.
Drive Princes to extreams,
Confound all their Devices, and
Deliver *Charles* and *James*.

But may the beautious *Youth* come home,
And do the thing that's fit,
Or I must tell that *Absalom*
He has more Hair than Wit.

May he be wise, and soon expell,
Th' *Fox*, th' old *Fawning Elf*,
The time draws nigh *Achitophel*,
Shan't need to hang himself,

This Jury I've Empanel'd here,
Of honest Lines and true,
Whom you I doubt at *Westminster*,
Will find *Ignoramus* too.

A Conventicle Litany.

LEt *Baxter* teach Sedition,
And self-will'd Saints Delude,
Let *Bull* his Whoring still pursue,
Yet cheat the Multitude.

By's Zealous Leer, and Canting Tone;
May *Associators* Wives,
Be taught to cheat their Husbands still,
With seeming honest Lives.

That Cuckolds may so Mum'rous be,
Among this Holy crew,
As Oxon all the Land throughout,
Nay, Horns upon 'em too.

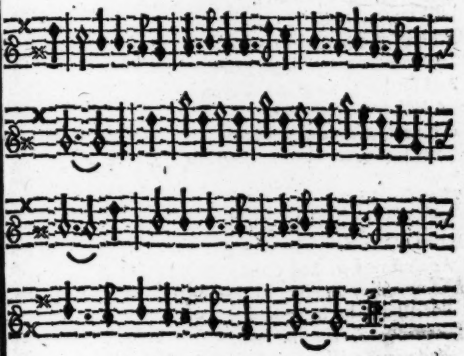
That by their Beast-like marks they may,
To' th' Loyal part be known,

For

For Monſtrous Traytors 'gainſt the King,
His Government and Crown.

And may at laſt this Zealous Tribe,
By their Sham Zealous Wives,
Unto the Gallows all be led,
To end their Factious Lives.

The PLOT Cram'd into Jones *Placket.* To the Tune of,
Jones Placket is torn, *&c.*



7

HAve you not lately heard
Of Lords ſent to the *Tower*,
Who 'gainſt the Popiſh Plotters,
Seem'd men of chiefeſt Power:
But now they are got into the Plot,
And all their Power's in vain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And can never be mended again,
'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
And rent and torn in twain:
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again.

For Fitz-

3

Fitz-Harris they suppos'd
A fitting Instrument,
The Duke, the Queen, the King,
Himself to circumvent:
But now he's hang'd and all his Gang
Will follow the same strain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again.

3.

The *Joyner* he did march
To *Oxford* to be Try'd,
Where he did find a Jury,
Who were not *Whiggify'd*,
And for his *Joyning* in the Plot;
A Halter he did gain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again, &c.

4.

They say that Mr. *Dugdale*,
So honest and so true,
Is one of the Kings Evidence,
Against this wicked Crew.
And now they aim him to defame,
But all will be in vain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And never will be mended again, &c.

5

The Crafty *Shaftsbury*,
Was caught in his own Snare,
He has hired many Rogues
Themselves for to forswear:
Are now undone with *Hetherington*,
And all his hired Train,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again, &c.

6.

Thus Innocence we see
Begins for to appear,

Since

Since Rogues for want of Pardons,
The truth are fain to ſwear:
Had it been ſo, ſome years ago,
We'd hit on the right vein,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again, &c.

7.

The pious *Commons* Vote
It was a Popiſh Plot,
Which Factious Lords promote,
'Twas death to think it not;
Thus piouſly they all agree
A Plot for to maintain,
But now 'tis rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

8

Againſt the Lawful Heir,
Full many a Bill they paſs
Upon the Royal Chair,
To place a gaudy Aſs:
But they may ride to th' Devil aſtride,
With *Noll* new Plots to feign,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again, &c.

9

When they cou'd rail no more
Of pious Lords and Peers,
To ſet them as before
Together by the Ears;
To *Shrieves* & *Mayor* they made this Prayer,
They wou'd the Plot maintain,
But now 'tis rent and torn,
And will never be mended again, &c.

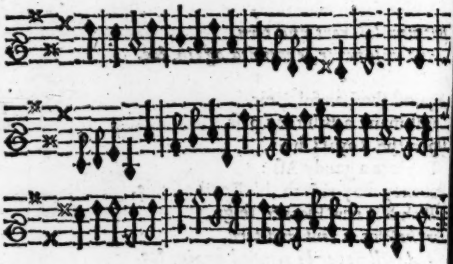
10

Brave *Rich* and famoms *North*,
(Whom Factions did oppoſe)
For Loyalty and worth,
The noble *Mayor* have choſe,

Since

Who hand in hand will faithful ſtand
To Royal *James*'s Reign,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again.
'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
And rent and torn in twain.
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again.

The Proteſtant *Flayl*: *To the Tune of,* Lacy's Maggot; *Or, the* Hobby-Ho. &c.



3

Liſten a while, and I'll tell you a Tale
Of a new Device of a *Proteſtant Flayl*;
With a thump, thump, thump, a thump,
Thump, a thump, thump.
This *Flayl* it was made of the fineſt wood,
Well lin'd with Lead, and notable good,
For ſplitting of Brains, and ſhedding of blood
Of all that withſtood,
With a thump, thump, &c.

2

This *Flayl* was invented to thraſh the Brain,
And leave behind not the weight of a grain,
With a thump, thump, &c.

At the handle end there hung a weight,
That carried with it an unavoidable Fate,
To take the Monarch a rap on the Pate,
And govern the State,
With a thump, thump,

3
It took its degree in *Oxford* Town,
And with the Carpenter went down,
With a thump, thump, &c,
If any durſt his might oppoſe,
He had you cloſe, in ſpight of your Noſe,
To carry on clever the *Good Old Cauſe*,
And down with the Laws,
With a thump, thump, &c.

4
With this they threatned to fore-ſtall
The Church, and give the Biſhops a mawl,
With a thump, thump, &c.
If King and Lords will not ſubmit
To the *Joyner's* will while the Houſe did ſit,
If this in the right place did hit,
The cauſe it would ſplit,
With a thump, thump, &c.

5
Two handfuls of Death, with a Thong hung faſt,
By a Zealot who hang'd himſelf at laſt,
With a thump, thump, &c.
With a moving head both ſtiff and ſtout,
Found by the *Proteſtant Joyner* out,
To have at the King & the Laws t'other bout
And turn them both out,
With a thump, thump, &c.

6
Invincibly 'twould deal his blows,
All to maintain the *Good Old Cauſe*,
With a thump, thump, &c.
Wou'd *Liberty* and Freedom bring
To every thing except the King,

At Monarchy it had a fling,
And took its ſwing,

7

This *Flayl* was made of the neweſt Faſhion,
To heal the Breaches of the Nation,
With a thump, thump, &c.
If Faction any difference bred,
'Twou'd ſplit the Cauſe in the Head,
Till Monarchy reel'd, and Loyalty bled,
And were both knock'd in the Head,
With a thump, thump, &c.

8

When any ſtrife was in the State,
The *Flayl* wou'd end the whole debate,
With a thump, thump, &c.
'Gainſt Arbitrary Power of State,
And Popery which the Zealots hate,
It wou'd give them ſuch a rap on the Pate,
They muſt yield to their Fate,
With a thump, thump, &c.

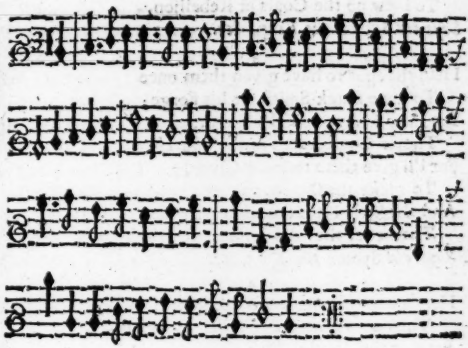
9

It had a thouſand virtues more,
And had a Salve for every ſore,
With a thump, thump, &c.
With this they thought to have maintain'd
The Royal Tribe, and Royaliſts brain'd:
But the *Joyner* was hang'd, and the *Flayl* was Arraign'd,
And the Conqueſt regain'd,
With a thump, thump,

10

May *Tony* and all our Enemies,
Meet with no better Fate than his,
With a thump, thump, &c.
May *Charles* ſtill live to rule the State,
And *York* (whom all *Diſſenters* hate)
To be reveng'd upon their Pate,
By timely Fate,
With a thump, thump, thump, a thump,
Thump, a thump, thump.

A general Sale of Rebellious Houſhold-ſtuff. *Tune,* Old *Symon* the King.



1

REbellion hath broken up Houſe,
And hath left me old Lumber to ſell;
Come hither and take your choice;
I'll promiſe to uſe you well.
Will you buy the old *Speaker*'s Chair,
Which was warm and eaſie to ſit in,
And often-times has been made clean,
When as it was fouler than fitting?
Says old Symon *the King,*
Says old Symon *the King,*
With his thread-bare Cloaths, and his mangy Noſe,
Sing hey ding, ding, a ding, ding.

2

Will you buy any Bacon-flitches?
They'r the fatteſt that ever was ſpent;
They'r the ſides of the old Committees,
Fed up with th' *Long Parliament.*

Here's a pair of Bellows and Tongs,
And for a small matter I'll sell 'em;
They'r made of the *Presbyters* Lungs,
To blow up the Coals of Rebellion,
Says old Symon *the King*, &c.

3

I had thought to have given them once
To some Black-Smith for his Forge;
But, now I have consider'd on't,
They'r Consecrated to the *Church*;
For I'll give them to some Choir,
To make the *Organs* to rore
And the little Pipes squeak higher
Than ever they did before,
Says old Symon *the King*, &c.

4

Here's a couple of Stools for Sale,
The one is square, & t'other is round;
Betwixt them both; the Tail
Of the *RUMP* fell unto the ground;
Will you buy the States Council-Table,
Which was made of the good Wain-*Scot*:
The Frame was a tottering *Babel*,
To uphold the *Independant Plot*?
Says old Symon *the King*, &c.

5

Here's the Beesom of *Reformation*,
Which should have made clean the Floor;
Yet it swept the Wealth out of th' Nation,
And left us Dirt good store.
Will you buy the States Spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the Ropers Trade?
Far better it had stood still',
For now it has spun a fair Thread,
Says old Symon *King*, &c.

6.

Here's a very good Glyster-pipe,
Which was made of a Butchers Sump;

And

And oft times it hath been us'd,
To cure the Colds of the *RUMP*.
Here's a Lump of *Pilgrims-Salve*,
Which once was a Justice of Peace.
Who *Noll* and the *Devil* did serve;
But now it is come to this,
Says old Symon *the King*, &c.

7

Here's a Roll of *States-Tobacco*,
If any good fellow will take it:
It's neither *Virginia* nor *Spanish*,
But I'll tell you how they do make it:
'Tis *Covenant* mixt with *Engagement*,
With an *Abjuration Oath*;
And many of them that did take it,
Complain it is foul in the mouth,
Says old Symon *the King*, &c.

8

Yet the Ashes may happily serve
To cure the Scab of the Nation,
When they have an Itch to serve
A Rebellion by Innovation.
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
The like was scarce e re begotten;
For many a Plot 'thas found out,
Before they ever were thought on,
Says old Symon *the King*, &c.

9.

Will you buy the *Rump*'s great Saddle
Which once did carry the Nation?
And here's the Bitt and the Bridle,
And Curb of Dissimulation.
Here's the Breeches of the *RUMP*,
With a fair dissembling Cloak,
And a *Presbyterian* Jump,
With an *Independant* Smock,
Says old Symon *the King*, &c.

10

Here's *Oliver*'s Brewing-Veſſels,
And here's his Dray and his Slings,
Here's *Hewſon*'s Aull and his Briſtles,
With divers other odd things.
And what doth the Price belong
To all theſe matters before ye?
I'll ſell all for an old *Song*,
And ſo I do end my Story,
Says old Symon *the King*,
Says old Symon *the King*,
With his thread-bare Cloaths, and his mamſey Noſe,
Sing hey ding, ding, a ding, ding.

The New-Market SONG. *To the Tune of*, Old *Symon* the King.

1.

THe Golden Age is come,
the Winter Storms are gone,
The Flowers do ſpread and Bloom,
And ſmile to ſee the Sun;
Who daily guilds each Grove,
and calms the Air and Seas,
Dame *Nature* ſeems in Love,
and all the World's at eaſe:
You Rogue go Saddle *Ball*,
I'll to *New-Market* ſcour,
You never mind when I call,
I ſhou'd have been there this hour:
For there is all ſporting and Game,
without any Plotting of State.
From *Whigs* and another ſuch *Sham*,
deliver us, deliver us, Oh Fate!
Let's be to each other a Prey,
to be cheated be ev'ry ones Lot;
Or chous'd any ſort of a way,
but by another Damn'd Plot.

Let

Let Cullies that loſe at the *Race*,
go venture at *Hazard* and win;
And he that is bubbl'd at *Dice*,
recover't at *Cocking* again:
Let Jades that are founder'd be bought,
let Jockeys play *Crimp* to make ſport;
For faith it was ſtrange, methought,
to ſee a *Tinker* beat the *Court*.

2

Each corner of the Town
rings with perpetual noiſe,
The *Oyſter-bawling* Clown
joyns with hot *Pudding-pies*;
And both in Conſort keep,
to vend their ſtinking ware,
The drowzy God of ſleep
hath no Dominion there.
Hey boys! the Jockeys roar,
if the Mare and the Gelding run,
I'll old you five Guineys to four
he beats her and gives half a ſtone.
God d--me, quoth Bully, *'tis done*,
or elſe I'm a Son of a Whore;
And fain wou'd I meet with the man
would offer it, would offer it once more.
See, ſee the damn'd Fate of the Town!
a Fop that was ſtarving of late,
And ſcarcely cou'd borrow a Crown,
puts in to run for the Plate,
Another makes chouſing a Trade,
and dreams of his Projects to come,
And many a Crimp match has made,
by bribing another mans Groom.
The Towns-men are *Whiggiſh*, G. rot 'em,
their hearts are but Loyal by fits;
For, ſhou'd you ſearch to the bottom,
they are as naſty as their Streets.

3

But now all hearts beware;
see, see on yonder *Downs!*
Beauty now tryumphs there,
and at this distance wounds:
In the *Amazonian* Wars
thus all the *Virgins* shone,
And like the glittering Stars,
paid Homage to the Moon.
Love proves a Tyrant now,
and there doth proudly dwell;
For each stubborn heart must bow,
he has found a new way to kill:
For ne'r was invented before
Such Charms of additional Grace;
Nor has *Divine Beauty* such Power
in ev'ry, in ev'ry fair Face.
Ods but, cries my Countrey-man *John*,
was ever the like before seen?
By Hats and by Feathers they've on,
Ise took 'em e'n all for men:
Embroider'd, and fine as the Sun,
their Horses and Trappings of Gold;
Such a sight I shall ne'r see again,
if I live to a hundred years old.
This, this is the Countreys discourse,
all wondring at this rare sight;
Then *Roger* go Saddle my Horse,
for I will be there to night.

The Whigs *laid open. Tune,* Old *Symon* the King.

1

NOw the *Plotters* and *Plots* are confounded,
And all their Designs are made known,
Which smelt so strong of the *Round-head*,
And Treason of *Forty One*.

And

And all the Pious Intentions
For *Property*, *Liberty*, *Laws*,
Are found to be only Inventions,
To bring in their *Good old Cause*.
And all the Pious, &c.

2

By their delicate *Bill of Exclusion*.
So hotly purſu'd by the Rabble;
They hop'd to have made ſuch confuſion,
As never was ſeen at old *Babel*,
Then *Shaftsbury*'s brave City Boys,
And *M*'s Country Relations,
Were ready to ſecond the Noiſe,
And ſend it throghout 3 Nations.
Then Shaftsbury's *&c.*

3

No more of the fifth of *November*,
That dangerous deſperate Plot;
But ever with horrour remember
Old *Toney*, *Armſtrong*, and *Scot*.
For *Tony* will ne'r be forgotten,
Nor *Ferguſon*'s popular Rules;
Nor *Mon.* or *Grey* when they'r rotten,
For Popula rPolitick Fools.
For Tony *ſhou'd*, &c.

4

The Murder of Father and King,
And extinguiſhing all the right Line,
Was a Good and a Godly thing,
And worthy the *Whigs* deſign:
The Hanging of Prelate, and Peer,
And putting the Guards to the Sword,
And fleying and ſlaſhing Lord Mayors,
Was to do the Work of the Lord.
The Hanging of, &c.

5

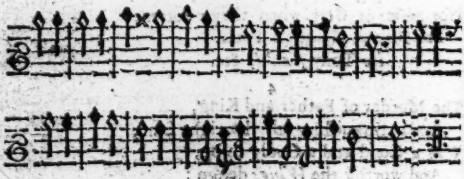
But I hope they will have their deſert,
And the Gallows will have its due,

And *Jack Ketch* will be more expert,
And in time be as Rich as a *Jew*,
Whilst now in the Tavern we Sing,
All Joy to Great *York* and his Right.
A Glorious long Reign to our King;
And when they've occasion we'll fight.
Whilst now in the Tavern, &c.

6

The name of a *Whig* and a *Tory*,
No more shall disquiet the Nation;
We'll fight for the *Church* & her Glory,
And pray for this Reformation.
That ev'ry Factious Professor,
And ev'ry Zealous Pretender
May humble 'em, to the Successor
Of *Charles*, our Nations Defender.
That every Factious, &c.

Loyalty Tryumphant, *on the Confirmation of Mr.* North *and Mr.* Rich, *Sheriffs of* London *and* Middlesex.
Tune, Joy to the Bridegroom.



1

Fill up the Bowl and set it round,
The day is won, the *Sheriffs* crown'd;
The Rabble flies, the Tumults yield;
And Loyalty maintains the Field;
Saint *George* for *England*, then amain,
To Royal *James* the Ocean Train.

2 With

2

With Justice may it ever flow,
And in an endless Circle go;
The brim with conqu'ring Bays be crown'd,
And Faction in the Dregs lie drown'd:
Then to the Queen and Royal *James*,
Sacrifice your flowing *Thames*.

3

Thanks to Sir *John*, our good Lord Mayor,
'Gainst *Sheriff's* tricks he kept the Chair;
The Court and City's Rights maintains,
While head-strong Faction broke the Reins:
Then to the Famous Sir *John Moor*,
May after-age that name adore.

4

What Zeal (ye *Whigs*) to the old Cause,
Thus makes you act against the Laws;
That none for *Sheriff* must contend,
But your old *Ignoramus* Friend?
But now, your hopes are all destroy'd,
And your two Champions laid aside.

5

Is this your love to Church and State,
That no good man must serve of late,
While you can find one Factious Rogue,
To sway the *Poll*, and get the *Vogue*;
By unjust means your Rights you claim,
And lawless force maintain the same.

6

But brave Sir *John*, while th'storms increase,
His wisdom made the *Tumults* cease;
In spight of all Illegal Poll,
The Routs and Ryots did controll:
Whence he shall gain a lasting name,
And after-age Record his Fame.

7

Amongst the men of chiefest worth,
The Vote is given for Loyal *North*,

In spight of *Pilk.* and *Sh---*,
Papillion, and the Rabble Rout:
Then to brave *North* a double Doze,
Who the strong *Faction* did oppose.

8

Now *Box* withdraw, *Dubois* contends,
And Noble *Rich* the Stage ascends;
By Legal ('gainst Illegal) Vote,
The Loyal Tribune they promote:
Then to brave *Rich* a help of hand,
Who the loud Tumults did withstand.

9

For *Ropes* and *Gibbets* the next year,
The *Whigs* (we hope) need not despair;
If *Rich* find *Timber*, (give them scope)
Brave *North* will never grudge them *Rope*:
Then, to conclude, we'll crown the Bowl,
With a Health to the *K.* & each *Loyal Soul.*

A new-years Gift to the Templers, *on that Eminent Lawyer Sir* Edmond Saunders, *his being chosen Lord Chief-Justice of* England. *Tune*, Joy to the Bridegoom

1

OLd *Tony*'s fled, from Justice gone,
And all his shamming *Plots* are done;
The Plague is ceas'd and gone away,
Then let us make a Holy-day.
And to Great James *our Gracious King*
In joyful consorts let us sing.

2

To *Amsterdam* the Traytor's fled,
To save his false designing Head:
Thither the holy Brethren croud,
A *Murrin* scatter all the Brood.
That to Great James *our Gracious King*
In joyful consorts we may sing.

3

At *Hague* they keep their Randezvou,
Like Crows this Carrion they pursue. *Waller*

Waller and *Willmore*, all the crew,
With *Starkey*, *Smith*, the chase pursue.
Whilst to Great James *our Gracious King,*
We in a joyful consort sing.

4.

But now the *Wolf* is gone astray,
The harmless *Sheep* may sport and play;
When *Traytors* dare not shew their face,
Then honest men shall come in place.
Who to great James *our Gracious King*
Will in a joyful consort sing.

5

While *Tony* with his Plots are fled,
And never more to shew their head;
Renowned *Saunder's* to their grief,
Is made of *England* Justice-Chief.
That Lawyers *may rejoyce and sing*
In joyful consorts to their King.

6

To *Temple* this, and *Templers* Fame,
Shall purchase an immortal name;
That Soveraign Justice Right and Law,
Shou'd from those *Christal Fountains* flow.
Let Templers *then rejoyce and sing*
In joyful consorts to their King.

7

Brave *Saunder's* Lord Chief-Justice nam'd,
For Law and Justice so much fam'd:
To th' Subject his due Rights will give,
To th' King his just Prerogative.
Then to great James *our Gracious King*
In joyful consorts let us sing.

8

No more shall Shrieves *Whig-Juries* blind,
And Loyalists shall Justice find;
Nor *Ignoramus* Law prevail,
A curse o'th' Nation to entail.
But to great James *our Gracious King*
All shall in joyful consorts sing.

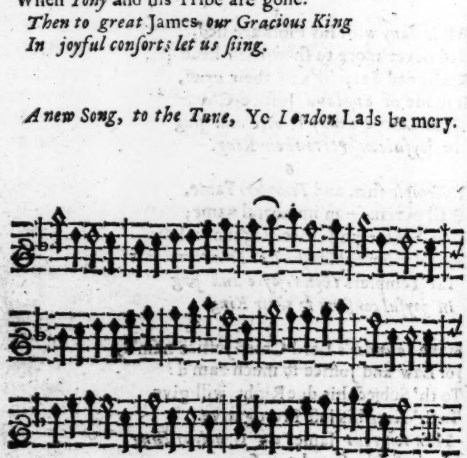
9

With me let all the Land rejoyce,
That he has made this happy choice:
That Justice through the Land may flow,
And all find Justice with their Law.
While to great James *our Gracious King*
We may in a joyful consort sing.

10

Long live our most great and happy *James*,
Of future Age the happy *Thames*;
To sit upon the *British* Throne,
When *Tony* and his Tribe are gone.
Then to great James *our Gracious King*
In joyful consorts let us sing.

A new Song, to the Tune, Ye *London* Lads be merry.



3

YOu *Loyal* Lads be merry,
For *Perkin* that State *Buffoon*,
Despis'd by *Whig* and *Tory*,
For being so fause a *Loon*,

To

To ſham the *Court* and the *Town*,
And muckle did ſwear and vow,
But like *Prance* he has chang'd his tone,
And the *Deel* gang with him I trow.

2

His Party had taught him his *Leſſon*,
And low he did ſue for Grace;
He whin'd out a doleful *Confeſſion*,
How great a *Traytor* he was.
And begg'd his *Pardon* might paſs
For he was a *Penetent* now;
But he bid the *Court kiſs his Arſe*,
And the *Deel's* gang'd with him I trow.

3.

And once more he's got above *Hatches*,
And means to ſet up for a *King*,
The *Politicks* of his *Scoth* Dutcheſs
This matter about did bring:
Uds wounds ſhe longs to be *Queen*,
If *Perkin* and ſhe knew how:
And yet in a *Hempen-ſtring*,
They may gang to the *Deel* I trow.

4.

And this laſt mark of his *Treaſon*,
Is muckle exceeding the reſt,
To au Lads of *Senſe* and of *Reaſon*,
'Thas gain'd him many a Curſe:
He might have be been then at the worſt
Drawn in for a Cully of ſhew,
But now 'tis paſt all diſtruſt,
That the *Deel's* gang'd with them I trow.

5.

Now Heaven bleſs *James* the ſecond,
And grant him of *Brutus's* mind:
And then his nene *Son* will be reckon'd
Among the *Trayterous* kind.

And equal Juſtice will find,
By *God*, and St *Andrew* I trow,
Were he o'my Daddy's nene kind,
He ſhould gang to the *Deel* I trow.

A new Song made on the Parliaments *removing from* London *to* Oxford. *Tune*, Ye *London* Lads be mery.

1

YE *London* Lads be merry,
Your *Parliament Friends* are gene,
That made us au ſo ſorry,
And wou'd not let us alene,
But peacht us ev'ry ene,
Both *Papiſt* and *Proteſtant* too;
But to *Oxford* they are gene,
And the *Deel* gang with 'em I trow,

2

Our geud King *Charles* Heaven bleſs him,
Protector of *Albany*'s Right;
Receiv'd from the *Houſe* ſike a Leſſon,
'Thad like to have ſet us at Strife:
But *Charles* he ſwore by his life,
He'd have 'ne mere ſike a doo,
And he packt them off by this light,
And the *Deel*'s gang'd with them I trow.

3

There's *Eſſex* and *Jemmy* the Cully,
Were mickle too blame I dreed,
With *Shatſbury* that States Bully,
And au the Factious Breed:
And wital *Grey* gud deed,
VVho Pimps when his VVife does mow,
And holds the door for a need,
But the *Deel* will reward him I trow.

4

Fool *Thin* and half-witted *M----th*,
VVith *L——te*, and Slabbering *K--t*,
VVith gogling Fly-catching *B----*
That ne're knew yet what he meant,

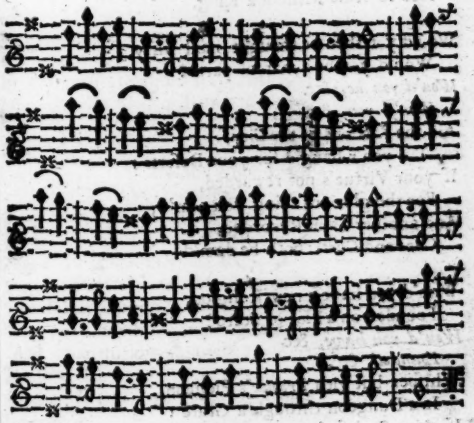
And

And *St----rd* follows the Scent
VVith Politick *Armſtrong* and *How*,
And they all a *Petitioning* went,
And the *Deel*'s gang'd with them I trow.

5

Then Heaven protect great *Albany*,
Cuide him from *Piſtol* and *Gun*,
And all the *Plots* of *Anthony*,
That old malicious Baboon,
Though ſham'd on the *Pope* of *Rome*,
As *Dugdale* and *Oates* do avow,
But in time they'l hang the fauſe *Loon*,
And the *Deel* hang with them I trow.

The Compleat Citizen, *or the* Man of Faſhion. *Tune*. Would you be a Man of Faſhion.



WOu'd you be a Man of Faſhion,
Wou'd you lead a life Divine?
Wou'd you be a Man of Faſhion,
Wou'd you lead a life Divine?

Take

Take a little Dram of Passion,
In a lusty Boul of Wine.
If the Nympth have no Compassion,
Vain it is to sigh and Groan;
Love was but put in for Fashion,
Wine will do the work alone.

2

Wou'd you have at your Devotion,
Gown Fop *Whigs* that love to prate?
Wou'd you have, &c.
Gown Fop, &c.
Take a Dram of *Tony*'s Notion,
In a Coffee-dish of State:
If the Poyson will not warm you,
Take ye *Tea*, 'twill do the thing;
There are Sates-men can inform you,
How to Rule without a King.

3.

Wou'd you then be thought most witty,
Wou'd you be a man of parts?
Wou'd you be, &c.
Wou'd you, &c.
Aid the Factious of the City,
'Till you'r hang'd for your Deserts:
If your Virtue's not rewarded,
For the glorious thing you aim'd;
And another Saint Recorded,
Care and *Curtis* both be dam'd.

4

Wou'd you have a new Religion,
Founded on a Plot of State?
Wou'd you have, &c.
Founded, &c.
Whisper but with *France*'s Pidgeon,
In a Dungeon through a Grate:
If your Soul finds no Impression,
Murder'd *Godfrey*'s will appear;
Tho there needs no more Confession,
Kiss the Book, and all is clear.

Wou'

Wou'd you have a true Narration,
How the City firſt was fir'd;
Wou'd you, &c.
How, &c.
Let the *Monuments* relation,
Prove the Man, and thoſe they hir'd.
If the *Phœnex* was conſumed,
As they ſay by Popiſh Priggs;
All her Pride was re-aſſumed
By the *Ignoramus* Whigs.

6

Wou'd you have another *Charter*,
You that ſhould be men of ſenſe?
Wou'd you, &c.
You that, &c.
Talk no more of *Magna Charta*,
But relie upon your Prince:
If you can repent ſincerely,
Cæſar has a God-like mind;
Purge our Factiouſneſs ſeverely,
Cæſar will be always kind.

A new way to play an old Game. Tune, Wou'd you be a Man of Faſhion

1

HAve you not heard of *Forty one* Sir,
When the Cauſe did thrive amain,
Tony's Tap did freely run Sir,
Tap did freely run Sir,
And confronted *Charles* his Wain?
When the *Commons* thought it reaſon,
And a meritorious thing,
To uſe Villany and Treaſon,
And made *Charles* a Glorious King.

2

Have you heard of *Eighty Three* Sir,
when a deeper Plot was lay'd,

When

When the Raſcals did agree Sir?
Raſcals did agree Sir,
To play o're the ſame again?
When they act a Reformation,
Nought their fury would ſuffice;
But they needs muſt purge the Nation,
By a Royal Sacrifice.

2

Have you ſeen thoſe *Motly Martyrs*,
That did ſuffer for the Cauſe,
Swinging in their *Tyburn-Garters*,
In their *Tyburn-Garters*,
To attone their Sacred Laws?
If the *Blunderbuſs* ſhou'd miſs Sir,
And ſhou'd fail to kill the King,
There are other means would hit Sir,
And perform the Glorious thing.

4

To his Name a *Statu*'s due Sir,
Higher than the *Monument*,
Who this mighty deed ſhall do Sir,
Mighty deed ſhall do Sir,
So good, ſo great, ſo excellent.
Future Ages ſhall him Crown Sir,
And ſhall bleſs the happy hour,
And Religion ſhall fall down Sir,
And adore her Saviour.

3

Thus the boaſting *Bygots* Canted,
(Big with hopes of *Commonweal*)
Thus the Prieſtly Villain Ranted,
Prieſtly Villain Ranted,
In a Drunken fit of Zeal.
But their Plots were all in vain Sir,
And their haughty raſh Career,
Signs and Wonders make it plain Sir,
Kings are Heaven's peculiar care.

The Poor Spaniſh Souldier's *Complaint. Tune,* Wou'd you be a Man of Faſhion.

1

Will you be a *Reformado*,
Will you lead a Helliſh life?
Take a ruſty old *Mandado*,
In a flowing Bowl of Grief:
If the *French*-men will not kill you,
Want of Bread will ſtop your breath,
This is the Weapon I muſt tell you,
That gives the *Spaniſh* Souldier death.

2

If in defending ſome old Caſtle,
You do drop a Leg or Wing,
For you are free from fighting Battle,
Or any ſuch inhumane thing;
Your *Placa Muerte* then put in for,
And whilſt you live you are in pain,
Not for loſing of your Member,
But to hear your Guts complain.

3

Your Cloak *Seignor* to be in Faſhion,
Muſt be Reverently bare,
Leaſt ſome Louſe might in his paſſion,
Tear thy fleſh and hide him there:
A patch againſt each month you ſerve,
You muſt lay on moſt decently,
Which will the hanger-on preſerve,
And prove the wearers Loyalty.

4

Let the old *Caſtillian Motto*,
In every action be your guide,
I mean that Scripture *poco a poco*,
Elſe you are not Sanctify'd.

Then

Then to appear *Hombre Honrado*,
Let your Whiskers greet your Eye,
With that the brave *Seignor Soldado*,
Doth the approachers terrifie.

5

A deep Snuff-Box you still must manage,
For to shew your Gravety,
Which tho empty, yet the carriage,
Argues grand Nobility;
Let your Shoes be well Translated,
Least your naked toes appear,
Your Elbows too, or else you'r hated,
Must a brace of Patches wear.

6

If old *Gran* doth continue,
He will shew the ready way,
How his Majesty may feed you,
With three lusty Lairds a day;
That sum if you do miss no Muster;
Will be paid you punctually,
Nay after death to our great wonder,
You'll not lose the Legacy.

7

A *Pox* on this Reformation,
A *Plague* take the Hellish Crew,
That prepar'd it for our Nation,
Or that did the Potion brew;
May that hand that writ the Orders,
Be cut off with Infamy;
And may the tongue that read it for us,
Be blasted for its Blasphemy.

8

But since we find that *Reformado's*
Are so sadly here abus'd,
Let's go home to dig *Potato's*
Where we shall be kindly us'd;
No gaping for Liberances,
Will there trouble our repose,

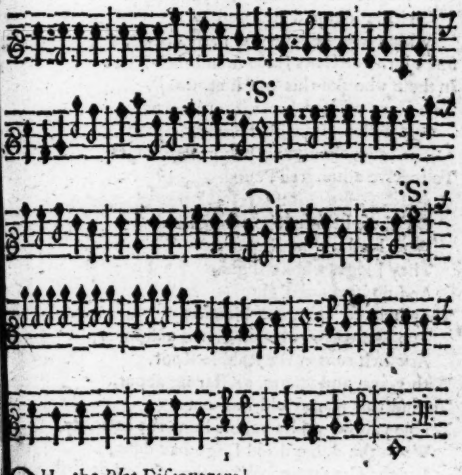
We'll

We'll ſpend our time in country-Dances,
And ſtudy how to wear new Cloaths.

9.

There we'll hang up our *Toledoes*,
If King *James* has no need,
For to imploy the Ruſty *Diagoe*,
If he does, it is decreed,
That all his Enemies ſhall periſh,
And on their Graves we'll drink amain,
That God His Majeſty may cheriſh,
And ſend him long and happy Reign,

A Prophetical Catch. To the Tune of, The merry Chriſt-Church-Bells.



OH, the *Plot* Diſcoverers!
Oates, *Eedloe*, *Dugdale*, *Prance*,
They ſwear ſo wondrous deep,
So woundy deep,

That the *Plot* ſounds horridly, horridly,
Hark! the *Doctor* firſt comes in,
Makes Oath at 7, 8, 9, or 10,
No matter how, nor where, nor when,
Which the *Plotters* nothing think, nor dream.
Jingle jangle, jingle jangle, goes the Mobile,
With a diſcontented tone;
But the *Deel* a man, in this trepan,
Can call his life his own.

2

Oh, the *Plot* Diſcoverers!
Oates, *Bedloe*, *Dugdale*, *Prance*,
They are ſuch Perjur'd Rogues,
That none but *Scroggs*
Can feague them cunningly, cunningly.
Oh! the damn'd invented *Plot*,
Which ſome believe, but more do not,
Since late our Laws Have found ſuch Flaws
In thoſe who did this miſchief *Cauſe*,
Two more of late, crept into the cheat;
One with a Sham-*Plot* found,
The other chous'd with frightleſs hopes
To receive a hundred Pound.

3

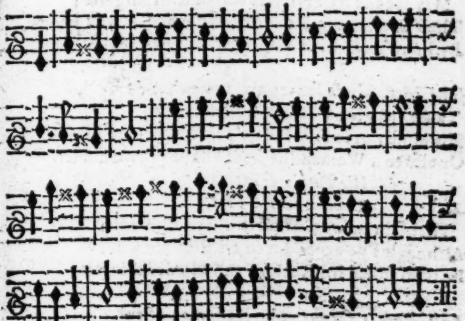
Oh theſe Beagles! how they run
With loud and mighty cry,
They Judges wholly ſlight,
And do Peers affright,
They hunt ſo bloodily, bloodily
The Hunters wind their Horns and ſhout,
At which runs in the Rabble Rout,
With Pikes, and Staves, all ſtaring about,
To find this plaguy old *Puſs* out:
Yebble yabble, yeblle yabble hunt the little cry,
When the damn'd old Dogs had done,
But the Curs were loſt, for they miſt it at firſt,
Whilſt the old Hounds counter-run.

4 Oh

4

Oh, these Rascals how they'r bang'd
Like Curs about the Town!
France was soundly kick'd,
And the *Doctor* nickt
By the *Doctor* cruelly, crully;
Dugdale full of *Pox* and not,
No longer can maintain his *Plot*;
And *Dangerfield* is quite forgot,
And *Rob.n*'s but a silly Sot;
Bedloe, they say, t'other day, at a Play,
Was for his Insolence bang'd;
But the *Plot* will never be forgot,
Till all these Rogues are hang'd.

A Ballad. The third part: written by a Lady of Quality. Tune Packingtons-Pound.



The Plot is *vanish'd like to a bashful Sprite,*
Which with false flashes, Fools could only fright.
The Wise, (whose clearer Souls can penetrate,)
Finds shadows drawn before Intrigues of State.
God bless our King, the Church, and Nation too,
Whilst Perjur'd Villains have what is their due.

1

THe *Presbyter* has been so active of late,
To twist himself into the Mysteries of State,
Giving birth to a *Plot* to amuse the dark World,
Till into confusion three Kingdoms are hurl'd;
It is so long since,
He murder'd his Prince,
That the unwary Rabble he hopes to convince,
With Jingling words that bears little sence,
Deluding them with Religious pretence.

2.

Th ir Scribling Poet is such a dull Sot,
To blame the poor Devil for hatching the Plot;
The murder o'th' King, with many things more,
He falsly would put on the *Jesuits* Score:
When all that have Eyes
Be they foolish, or wise,
May see the sly *Presbyter* through his disguise;
Their Brethren in *Scotland* have made it well known,
By murd'ring their Bishop, what sins are their own.

3

The Poet, whose sences are somewhat decay'd,
Takes *Jean* for a *Jesuit* in Masqurade;
His Muse ran so fast, she ne'r look'd behind her,
Or else to a Woman she would have prov'd kinder.
His Fury's so hot.
To hunt out the Plot,
That fain he would find it where it is not;
Although I've expos'd it to all that are wise,
He hath stifled his Reason, and blinded his eyes

4

An old *Ignis fatuus*, who leads men astray,
And leaves them i'th' Ditch, but still keeps his way,
In politick head are framed this *Plot*,
From whence it descended from *Presbyter-Scot*:
Who quickly took Fire,
And as soon did expire,
Having grave factious Fools their Zeal to admire;

Who

Who for the ſame cauſe would freely fly out,
But Plotting's more ſafer to bring it about.

5

Heres one for Religion is ready to fight,
That believes not his *Chriſt*, yet ſwears he's i'th' right:
If our *Engliſh* Church (as he ſays) be a Whore,
We're ſure 'twas *Jack Presbyter* did her deflow'r;
He'd fain pull her down,
As well as the Crown,
And proſtitute her to every dull Clown;
To bring in Religion that's fit for the Rabble,
Whilſt *Atheiſm* ſerves himſelf that's more able.

6

A Peſtilent Peer of a levelling Spirit;
Who only the Sins of his Sire doth inherit;
With an unſteady mind, Chimerical brain,
Which his broken Fortune doth weekly ſuſtain,
He Lodg'd in the City
Like Alderman brave,
Being fed up with Faction, to which he's a Slave;
He never durſt fight, but once for his Whore,
Which his feeble courage attempted no more.

7

Another with Preaching and Praying wore out,
Inſpir'd by th' *Covenant*, is grown very ſtout;
Th' *Old Cauſe* to revive it is his deſign,
Tho the Fabrick of *Monarchy* he did undermine:
He tortur'd his Pate,
Both early and late,
I'th' *Tower*, where this miſchief he hop'd to create;
But to Countrey dwelling he now doth retire,
To Preach to Domeſticks whilſt they do admire.

8

Another, with head both empty and light,
For the *Good Old Cauſe* is willing to fight;
I'th' choiſe of fit Members for th' next Parliament,
He ſpit out his Zeal to the Rabbles content;

Whilst his Wife in great State,
Chose a Duke for his Mate,
For whose sake a Combustion he needs would create:
For since his Indulgence allows her a Friend,
He'd make him as great as his wish can extend.

9

There's one, whose fierce courage is fal'n to decay,
(At *Geneva* inspir'd,) he's much led away;
He would set up a Cypher instead of a King,
From *Presbyter* Zeal such folly doth spring.
He once did betray,
A whole Town in a day;
And since did at Sea fly tairly away:
He had better spin out the rest of his Thread,
In making Pot-Guns, which disturb not his Head.

10.

Some others, of Fortunes both dispers't and low,
With big swelling Titles does make a great shew;
A flexible Prince they would willingly have,
That to *Presbyter* Subjects should be a meer Slave;
They'd set him on's Throne,
To tumble him down,
They scorn to submit to Scepter and Crown;
And into confusion, or *Commonwealth* turn,
A People that hasten so to be undone.

11

If such busy heads that would us confound,
Were all advanc'd high, or plac'd under ground;
We'll honour our King, and live at our ease,
And make the dull *Presbyter* do what we please:
Who has cheated our Eyes,
With borrow'd disguise,
'Till of all our Reason they'd taken Excise:
But let's from their Slavery strive to be free,
And no People can e're be so happy as we.

Oct

Oates's Lamentation. *Tune*, Packingtons Pound.

1.

COme all you good People that were at the Fair,
And your Ears to a Ditty moſt mournful prepare;
For alack, and alas, who now will delight us,
With the feats & Allegiance of *William* and *Titus*:
When once it is told,
How *Arnald* the bold,
Who Commanded the Fleet at thirteen years old.
Was ſtruck down, & ſo ſtunn'd, he drew not his Sword,
And yet could remember each paultry poor word.

2

He rails at the *Pope*, and calls him a *Whore*,
If his Mother were alive, he could call her no more;
He burns *Goa*'s Mother, and his Saints does deface,
Whilſt *Oliver*'s Picture his Parlour does grace;
But if Admiral *John*,
Half the mercy had ſhewn,
On the Throats of poor *Prieſts* that he had of his own.
Jack Lewis had liv'd to feed him once more,
Nor had *Trot* been damn'd, nor his worſhip forſwore.

3.

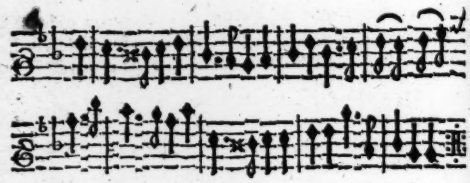
He whipt an old woman until ſhe was dead,
Then whipt her alive, even ſo it is ſaid;
He ſays he did help to bring in the King,
Tho his worſhip in Cage call'd Priſon, did ſing:
But that is no news,
For all the world knows
That *Bedloe* who was in the *Marſhalſea* cloſe.
Nay, fed from the Basket, was tripping o're Seas,
And carrying of Letters to Father *Lecheas*.

4

From *Morgan* and *Arnold*, *Tom*, *Patrick* and *Price*,
From *Cuckoldom*, *Perjury*, *Stealing*, and *Lies*;
From *Robert*, and *Penſloyn*, *Oates*, *Tomkins* & *Hughes*,
From folly, noiſe, *Whoredom*, *Extortion*, *ill News*.

From men without wit,
Who above us do sit,
Tho they merit to lie in the bottomless Pit.
From sawcy *Petitioners* Lord bless us all,
Who would both our King, & His Kingdom enthrawl.

The Honour of Great York *and* Albany. *To a new Tune.*



1

THe *Commons* now are at a stand,
And evermore I hope shall be;
For *Scotland* will be help at hand,
For Great *James*-Duke of *Albany*,
For Scotland, *&c.*

2

A braver Nation he can't have,
For Love, for Truth, for Loyalty;
Each man will fight into his Grave,
For Great *James* Duke of *Albany*.
Each man, &c.

3

A Souldier stout is He, and brave,
As ever any man did see,
God bless the *King*, and *Queen*, and save
Our Great *James* Duke of *Albany*.
God bless, &c.

4

He very wise and pious is,
There's no man knows the contrary;

Then

Then damn'd be him that thinks amiss,
Of Great *James* Duke of *Albany*.
Then damn'd, &c.

5

All Loyal Subjects Him must love,
The Heir Apparent, ſtill is He,
Next to the King, there's none above
Our Great *James* Duke of *Albany*.
Next to the King, &c.

6

Then let our Reaſon our ill will ſway,
And every man upon his Knee,
I do not mean to drink, but pray
For Great *James* Duke of *Albany*.
I do not mean, &c.

7

There's no man is ſo mad to think,
That drinking can availing be,
'Tis better for to fight than drink,
For Great *James* Duke of *Albany*.
'Tis better, &c.

8

Yet do not think I'll bawk His Health,
But with my Cup, moſt moderately,
I'll drink, I'll fight, and ſpend my Wealth,
For Great *James* Duke of *Albany*.
I'll, drink, I'll fight, and ſpend, &c.

Loyalty *reſpected, and* Faction *confounded. To an Excellent new Tune.*

1

LEt the Cannons roar from Sea to Shoar,
And *Trump, ts* ſound tryumphantly,
We'll fare in wealth while we drink a Health
To the high born Prince of *Albany*.

Of Albany, of Albany,
To the high born Prince *of* Albany
We'll fare in wealth, while we drink a health
To the high born Prince of Albany.

2

He's the Son of *Scotlands* Womb,
Though His Nativity be *Thames*;
He's of the Glorious Martyr sprung,
And bears the name of good King *James*,
Of Albany, *&c.*

3

Out Princes and our Nobles all
Do not our Loyalty disgrace:
Nor to enormity at all,
Nor Bastardize the Royal Race.
Of Albamy, *&c.*

4

Let *Hagar* and her birth be gone,
Her Bottle on her shoulder be;
For *Sarah* said unto her Son,
He shall not be an Heir with thee.
An Heir with thee, an Heir with thee,
He shall not be an Heir with thee;
For Sarah *said unto her Son,*
He shall not be an Heir with thee.

5

Put all these fancies quite away,
And press down the *Egyptian* Pride:
Before he wants a Seigniory,
We'll place him King on *Yarrow* side:
On Yarrow *side*, on Yarrow *side*,
We'll place him King on Yarrow *side*,
Before he wants a Seigniory,
We'll place him King on Yarrow *side*,

6

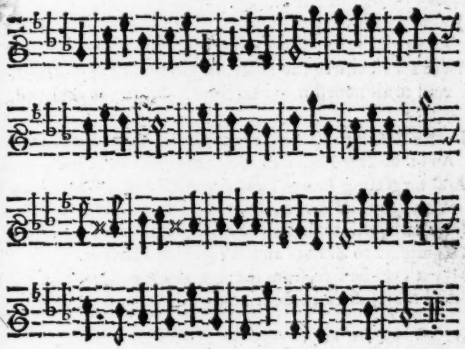
I know not why he should be King,
Unless for Mustering of the *Whigs*:

No wonder, though they act the thing,
He spar'd them well at *Bothwel Brigs.*
On Yarrow *side.*

7

So nobly he did act his part
By sparing these Rebellious Clowns:
That he came down and let a Fart,
And so marcht back with his *Dragoons.*
With his Dragoons, *with his* Dragoons,
And so marcht back with his Dragoons,
That he came down and let a Fart,
And so marcht back with his Dragoons.

The Loyal Health, *a Court Song, to a delicate new Tune.*



1.

SInce Plotting's a Trade, like the rest of the Nation;
Let 'em lie and swear on to keep up the Vocation;
Let *Tinkers* and *Weaver*, and *Joyners* agree,
To find work for the *Cooper*, they'l have none of me:
Let Politick Shams in the States-men abound,
While we quaff off our Bumpers, and set the Glass round;

The

The jolly true Toper's the best Subject still,
Who drinks off his Liquor, & thinks no more Ill.

2

Then let us stand to't, and like honest men fall,
Who love King and Country, Duke, Dutchess & all;
Not such as wou'd blow up the Nation by stealth,
And out of the flame raise a new *Commonwealth*:
Not such who against Church & the Bishops do rage,
To advance old *Jack Presbyter* on the new Stage.
But to all honest *Tories* who'l fight for their King,
And to crown the brave work, with the *Court* we'll be-
3 [gin.

Here's a Health to the King, and his Lawful Successors,
To honest *Tantivies*, and Loyal *Addressors*;
But a *Pox* take all those, that promoted *Petitions*
To Poyson the Nation, and stir up *Sedtions*;
Here's a Health to the Queen, & her Ladies of Honour,
And a *Pox* take all those, that put sham-*Plots* upon her.
Here's a Health to the Duke, & the Senate of *Scotland*,
And to all honest men, that from *Bishops* ne're got Land,

4

Here's a Health to *L'Estrange*, & the boon *Heraclitus*
And true *Tory Thompson*, who never did slight us,
And forgetting *Broom*, *Paulin*, and Alderman *Whrightus*,
With *Tony* and *Bethel*, *Ignoramus* and *Titus*;
Here's a health to the *Church*, and all those that are for it,
Confusion to *Zealots* and *Whigs* that abhor it.
May it ever be safe, from the new mode *Refiners*:
And may Justice be done upon *Coopers* and *Joyners*.

5

Here's a health to old *Hall*. who our Joys did restore;
And a *Pox* take each popular Son of a whore;
To the *Spaniard* & *Dane*, the brave *Russian* & *Moor*,
Who come from far Nations, our King to adore:
To all that do worship the God of the Vine,
And to old jolly *Bowman*, who draws us good Wine:
And as for all *Traytors* whether *Papist* or *Whig*,
May they all trot to *Tyburn* to dance the old Jig.

6 Here's

6 [Laws,

Here's a health to all those, who love the King and His
And may they ne'r pledge it that broach'd the *Old Cause*;
Here's a health to the States, & a plague on the Pack
Of *Commonwealth* Canters and *Presbyter Jack*;
To the uppermost pendant that ever did play
On the highest top-gallant o'th' Sovereign o'th' Sea:
And he that denies to the Standard to lore,
May he sink in the Ocean, and never drink more.

The Loyal Wish. To the Tune of the Loyal Health.

1

MAy all be benighted and never see day,
But horror and darkness still cover their way;
Whose hearts are not open, and wishes unfeign'd,
Their Loyalty strong, and affection unstain'd:
To *Cæsar* of *England* the terrour of *France*,
Whose Arms extended, may lead such a Dance,
That *Monsieur* may not for the future be reckon'd,
Where mention is made of King *James* the second.

2

May showers of afflictions and anguishes drown,
All such as repine at his Rise to the Crown;
His Birth-right from Heaven immediate and free,
From the check of all Mortals and their policy,
May such as design'd His Exclusion by Law,
Whom nothing cou'd please, or nothing cou'd awe,
Like Builders of *Babel* rewarded be even
With shame and confusion for warring with Heaven.

3

May all Bo-peep-Traytors avoiding the edge
Of Justice, be taken and drawn on a Sledge,
'Tis they and adherents occasion'd a rent
In the constitution of our Government;
May such as wou'd head them, (except Squire *Catch*,)
To *Pluto*'s Apartments have speedy dispatch,
To learn from torments perpetual, to be
Abhorers of injuring true Monarchy. May

4

May gracious Queen *Mary* produce us young Princes,
To ſtifle the hopes of all Baſtard pretences;
May the *Hanſen Kelder* in her Royal Womb,
Ne're prove abortive, but bloſom and bloom;
'Till midwiv'd by Nature in ſeaſon, it thrive,
Grow up to Maturity, ſtrengthen, and arrive
At the ſame inſtant it's uſher'd to Town,
The great Prince of *Wales*, & right Heir to the *Crown*.

5.

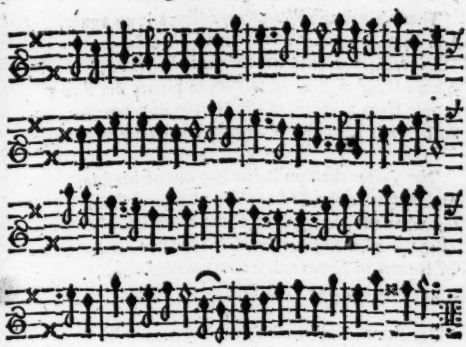
May all thar are Loyal, ſtill ſuch perſevere,
And make thir profeſſion in actions appear;
May ſuch in Allegiance that ſtagger like *Cain*,
Be viſibly branded with indeleble Stain:
That all may peruſe in their fronts, what they hide
In their hearts; that none in ſuch Harpies confide;
But noli-me *Tangere* like them eſchew,
For fear of Infection from ſuch Helliſh Crew.

6

May all the Sword-Officers and the Long Robe,
Each in his Station ſerve as a Probe;
To ſearch how affected all ſtand to the King,
By dint of their power the froward to bring;
That Homage which Nature hath bound them unto,
With hearts and with hands to their Sovereign to do;
If ſuch obligations are ſlender to bind,
Reſcind all ſuch Rebels as Foes to Mankink.

The

The Wine-Coopers *Delight. To the Tune of,* The Delights of the Bottle.



1

THe Delights of the Bottle are turn'd out of dores,
By Factious *Fanatical* Sons of damn'd Whores.
French Wines Prohibition, meant no other thing,
But to poyſon the Subject, and begger the King.
Good Nature's ſuggeſted with Dregs like to choak her,
Of fulſom ſtum'd Wine by the curſed Wine-*Cooper.*

2

Our plaguy Wine-*Cooper* has tamper'd ſo much,
To find out the ſubtilty of the falſe *Dutch.*
He tinctures prickt White-wine, that never was good,
Till it mantles, and ſparkles, & looks like Bulls blood;
But when it declines, and its Spirits expire,
He adds more Ingredients, and makes it look higher.

3

His old rotten Pipes where he keeps all his traſh,
For fear they ſhould burſt, Sir, he *Hoops* them with *Aſh.*
When the *Sophiſtication* begins for to froth,
And boils on the *Fret,* Sir, he wiſely pulls forth

A *Tap*, which gives vent to the grounds of the *Cause*,
And then is to vamp up a second *Red Nose*.

4

Then this dingy Wine-*Cooper* stops it up again,
And keeps it unvented till 'tis all on a flame,
The *Intelligences* then were invented to shew,
Where *Wine* of strange virtues in plenty did flow;
People from all parts of the Nation did come,
Both *Lords*, *Knights*, & *Gentlemen*, *Doctor* & *Bum*.

5

The *Cooper* then pulls the *Tap* out of his side,
And drinks to the *Elders* of all the good *Tribe*.
But when they had gust'd about all the Bowls,
They found a strange *Freedom* it gave to their *Souls*:
Of secrets in *Nature*, that never were known,
It gave *Inspiration* from *Beggar* to *Throne*.

6

For the *Cooper* himself full Brimmers did draw,
And all the whole *Gang* were oblig'd to do so.
Amongst these *Cabals* there was no such thing,
As a Health ouce propos'd to the *Duke* or the *King*;
But drank to that *Idol* of *Hopes* in their *Powers*,
And Sons of most infamous *Hackney old Whores*.

7.

Then the Rable had notice from *Smith* and from *Ben*,
What a *Heavenly Liquor* was sent amongst Men.
Both *Tinkers* and *Coblers*, the *Broom-men* and *Sweep*,
Before this *Wine-Cooper* in Flocks they did meet.
And each under-foot stampt his old *greazy Bonet*,
To drink M's Health, Boys, whate'r come on it.

8,

The *Cooper* perceiving his Trade to approach,
He then was resolv'd once more to debauch.
To encourage the Rable, and shew himself stout,
He pull'd out the *Spigot* amongst the whole Rout,
Which kindness provok'd 'em to swear they would bring
Such a *Trade* to his house as would make him a *King*.

9

A Hat or a Bottle was ſtill at the *Tap*,
But *Zealots* ſometimes laid their mouths to the *Fat*.
They charg'd their brisk *Bumpers* ſo many times round,
Till part of the *Mobile* ſprawl'd on the ground:
But when this damn'd *Liquor* was got in their Pates,
They fell to Bumbaſting, diſord'ring of *Sates*.

10

They began to cant *Dangers* by formal *Sedition*,
And ſwear Lawful *Allegiance* 'gainſt Lawful *Succeſſion*.
When theſe propoſitions began to take fire,
They ſcrew'd their *Preſumptions* a hole or two higher;
But ſtill they keep under *Hugh Peters*'s Cloak,
To bring in the *Devil* and drive out the *Pope*.

11

But then they began for to pick at the *Crown*,
Each thinking that he deſerv'd one of his own.
Then all the *Kings Guards* they thought fit to Indict,
Swear *Treaſon* 'gainſt all that maintain'd the *Kings Right*
Both *Papiſts* and *Proteſtants* no matter whether,
They are not of our Party, let's hang 'em together,

12

Next the chief of our *Game* is to keep the *King* poor,
And our *Senators* muſt the *Militia* ſecure.
The *Navy* and *Cinque-Ports* we'll have in our hands,
And then we'll make the *Kingdom* obey our commands.
Then if *Charles* do withſtand us, we need not to fight,
To make *Eighty One* to out-do *Forty Eight*.

13

What ever objections great *Loyaliſts* bring,
Old *Adam* liv'd happy without e're a King.
Then why may not we, that are much wiſer than he,
Subdue the whole World, Sir, by our *Sov'reignty*?
If one man alone can keep three Nations under,
Then why may not we, that are Kings without number?

14

Right, ſaid the *Cooper*, and ſhak'd his old Noddle,
Three *Kingdoms* we'll toſs like a Child in a Cradle:

Still

Stick close to this *Liquor* which I do prepare,
'Twill make ye as splendid as *Noll* in his Chair.
We'll kindle old *Plots*, by contriving of new,
Till none shall be safe but the *Cooper* and you.

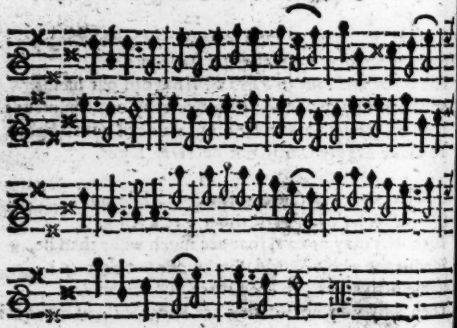
15

O *brave Boys!* O *brave Boys!* the *Rable* did roar,
Tantivies and *Tories* shall Hector no more:
By *Us* they're out-acted, to *Us* they shall bend,
Whilst we to our Dignities freely ascend;
Then they were dead-*drunk* as the *Devil* cou'd make 'em,
And fell fast asleep as ten Drums could not wake 'em.

16

In the *Piss* and the *Spew*, the poor *Cooper* did paddle,
To stop up his *Tap*, but the *Knave* was not able;
For his Limbs like a *Tortoise* did shrivle and crease,
Down drops the *Wine-Cooper* with the other *Beasts*.
And there the whole *Litter* as yet doth abide,
At the Sign of the *But*, with the *Tap* in his side.

Monarchy *Tryumphant*, *or the fatal fall of* Rebels.
Tune, The King enjoys his own again.



WHigs are now such precious things,
We see there's not one to be found,
All roar, *God bless and save the King*,

And

And the Healh goes brisik all day ronnd:
To the Souldier Capin hand
The sneaking Rascals stand,
And wou'd put in for honest men;
But the King He well knows
His Friends from His Foes,
And now He enjoys His own again.

2

From this Plots first taking the Air,
Like Lightning all the *Whigs* have run;
Nay, they've left their topping Square,
To march off with our eldest Son:
They've left their States and Wives,
To save their precious lives,
Yet who can blame their flying? when
'Twas plain to 'em all,
The great and the small,
That the King wou'd have His own again.

3

Once the King was thereabouts,
They all well knew their Heads were His;
And by help of such like Scouts
The Great Ones have yet escap'd His Phyz.
His stern and Kingly look
There's few of them can brook,
Once fairly try'd, they know that then
The Hemp or sharp Steel,
They must all expect to feel,
Since the King enjoys His own again.

4

This may chance a warning be,
(But e're the Saints will warning take)
To leave off hatching Villainy,
Since they've seen their Brethren at the Stake,
And more must mounted be,
(Which God grant we may see)

Since

Since Juries now are honeſt men;
And the King lets 'em ſwing
With a *hey ding, ding, ding, ding,*
Great *James* enjoys His own again.

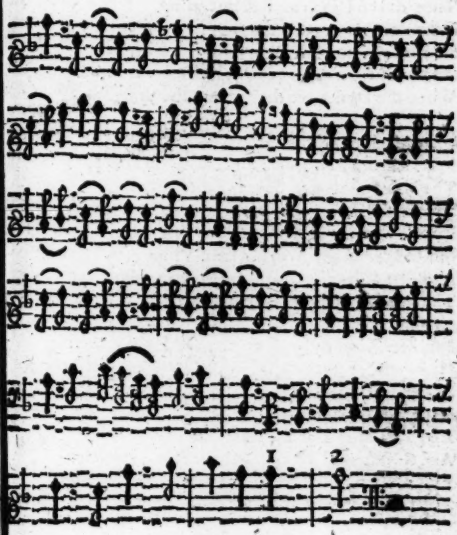
5

Since they Voted, that His Guards
His Nuiſance was, which now they find;
Since they ſtand betwixt the King,
And the Treaſon that ſuch Dogs deſign'd:
'Tis they will you maul,
Though it coſt 'em a fall,
In ſpight of your moſt mighty Men?
For now they are allarm'd,
And all Loyaliſts well arm'd,
Since the King enjoys his own again.

6

To the King ſome Bumpers round,
Let's drink my Lads, while life doth laſt;
He that at the *Core*'s not ſound,
Shall be kick'd out without a taſt:
Since we're caſe-harden'd honeſt men,
Which makes their Crew mad,
But us Loyal hearts full glad,
That the King enjoys his own again.

The Loyal Scot; *an excellent new Song, to a new* Scotch *Tune.*



1

BRed of Gued! I think the Nation's mad,
And nene but Knaves and perjur'd Loons do rule
[the Roast;
nd for an honeſt Karl ne living's to be had,
hy ſure the *Deel* is Lauded on the *Engliſh* Coaſt.
ha' ne'r been here ſin' *Fosty Three*,
nd now thro' *Scotland* gang, to'l ſee our gracious King;
ut wounds a Gued! inſtead of mirth and mery-glee,
The ind aud ſniv'ling *Presbyter* is coming in. 2 For

1

For they talk of horrid *Popish Plot*, & Heav'n knows what,
When all the wiser world knows well what they'd be at;
For which like like seeming Sanctity, the geudest King,
They did to Death and Ruine bring.
When on the Civil-broils they first did enter in,
As well ye ken with *Popery* they did begin;
And with *Liberty* and *Publick Geud* was muckle din,
When the Deel a bit they meant the thing.

3

That Machine of monstrous Policy,
I'se mean old *Shaftsbury* for Loyalty so fam'd,
The voice of all the *Geudly Rabble Mobile*,
The fausest Loon that ever Envy destin'd Damn'd.
Heav'n sure never meant so fou a thing,
But to inform the World where Villainy did dwell
And like a Traytor Death to *Commonwealth* and King,
The muckle Deel did sure never hatch in Hell.

4

For, like *Roman Cataline*, to gain his pious ends,
He Pimps for all the loose Rebellious Fops in Toon:
And with *Treats* & *Treason* daily crams his *City Friends*,
From the *Link-man* to the *Scarlet Goon*.
And with high Debauchery they carry on the Cause,
And *Geudly Reformation* was the Sham pretence:
And Religiously defie Divine and Humane Laws,
With obedience to their Rightful Prince.

5

Then, as Speaker to this Grand Cabal,
Old Envy *Tony*, seated at the head o'th' Board,
His Learn'd Oration for Rebellion makes to all,
Applauded and approv'd by ev'ry Factious Lord.
Cully JEMMY then they Vote for King,
Whom Curse confound for being like a senseless Loon,
Can they who did their lawful *Lord* unto the Scaffold bring
Be just to him, that has no Title to the Croon?

6 Ba

6

But they find he's a Blockhead fitted for their uſe,
A Fool by Nature, and a Knave by Cuſtom grown,
A Gay *Fop-Monarch*, that the Rabble may abuſe;
And their bus'neſs done, will ſoon Un-Throne.
And *Jemmy* ſwears and vows, gan he can get the *Croon*,
He by the Laws of *Forty One* will guided be:
And profane *Lawn-Sleeves* & *Surplices* again muſt doon,
Then hey for aud *PRESBYTERY*,

7

B----m a States-man would be thought,
And reaſon geud that he ſhould bear that rev'rend name,
Since he was ene of them that firſt began the *Plot*,
How he the King might banter, & 3 Kingdoms ſham.
But the *Male Contents*, his Noble Grace
To this *Rehearſal* did invite to hear and ſee:
But, whilſt he wittily contriv'd it but a *Farce*,
The buſier Noddles turned into *Tragedy*.

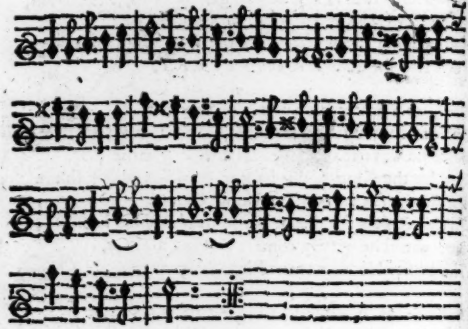
8

And now each *Actor* does begin to play his part,
And ſo well he cons his Geer, and takes his Cue,
Till they learn to play the Rebel ſo by rote of heart,
That the fictitious Story ſeems as true.
And now, without controll, they apprehend & hang,
And with the Nation au is Goſpel what they ſwear:
Then, bonny *Jockey*, prithee back to'l *Scotland* gang,
For a Loyal Lad's in danger here.

—

The

The Hiſtory of Whiggiſm, *from their riſe, to their late horrid and unparralled* Conſpiracy. *To the Tune of* When the ſtormy winds do blow.



1

YOu *Calviniſts* of *England*,
Who ſurfeit with your eaſe,
And ſtrive to make us *Whigland*,
To breed a foul Diſeaſe:
Hearken you painted Saints,
For we will let you know,
Oh, the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs *de grow!*

2

The firſt of your pretenſions
When that you did begin,
Were glos'd with good intentions,
But falſe at heart within:
No faith in you was ever found:
That truth we plainly know,
Oh, the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs *do grow.*

3

Queen *Elizabeth* ſhe pid deſcry,
And ſoon found what you were;
She made fit Laws againſt you
By Parliament appear;
Which late you'd have repealed,
But juſt *Charles* too well did know,
All the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs *do grow.*

4.

Such *Locuſts* in the Nation
King *James* could never love,
Wherefore he thought diſcretion
T'adviſe his Son t'diſprove
Of all your falſe pretended Zeal;
For wiſely he did know
All the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs *do grow!*

5

When of Kings and Princes
Did give your hearts deſire,
Yet you were not contented,
To th' Crown you did aſpire:
You ſaid, *you'd make Him Great,*
Indeed you did do ſo;
But Oh, the cares and the fears
Attends ſuch Winds that blow!

6

On the *Mitre* you did trample
To make your ſelves more high,
With greater force to give the ſtroke
Againſt his Majeſty:
Ah! falſe and trayterous *Tekelites,*
Such ways do let us know
The great cares and the fears
That by you Whigs *do grow.*

7

The *Whig* he then ſtood rampant,
To us he gave his Laws;

Yet ruch he dare not vaunt on't,
So ſharp we felt his Claws:
You then laid open what you were,
And ſmartly made us know,
Oh, the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs *do grow!*

8

The bleſſed *Martyrs* Royal Son,
Whom Heav'n guarded ſure,
And made us happy by's return,
Him you could not endure:
Againſt His Life you did conſpire,
And mighty *James* alſo;
Oh, the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs *do grow!*

9

Peace, Plenty, and all that's good,
Though His Conduct we have;
Ungrateful Souls! to ſeek his blood
Who ſeeks us for to ſave;
And by your late Rebellious ways
Again to make us know,
Oh, the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs *do grow!*

10

With furious Zeal you do enflame,
And cauſe our Countrey to burn:
You work confuſion, but the blame
On Innocents you turn:
Your holy Maſque is dropping off,
God grant it may do ſo,
And ſtop the cares and the fears
That by you Whigs *do grow.*

11

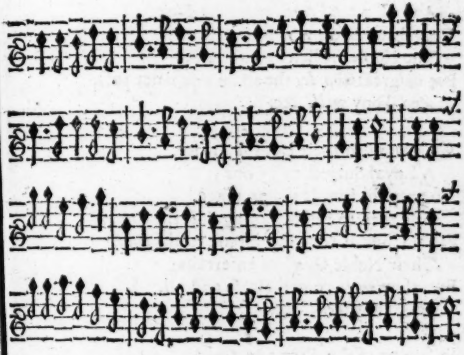
May *Colledge*, *Rouſe*, & *Hone*, their Fate
On Traytors all attend:
What though it ſeems a little late;
Yet ſtill we know your end.

Juſt Vengeance does not ſleep,
Though you do think it ſo;
You'll have ſhares of the cares
That by you Whigs *do grow.*

12

Long live great *James* our pious King,
Who cares when we do ſleep,
To keep us ſafe under His Wing
From Ravenous *Wolves* His *Sheep*,
He us preſerves from Bears Clutches,
The Lyons Jaws alſo,
And from all cares and all fears
That by you Whigs *do grow.*

The Loyal Feaſt. To the Tune of, Sawny *will never be my Love again.*



1

TONY was ſmall, but of Noble Race,
And was belov'd of ev'ry one;
He broach'd his *Tap*, and it ran apace,
To make a Solemn Treat for all the Town.

He sent to *Yeoman*, *Knight*, and *Lord*,
The hally *Tribe* to entertain
With all the Nation cou'd afford;
But Tony *will never be himself again.*

2

He sent to the *Shambles* for all their Store.
And left behind neither *Fowl* nor *Beast*;
The *Spiggot* run swift, & fain would do more
To make all the Lords a noble *Feast*;
He sent to Market, sent to Fair,
His *Loyal Guests* to entertain,
But of the *Banquet* he had no share,
And Tony *will*, &c.

3

At two great Halls in *London* Town,
Design'd to meet a Zealous Crew,
Of *Lords* and *Knights* of high Renown,
And all were *Protestants True Blew*,
They threw in *Guineys* free as Brass,
The Noble Frolick to maintain,
But on great *Charles* the sham wou'd not pass,
And Tony *will*, &c,

4

With Duty to their Lawful Prince,
A Loyal Subject ev'ry one;
To pray for him is the pretence,
And then to rail & Plot against the *Crown*;
From Church they did intend to th' *Hall*,
Their Noble *Guests to* entertain;
But they were routed Horse and all,
And Tony *well*, &c.

5

In favour of the *King* and *Duke*,
The Heir-Apparent of the Throne,
His Highness they Exclude, and took
A Fop Pretender of their own;
The meek Guide *Moses* they withstand,
A Golden *Calf* to entertain;

But Royal *Charles* diſpers'd the Band.
And Tony *will*, &c.

6.

The bloody *Papiſts* ſhall no more
Contrive againſt His Life and Reign;
Tho 'twas themſelves did the feat before,
And are as ready to do't again.
Thus they Exclude the Rightful Heir,
The Gaudy Fop to entertain,
But they were met by the good *Lord Mayor*,
And Tony *will*, &c.

7

With thanks and Pray'rs for our good King,
They vow'd to Sacrifice the day,
But Royal *Charles* he ſmoak'd out the thing,
And ſent the Rabble with a Pox away,
He ſent His Summons to the *Cit*,
Seditious Meetings to reſtrain,
The Feaſt was broke, and the Gueſts were beſh--,
And Tony *will*, &c.

8

And now the Capons flye about,
With *Frigacies* of *Ambergreece*,
And Chickens ready dreſt, they ſhout
About the ſtreet for Pence apiece:
The *Whigs* did wiſh the Counſel choak'd,
Who did this Noble Feaſt reſtrain;
All down in the Mouth thus to be bauk'd,
Poor Tony *will never be himſelf again.*

The Sodomite, *or the* Veniſon Doctor, *with his brace of* Aldermen-Stags. *Tune* Sauny *ſhall never be my Love.*

Declaring how a Doctor *had defil'd*
Two Aldermen, *and got 'em both with Child,*
Who Long'd for Veniſon, *but were beguil'd.*
The Paſty *loſt, they could no longer tarry,*
With two Abortive Births, *and ſhapes as vary,*
They fell in Labour, and of both Miſcaoy.

1

LIſten (if you pleaſe) a while,
I'll tell you a *Tale* as ſtrange as true,
How a *Doctor* got two *Cits* with Child,
And they were *Aldermen True Blew.*
This *Doctor* was of no Degree;
Of no Religion, Birth, or Place,
The *Aldermen* of *London* free,
Whom for their *Loyalty* I needs muſt praiſe.

2

Theſe *Aldermen* inſpir'd with *Grace,*
Rebellion, Treaſon, Mutiny,
Were rais'd to *Bench of higheſt place,*
Where next the *Doctor* were ſet free:
For though he boaſts of *Church* and *Schools,*
St. *Omers, Paris* and the *Vale,*
And *Salamanca* gave him *Rules,*
Degree he never took, but in *Jail.*

3

The *Doctor* skill'd in *Sodomy,*
With Luſt inordinate he burns,
The gentle *Brethren* being free,
He Exercis'd them both by turns.
By turns the *Saints* turn'd up their *Scuts*
Each jealous of the others bliſs,
The pleaſure was as ſweet as *Nuts,*
Like the *Devil* & *Witch* they hug & kiſs.

4

Few Months had paſt when they began
To *Quicken* and look big upon't,
The *Doctor* prefer'd a Man
Before the beſt, *&c.* but what came on't?
The *Aldrmen* are both with Child,
But lo! where is the harm of this?
The *Brethren* cannot be defil'd,
Nor *Brother* with *Brother* do amiſs.

5

Now in a *Breeding Fit,* as one
In ſuch a caſe is apt to do, The

The *Doctor* long'd for *Veniſon*,
The *Aldermen* and *Doctor* too:
The *Doctor* leaſt their Calves they caſt,
And he his *Spurious Iſſue* loſt,
To *Paſtry Cook* did ſummons haſt,
And now the *Veniſon* comes riding Poſt,

6.

But ſee the *Fate* of *Humane things*,
'Twas intercepted by the Crew,
Fate ſo about the matter brings,
They would not give the *Devil* his due.
The *Sharpers* longed for a ſnip,
Had the firſt Finger in the *Pie*,
Betwixt the Trencher and the Lip,
So oft it happens when the *Fates* deny.

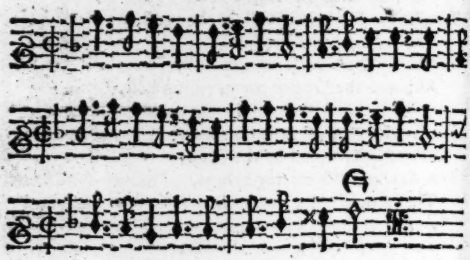
7

A Neſt of *Harpies* that did wait,
To intercept it at the door;
Without a *Trencher*, *Fork* or *Plate*,
(E're he ſmelt the Plot,) did all devour.
No ſooner did the fatal News
Approach their Ears in doleful ſtrain,
The *Aldermen* their Longings loſe,
And the *Doctor* will never be himſelf again.

8

The *Aldermen* in woful Fits,
Into immediate Labour fell,
Deliver'd of too pretty Chits,
The like were never hatch'd *in Hell.*
With two Abortive Plots, the two
Deliver'd were, but all in vain,
For now their Plots will no longer do,
Nor will *Titus* ever be himſelf again.

A new Litany, *to be Sung in all* Conventicles *for Inſtruction of the* Whigs. *Tune* Cavalilly-man.



1

FRom Counſels of ſix where *Treaſon* prevails,
From raiſing *Rebellion* in *England* and *Wales*,
From *Rumbolds* ſhort *Cannons*, and *Proteſtant Flayls*,
For ever O *Fate deliver me.*

From *Shaftsbury*'s Tenets, and *Sidneys* old Hint,
From ſeizing the King by the Rabbles conſent,
From owning the fact, and denying the Guilt,
For ever, &c.

From aiming at Crowns, and indulging the Sin,
From playing *Old Noll*'s Game over agen;
From a Son and a Rebel, ſtuff up in one Skin,
For ever, &c.

From Swearing of Lyes like a Knight of the Poſt,
From Pilgrims of *Spain*, that ſhould Land on our Coaſt,
From a Plot like *T*---, ſwept about 'till 'tis loſt,
For ever, &c.

From *Oates*'s clear Evidence when he was vext,
From hearing him ſqueak out *Hugh Peters* old Text,
From Marrying one Siſter, and Raping the next,
For ever, &c.

From tedious confinement by Parliament Votes,
From *Burnet*'s *Whig* Sermons and Marginal Notes;
From ſaving our Heads, by cutting our Throats,
For ever, &c.

From

From *Presbyter* Ban-Dogs that bite and not bark,
From losing ones Brains by a blow in the dark,
From our Friends in *Moor-fields*, & those at *Moor-Park*,
For ever, &c.
From Citizens Consciences and their Wives foul Itch,
From Marrying a Widow that looks like a Witch,
From following the Court with design to be Rich,
For ever, &c.
From *Trimmers* Arraigning a Judge on the Bench,
From slighting the *Guards* that we know will not flinch,
And from the *Train'd-Bands* Loyal aid at a pinch,
For ever, &c.
From all that to *Cæsar* sham Duty expresses,
That cringe at his Coach, and smile in his Face,
And two years ago thought it scorn to Address,
For ever, &c.
From having the Gout, and a very fair Daughter,
From being oblig'd to our Friend cross the Water,
From Strangling and Fleying, and what follows after,
For ever, &c.
From Wit that lies hidden in gay Pantaloons,
From Womens ill Nature as frail as the Moons,
From *Francky*'s lame Jests, and Sir *Roger*'s Lampoons
For ever O *Fate* deliver me

A Song of the Light of the Nation turn'd into Darkness. Tune Cavalilly man.

COme all you Caballers and Parliament Votes,
That thick'd for hanging and cutting of Throats,
Lament the misfortune of Perjur'd *Oates*.
Who first must be Pillored and after be hang'd.

What Devil suspected this five years agon?
When I was in hopes to hang up half the Town,
Swore against *Mitre*, and Curs'd the *Crown*.
But now must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

I Curs'd the *Bishops* and hang'd up the *Priests*,
Swore my self Doctor, yet never could Preach,
But a *Cant* full of *Blasphemy*'s all I could reach,
For I first must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

Now *Oates* is in Cupboard and Manger with *Colt*,
The Caldron may Oyl me for fear I should molt,
Here I've ne'r a *Bum* for a Wheel-barrow jolt,
Yet now must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

My thousand *Commissions* and *Spanish Black-Bills*,
My invisible Armies lodg'd upon Hills,
Such old Perjur'd Non-sence my *Narrative* fills,
That I now must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

My twelve Pounds a week, I want to support,
For stinking i'th' City, and fouling the Court,
Like the *Devil* in *Durgeon* I'm now hamper d for't,
I first must be Pillor d, and after be hang'd.

They hang us in order, the *Devil* knows how,
'Zounds all that e're put one Paw to the Plow,
Ine'r fear'd the *Devil* would fail me till now,
That I first must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

For calling the *Duke* a *Papist* and *Trayter*,
I often have call'd the *King* little better,
I'm fast by the heels like a *Beast* in a Fetter,
I first must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

I swore that the *Queen* would Poyson the *King*,
That *Wakeman* had *Money* the Poyson to bring,
When I knew in my Heart there was no such thing,
I now must be Pillor'd, and after be hang'd.

I'm resolv'd to be Hang d dead Drunk like *Hugh Peters*,
If I can but have my Skin stuft with good *Liquors*,
Then I shall Jump to old *Tapsky* much quicker,
But I first must be Pillor'd, and after be Hang'd.

A

A Litany *from* Geneva, *in answer to that from St* Omers.
Tune, Cavallily-man.

FRom the *Tap* the *Guts* of the Honourable *Stump*,
From which runs *Rebellion* that stinks like the *Rump*
On purpose to leven the whole *Factious* Lump,
Libera nos Domine.
From him that aspires as high as the Crown,
And vows to pull *Copes* and *Cathedrals* down,
Fit only to Govern the World in the Moon.
Libera nos Domine.
From the Prick ear'd *Levite*, that can without pain,
Swear *Black* into *White*, then un-swear it again,
Whose name did design him a Villain in Grain,
Libera nos Domine.
From his *Black-Bills*, and *Pilgrims* with Sickles in their hands,
That came over to make a *Religious Band*,
Then Ravish our Wives and inhabit our Land,
Libera nos Domine.
From the Mouth of the City that never gives o're,
To complain of Oppressions unheard of before,
And yet for his Letchery will not quit score,
Libera nos Domine.
From the *cent per cent Scriv'ner*, & all his State-tricks,
That cryes out of *Intemp'rance*, who yet will not stick
To clear a young *Spend-thrifts* Estate at a lick,
Libera nos Domine.
From the force and the fire of the Insolent Rabble,
That wou'd hurl the *Government* into a *Babel*,
And from the nice *Fare* of the *Mouse-starvers Table*,
Libera nos Domine.
From the *Elder* in *New-street* that *Goggles* and *cants*,
Then turns up his *Whites* to nose it, and pants,
And at the same time plays the *Devil* and Saint,
Libera nos Domine.
From *Jenkins Homilies* drawn through the Nose,
From *Langley*, *Dick*, *Baldwin*, and all such as those,
And from brawney *Settle*'s *Poem* in *Prose*,
Libera nos Domine.

From

From a surfeit occasion'd by *Protestant Feasts*,
From *Sedition* for Sawce, and *Republicks* for Guests,
With *Treason* for *Grace-cup*, or *Faction* at least,
Libera nos Domine,

From the *Conscience* of *Cits* resembling their *Dame*,
That in publick are *Nice*, but in private so *Tame*,
That they will not stick out for a *Touch of that same*,
Libera nos Domine.

From the blind *Zeal* and *Democratical Tools*,
From *Whigland*, and all its *Anarchical Rules*,
Devised by *Knaves*, and imposed on *Fools*,
Libera nos Domine.

From the late times reviv'd, when *Religion* was gain,
And *Church-Plate* was seiz'd for *Reliques Prophane*,
Since practis'd by searching Sir *William* again,
Libera nos Domine.

From such *Reformation* where *Zealots* begun,
To Preach *Heaven* must by firm *Bullwork* be won,
And *Te Deum* sung from the mouth of a *Gun*,
Libera nos, &c.

For *Parliamentarians*, that out of their Love,
And care for His Majesty's Safety wou'd prove,
The secureſt way were His Guards to remove,
Libera nos, &c.

From Sawcy *Petitions* that serve to inflame us,
From all who for the *Association* are Famous,
From the *Devil*, the *Doctor*, and the damn'd *Ignoramus*,
Libera nos Domine.

Cupid *turn Musqueteer. Tune*, Cavalily-man.

ALas what is like to become of the *Plot*,
Now *Tony* is dead, and *Titus* is got
In so fair a prospect of going to Pot?
Which no body can deny.

They say he has lately reviv'd an old trick,
Which he us'd as a Med'cine when he was Love-sick,
Page, Bayliff, or Bum to take in the Nick,
Which no body can deny.

Now

Now *Titus* for one of the Saints Tutelars,
Had got a young Fellow as brawny as *Mars*,
With a thousand invicible charms in his *A---*
Which no body can deny.

A large pair of Buttocks as ever was seen,
With a delicate Nut-brown hole between,
And rascally *Cupid* lay lurking within,
Which no body can deny,

Whence *Centinel-like* with his Gun in his hand,
He spy'd out the *Doctor* and charg'd him to stand,
Not doubting but he would obey his command,
Which no body can deny.

But he disobey'd; which when *Cupid* espy'd,
He quickly presented; *Have-at-you* he cry'd,
And lodg'd him a Bullet in his left side;
Which no body can deny.

'Tis true he was Arm'd (as Poets have told)
With only a *Bow* and a *Quiver* of old,
And *Arrows* for Love, which were headed with Gold,
Which no body can deny.

Which still he does use, as h'has formerly done,
When th' old way of Loving he means to drive on,
But for this *new way* he makes use of a *Gun*.
Which no body can deny.

The *Gun* went off bounce, yet the *Doctor* n'er started,
Which was some effect of his being *stout-hearted*,
For he only thought that the Fellow had Farted,
Which no body can deny.

But quickly he found he had cause to repent it,
For *Cupid* had poyson'd the Shot e're he sent it,
With something so strong, you might easily scent it.
Which no body can deny,

This Poyson so basely debases Loves Fires,
That the foulest of objects the Lover admires,
And so it inclin'd the good *Doctors* desires,
Which no body can deny.

For he fell in Love ('tis a kind of a Riddle)
Immediately with this great Fellows *Bumfiddle*,
But chiefly he ſmirkt at the *Slit* in the middle,
Which no body can deny.

Quoth he in a rage, *what a plague have you done?*
Your Barrel is foul, I'll lay twenty to one;
But I have a Rammer will ſcour your *Gun*,
Which no body can deny.

Nay, never refuſe, but leave off your winking,
There's no body near, and 'tis juſt to my thinking,
That I ſhou'd chaſtize you thus for your ſtinking,
Which no body can deny.

So down went the Breeches, and he fell to work,
About him he laid, as he had been a *Turk*:
And ſo this great buſineſs was done with a jerk,
Which no body can deny.

And truly the bus'neſs was great in its kind,
For the Fellow was very well ſcour'd behind,
And the *Doctor* was eas'd both in body and mind,
Which no body can deny.

The State Empirick, *a new Song. To the Tune of,* Cavalilly-man.

FRom over the Seas not long ſince there came
A *Doctor* of moſt notorious *Fame*,
If you pleaſe you may gueſs at his *Un-Chriſtian* name,
Which no body can deny.

This Doctor came hither to cure three Nations,
Who were ſo ſilly as to be his Patients;
And firſt he Blooded 'em for the *Faction*,
Which no body can deny.

The Med'cine he brought was called a P L O T,
Which was compounded of the *Divel* knows what:
When firſt he Arriv'd, it was Piping Hot.
Which no body can deny.

But

But if we may gueſs at the Damn'd *Compoſition*,
'Twas a meſs of all ſorts of *Engliſh Sedition*,
Made up by a *Presbyterian Phyſician*.
which no body can deny.

To make each Doſe go down the ſafer,
What do's me ſtill this Learned Gaffer,
But cover it over with a *Papiſt* Wafer.
which no body can deny.

As ſoon as 'twas ſwallow'd, the *Patient* began
To ſtare and to talk like a Lunatick man,
Of *Piſtols* and *Daggers* to kill and trepan.
which no body can deny.

To ſome 'twas *Emetick*, to others *Cathartick*,
(I mean, to all thoſe who did of it partake)
In ſhort, it made every honeſt Mans heart ake,
which no body can deny.

To ſay truth we were all in a filthy condition,
This voided a Libel, that ſpew'd a Petition,
For which we may thank in part our *Phyſician*.
which no body can deny.

At laſt it made our Blood to ferment,
That a *Rancorous Sore* from mens bodies was ſent,
The *Ulcer*, I mean of a ſtrange *Parliament*,
which no body can deny.

Its Venom upon each Member was ſhed,
The body it almoſt had overſpread:
Nay, it had e'en like to have ſeiz'd on the *Head*,
which no body can deny.

But one wiſer than all, did give't ſuch a thump,
That it burſt and went out juſt next to the *Rump*,
Which made with Joy ev'ry Loyal Heart jump.
which no body can deny.

This *Ulcer* was full of *Piſtol* and *Sword*,
With *Blunderbuſs* and with your things made of *Board*,
Your *Proteſtant Flayls* to fight for the Lord.
which no body can deny.

Oh Doctor! I fear, you have ſtudy'd *Art-Magick*,
To compaſs your ends, which ſtill were to *Tragick*:
But now it is hop'd that we may lead you a *Jig*
which no body can deny.

Or elſe I am ſure, without being uncivil,
A man may believe you deal with the Devil,
For no body elſe could have wrought us ſuch evil.
which no Body can deny.

Your Canting was Charm, Rebellion your Witch,
With theſe you gave the poor Rabble the Itch,
When like *Empricks* on Stage, you made 'em a Speech.
which no body can deny.

Y'are Jilted you ſee by Faction your Whore,
Your little *Tap-Peg* can help you no more:
Hell ows both a ſpite, and will pay ye the ſcore.
which no body can deny.

The Loyal Litany.

FRom a new Modell'd Jeſuit in a *Scotch* Bonnet,
With a *Maſs* under ſleeve, and a *Covenant* on it,
From *Iriſh* Sedition blown out of *French* Sonnet,
libera nos domine.

From Conſpiriring at *Foes* and Caballing at *Mews*,
From Sir *Guts* holy Tub of uncircumcis'd *Jews*,
From Gibbet and Halter which will be their dues,
libera nos, &c

From a Parliament Man rak'd out of the Embers
From *Knights* that haunt *Compters*, & Lunatick *Members*
From Presbyters *January's* and Papiſts *Novembers*,
libera nos, &c.

From hugging a Witch and conſulting the Devil,
From *Welch* Repermates which are ſomething uncivil
From the touch of a *Scot* to cure the Kings Evil,
libera nos, &c.

From the mutinous Clamours of ſuch as raiſe Fears,
From thoſe that wou'd ſet us together by the Ears,
Who ſtill for the Shipwrack of Monarchy Stears,
libera nos, &c.

From

From Rebellion wrapt up in an humble Petition,
From the crafty Intrigues of an old Politician,
From a *Geneva* Divine, and a *Staffords* Phycitian,
libera nos, &c.

From ſerving great *Charles* as his Father before,
Diſinheriting *York* without why or wherefore,
And from ſuch as *Abſaloms* folly adore,
libera nos, &c.

From denying the King that which is his Right,
From caſhiering of Members for faults very light,
From the troubleſom ſearches of a Monyleſs Knight,
libera nos, &c.

From Libelling of Government, and Actions of Kings,
From vindicating Sectaries in Illegal things,
From encouraging Faction which Rebellion brings,
libera nos, &c.

From murmuring for ſending the Parliament home,
From chooſing *Phanaticks* to ſit in their room,
That the Actions of *Forty* may not be out-done,
libera nos, &c.

From *Iriſh* Maſſacres by *Papiſts* done,
From Seditious Cut-chroats which thing is all one,
From murthering the Father, and baniſhing the Son,
libera nos, &c.

From ſhrouling all Villanies under the Cauſe,
From making us happy by giving Sword Laws,
From trampling oth' Mitre and Crown with applauſe,
libera nos, &c.

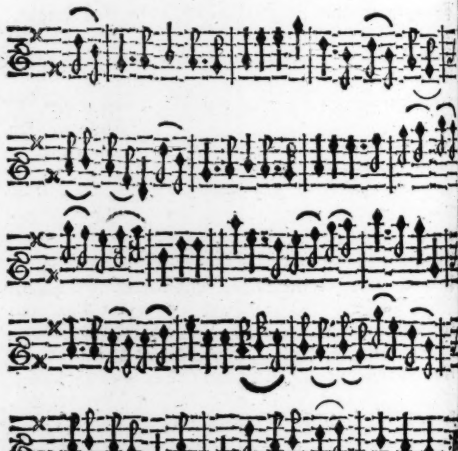
From hunting the King, and abjuring his Race,
From cleanſers of Burg-holes uſurping his place,
From Preachers in Tubs that are void of all Grace,
libera nos, &c.

From *Vulcans* Treaſons late Forg'd by the Fan,
From ſtarving of Miſe to be Parliament Man,
From his Copper Face that outface all things can,
libera nos, &c.

From Voting Lords uſeleſs, and dangerouſly Ill,
From Hanging of Biſhops for dropping the Bill,
From Phanaticks have too much their will, *libera nos*,

From Purging the Houſe to obſtruct our free choiſe,
From reſolving the King to oppoſe with one voice,
From ſuch that at miſchief do daily rejoyce,
From all the *Seditious* that love not the King,
From ſuch as a Civil-War once more wou'd bring,
And repenting with *Colledge* at laſt in a String,
libera nos, &c.

The Whigs *Lamentable Condition, or the* Royaliſts *Reſolution.* To a pleaſant new Tune.



THe Deel aſſiſt the Plotting *Whigs*
To carry on their damn'd *Intrigues*,
And does provide them new ſupplies,
Gin any faus aud *Raſcal* dies,
Up ſtarts ſome *Bankrupt Perjur'd Loon*,
Inſtructed by the *Poliſh* Prince,
How to amuſe th' unthinking *Toon*,
And make the *Bygots* leeſe their ſenſe.

2

This squinting and Curmudgeon sits
Consulting with his *Whiggish Chits*,
Who treacherously with him combine,
To root out all the *Royal Line*:
But Heaven, which has disclos'd their *Plots*,
Confound their vain Inventions,
Disperse the wretched hair-brain *Sots*,
And cross their curs'd intentions,

3.

Whither d'ye hurry *Phaeton*?
Is't not enough that he's undone,
By your perfidious Treachery,
The source of all his Infamy?
But, to promote his wretched ends,
Ye make the Lorden a stop-gap;
Like *Crokadiles*, ye fawning Friends,
Pretendedly mourn his mis-hap.

4.

The Bearn may see how he is feul'd,
Yea late may find that he is gull'd:
Wha then shall pity his Estate,
That toil'd to be unfortunate?
He's now a hardy *Rebel* grown,
And Glories in base Action,
The silly Land gangs up and down,
To make Feuds and Distractions.

5

Wau to'l the Nation Scabs and Boils,
Ye that delight in rivil *Broils*;
Wha'd set us by the Ears again,
Ye Worriers of Loyal men,
I se mean the pert blew-apron *Fops*,
Wha meddle with the *State Affair*,
Leuk to'l your *Wives*, & mind your *Shops*,
Whig *Gold* nor *Cornish* shan't be May'r.

6

All *Ægypts* Plagues seize Doctor *T,O.*
Who did design the overthrow

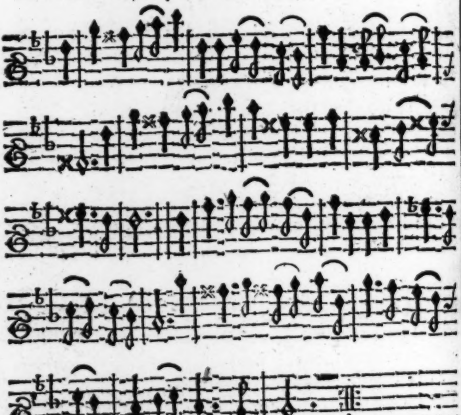
Of

Of Church and State: have we forgot
'Twas he contriv'd the *Popish Plot*;
Can we forget our *Martyr'd Prince*,
Whose blood does loud for Veng'ance call?
Shall we not stand in's Sons defence,
'Gainst *Whigs* wha wish for his down-fall?

7

Take courage, pull au *Rebels* down,
Obey the King, and Guard His Throne;
Commit the rest to th' prudent care,
Of our *Tribunes* and good *Lord May'r*;
As for our Foes the Rebel-rout,
He timely curb'd the stubborn Elves:
Their *Villainy* he has found out,
And now they're fit to hang themselves

The Tories *Tryumph, or the Point well weather'd.*



SOme say, the *Papists* had a *Plot*
Again t the Church and Crown;
But be it so, or be it not;
The King must please the Town.

The

The *Papiſts* take *Tyburn* by turns,
To pleaſe the City-Gulls:
It's ſtrange that they who all wear Horns,
Should fear the *Popiſh Bulls.*

2

The *Houſe of Commons* blew the Coals,
The Nation to diſſettle,
And like to *Tinkers* made two holes
To mend one in a Kettle:
Or elſe, what needs that precious Vote,
That if the King ſhould fall
By *Pagan* or *Phanatick Plot*,
The *Pope* muſt pay for all?

3

Our Royal *James* of Princely Race,
And High Illuſtrious Fame,
Was not thought fit by *Commons* baſe
To follow *Charles*'s Wain.
But let that *Houſe of Office* know,
When they have Sow'd their Leaven,
He ſhall ſucceed, though they ſay no,
By all the Laws of Heaven.

4

Old *Cavaliers*, for Loyalty,
They ſtreight clapt up for Treaſon,
In hopes to bring in *Anarchy*,
'Gainſt Juſtice, Senſe and Reaſon.
Brave *Hallifax* and *Feverſham*,
Brave *Worſter*, Juſt and Wiſe,
They did Vote down, as dangerous Men,
That they themſelves might riſe.

5

But Oh! what Lord in *Leciſterſhire*
Turn'd Catchpole, though too late:
'Tis better Prieſts in Priſon were,
Than Bums ſhould loſe their Trade.
For Prieſts poor *Waller* never ſought,
But where were Golden Croſſes;
His *Mirmidons* went Snacks, 'tis thought,
In all the Owners loſſes.

The

6

The *Doctor* he did bid farewell
To *Jesus* and the Court;
And *Tony*'s Tap runs flat and dull;
Makes *Catch* in hopes for sport.
Blew *Protestants* can make no work,
Unless, like *Hungary*,
They for Relegion, joyn the *Turk*,
For *Christian Liberty*.

A Narrative of the old Plot, *being a new Song. Tune,* Some say the *Papist* had a Plot, &c.

1

WHen *Traytors* did at *Popery* rail,
Because it taught *Confession*:
When *Bankrupts* bawl'd for *Property*,
And *Bastards* for *Succession*.

2

When *Tony* durst espouse the Cause,
'Spight of his *Pox* and *Gout*,
When Speaking *Williams* Purg'd the House,
By Spewing Members out.

3.

When *Hunt* a twy-fac't *Pamphlet* wrote,
The Emblem of his Soul:
When *Oates* swore whom he pleas'd in's *Plot*,
And Reign'd without controul.

4.

When *L-----ce* too Lampoon'd the Court,
And Libell'd *Cats* and *Doggs*:
When *Witnesses* like *Musroms* sprung
Out of the *Irish Boggs*.

5.

Then *Perkin* thought 'twas time to prove
His Claim to *King-ship* fair;
And faith 'tis fit the *Peerless* Son
Should be the *Peoples* Heir.

6. S

6

So fill'd with *Zeal* he and his *Knight*
Careſs and Court the *Rout*:
And my *Lord Duke* goes up and down
To ſhew his *Grace* about.

7

Tho *Ford* Lord *Grey* would not ingage
Upon that idle ſcore;
For he would have a *Commonwealth*,
As well as *Common-Whore*.

8

Tune. He envy'd his old Friend a Crown,
But why I can't deviſe;
For's *Grace* had *Grac'd* his Lordſhips head
With Horns of noble ſize.

9

Then *Johnſon* wrote his *Patrons* Creed,
A Doctrine fet h'd from Hell:
'Twas Chriſtian like to diſobey,
And Goſpel to Rebel.

10

Julian his *Pattern* and his *Text*,
A meaner *Theam* he ſcorns:
Firſt repreſents him at the Desk,
And then *Apoſtate* turns.

11

Like his, his *Patrons Zeal* grew high,
Th' *Excluſion* to advance;
And the right *Heir* muſt be debarr'd,
For fear of *Rome* and *France*.

12

The *Zealous* Commons then reſolv'd,
(*And they knew what they did*)
By whomſoe're the King ſhould fall,
The *Papiſts* Throats ſhould bleed.

13

Tomurd'ring *Poniards* oft are ſlipt
Into a Guiltleſs hand:

And

6 S

And Innocence is Sacrific'd,
Whilst Malefactors stand.

14

By *Hells* assistance then they fram'd
Their damn'd *Association*:
And worthy men, and men worthy,
Divided all the Nation.

15

Fools oft and *Mad-men* leave the less,
And choose the greater Evil;
Thus they for fear of *Popery*,
Run head-long to the Devil.

16

At last the Loyal Souls propose
To ease their Sovereigns Cares;
If He'll sit down, and first remove
Their Jealonsies and Fears.

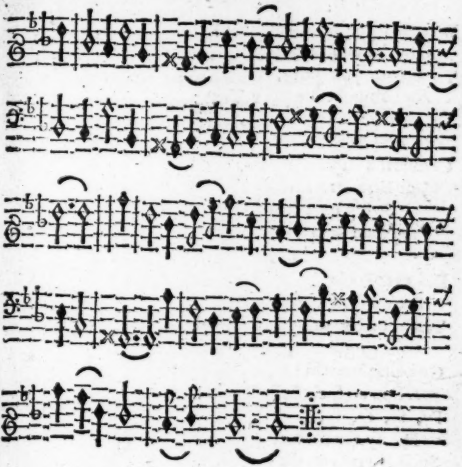
17

Just the old *Trick* and *Sham Device*,
Of *Belzebub* their *Sire*:
If he'll fall down and worship them,
They'll grant his hearts desire.

18

Nay Lives and Fortunes then shall be
Entirely all his own:
If he will fairly once disclaim
A Brother and a Crown.

The Plot confounded, *or the downfal of* Whiggiſm.
Tune, Ah *Jenny!* gin your Eyes do kill.



1.

THe *Plot* (God wot)
Is all broke out,
Confound thoſe brought it in;
Let them be damn'd,
(Beſides being ſham'd,)
For their *King-killing* ſin;
Down, down with their General
Council and Colonel,
Owner and Cobler of State,
Their Members of *Parliament*
Of the new *Rump*,
Let all repent too late.

The

2

Oh now you *Whigs*
led up this Jig,
What is't you'll lead up next?
Why 'faith I hear
To *Tyburn* you gang,
For being beside your Text:
To *Tyburn* the High-born,
As well as the Cobler,
Concern'd in *Plot* so dire,
Just *Hickle-te-Pickle-te*
Swing on a Row;
Pray God I am no Lyer.

3

Did ever Fools
Set up such Tools,
That durst not stand the shock
Of being made,
Or being marr'd?
A Pox on such Bully Rocks!
Fy, fy, fy, fy,
Fy, fy for shame,
Such *Heroes* run the Pit,
It shews, God knows,
Their fear of blows,
And eke their want of Wit.

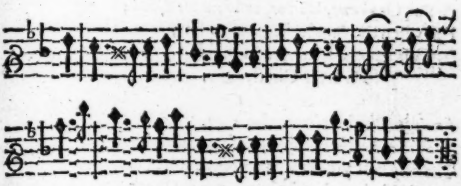
4

The *King* God bless,
The *Queen* no less,
The *Duke* and *Dutchess* too;
The Lady *Anne*,
With Her good Man,
And all the *Royal Crew*:
Let those that love
The *King*, be bless'd,
And those that hate Him curs'd;
Let *Tories* swim
In *Claret*, and
The *Whigs* be choakt with thirst.

The Creditors *Complaint againſt the* Bankers; *or the Iron Cheſt the beſt Security.*

Since Bankers *are grown ſo brittle of late,*
That Money *and* Bankers *together are flown,*
I'll Cheſt up my Money, *and then 'ſpight of Fate,*
Let 'em all break their Necks, my Money's *my own,*

To the Tune of, There was a Laſs of *Cumberland,* &c.



1

Bankers now are brittle Ware,
They break juſt like a *Venice* Glaſs;
If you truſt them, then have a care,
Leſt your *Coyn* to *Foreign* Lands do paſs.
An Iron Cheſt *is ſtill the beſt,*
'Twill keep your Coyn *more ſafe than they,*
For when they've feather'd well their Neſt,
Then the Rooks *will flie away,*

2

They ſneak about to get your *Gold,*
And hoard it up in *Hempen Bags,*
So they fare well when they grow old,
They care not if you're cloath'd in Rags.
An Iron Cheſt *is ſtill the beſt,* &c.

3

In *Iron Walls* your Money laid,
You have it down upon the Nail;

For though no *Use* nor *Intrest*'s paid,
The *Principal* will never fail.
An Iron Cheſt, *&c.*

4

In this ſafe Hold your *Wealth* convey'd,
If you but ſafely keep the Key,
No Enemy can e're invade,
Nor with the *Plunder* run way.
An Iron Cheſt, *&c.*

5

A better Pledge than *Bankers Note*,
For *Orphans, Wives, or Widows* Gold;
For when the *Banker*'s gone to Pot,
This good Security will hold.
An Iron Cheſt, *&c.*

6

An *Iron Cheſt* endures the Fire,
When *Bankers Bags* conſume with heat;
The one ſtill yields what you require,
Whilſt the other only proves a Cheat.
An Iron Cheſt, *&c.*

7

When *Bankers* flie to *France* or *Spain*,
Rome, or any other Land,
To your Cheſt you need not go in vain,
Your COYN is ready at your hand.
An Iron Cheſt, *&c.*

6

Put not your Faith in any Man,
Though heaps of *Silver* you may ſee,
For they will Cheat do what you can,
And make you ſoon as poor as Me.
An Iron Cheſt, *&c.*

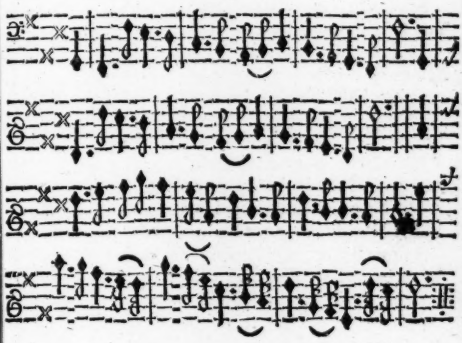
9

This Cheſt will neither Melt nor Flie,
But be your Friend in time of need;
But *Bankers* may both Break, and Die,
Oh then the Cheſt's a Friend indeed.
An Iron Cheſt, *&c.*

10

Then Friends, be all advis'd by Me,
And keep your Money in your Cheſt;
Whilſt he's his own Security,
The *Creditor* may ſleep in reſt.
An Iron Cheſt *is ſtill the beſt,*
'Twill keep your Coyn *more ſafe than they;*
For when they've Feather'd well their Neſt,
Oh then the Rooks *will flie away.*

A new Song in Gratulation of King JAMES *the Second, coming to the* Crown. *Tune,* Hey Boys up go we.



1

NOw, now King JAMES of High Renown,
The Second of that Name,
On's lofty Brow bears *England*'s Crown,
As Lawful Heir of th' ſame;
No vain pretence can interpoſe
Between Him and His Throne;
For all the Writings of our Laws
Declare, it is His Own.

2

No crafty Rogues can take the Right,
From JAMES of Royal Race,
Nor Perjur'd *Oates* with all his Slight,
Abjure Him from His place;
Now *Shaftsbury* that curſed Fiend
Is dead and gone away,
And *Monmouth* his unfortunate Friend,
Is fled and dare not ſtay.

3

You *Tories* then in common Joy,
Expreſs your preſent Eaſe,
Since Knaviſh *Whigs* no more anoy
Brave *England*'s happy Peace;
You Citizens with one conſent,
In joyful Conſort Sing
Hymns unto your God, ſince He hath ſent
Great JAMES to be our King.

4

Let pleaſant Groves and Meadows ring
With Ecchoes of His Praiſe,
And good Subjects be taught to ſing
His Name, in warbling Lays;
May's Mighty Fame yet higher riſe,
In much more Glorious ſort,
Mounting above the Starry Skies,
And *Jove's* bright-ſhining Court.

5

Raiſe up your Voice in higher Notes,
And Homer's lofty ſtrain,
Wiſh Royal JAMES with common Votes
A Long and Happy Reign:
Extoll His Acts and Noble Deeds,
His wiſdom and Piety,
And's Fortitude, ſince none exceeds
Him in brave Chivalry.

6

Yet none, tho' cunning Nature frames
His Soul of purer Air,
Can praise enough our Mighty JAMES,
Great *Charles* his Lawful Heir,
Whose Wisdom and Courragious Hand,
These many years ago,
From Ruine hath preserv'd this Land,
And from approaching Woe.

7

How oft has He in Foreign Field
Won Honour and Renown,
Whilst th' Enemy himself did yield,
By's Valour overthrown.
Witness the *Dutch*, whose Prowess He
Did long ago sustain,
With so much Force and Gallantry,
On *Neptune*'s Liquid Plain.

8

How oft did He Himself engage
Amongst the roaring Waves,
T'abate the Fury and the Rage
Of base *Phanatick* Knaves?
Whose pleasure 'tis, and chief delight
To banish Piety;
Who think t a virtue for to fight
'Gainst *England*'s Monarchy.

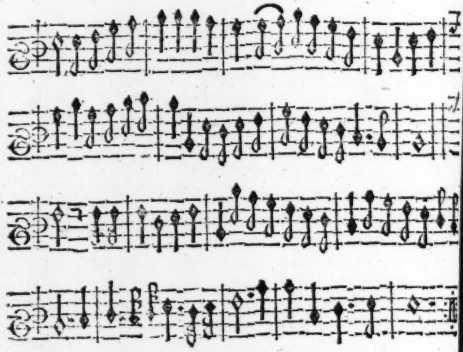
9

Let now that Vile and Perjur'd Crew,
With Envy pine away,
Their sad and dismal fortunes rue,
And curse that fatal day,
Wherein they did of late conspire
With such Impiety,
To kill the King, with great desire,
To bring in *Anarchy*.

10

Live then great JAMES our mighty King,
Live Brave and Noble Soul;
Soar up on *Fame's* ascending Wing,
Above the Starry Pole;
May mighty *Jove's* protecting care
Preserve thee from thy Foes.
And make thy Subjects evermore
Obedient to thy Laws.

A new to the Tune of, the Granadeers March.



1

HAil to the Mighty Monarch, Valiant *Pole*,
Of Victory the Soul,
The first great *Conqueror* in the Holy War,
The Bright Auspicious *Nothern* Star.
To *Staremberg* the bold, and all his Train;
To the generous *Lorain*,
That has Valiant Men at his command,
As e're the mighty *Bully* had, stole his Land,

Fo

For 'twas He, 'twas He, that *Chriſtian Turk*,
That has ſet 'em all to work;
And now lies upon the lurk,
In hopes a mighty name to gain,
But his hopes may prove in vain.
For the *Pole* with his *Jove*-aſſiſting Hand
Thundred all out of the Land,
By a word of his command,
Both *Trimmer*, *Whig*, and *Jew*,
And all that *Chriſtian* Peace ſubdue.

The Second Part to the ſame Tune.

TEckley that *Perkin* Prince of War,
That has kept ſo great a ſtir,
Deluded by a Renegado Fate,
Now with his injur'd Monarch, will capitulate.
Policy and Treaſon ne're agree,
There's no hopes of Remedy,
Since injur'd *Clemency* is ſo much abus'd,
All ſhew of ſham Repentance ought to be refus'd,
For the *Pole* with Rebels ſcorn to treat,
Nor can *Mahomet* the Great
Hinder *Teckley*'s Defeat,
Nor all the Pride that the Faction draws,
Can oppoſe our Royal *Cauſe*,
Whilſt the bold Reſulters ſtrive in vain,
Sobieſqui and *Lorain*,
Will all *Hungary* ſtain,
Should the new Conqueſt ſtill purſue,
Then Monſieur *Gardevow*.

A New Song on the Coronation of King JAMES II. *&c. Being St.* Georges *day, the* 23d. *of* April 1685. *Tune.* Hail thou Mighty Monarch Valiant *Pole*.

1

HAil! Thou Mighty Monarch Valiant JAMES,
Whoſe Praiſe our Song proclaims,
The firſt great Conqueror over Sea and Shore,
That made the ſturdy *Hogan Mogan* State to low'r:

To MARY His fair Queen, and all Her Train,
That Grace His happy Reign,
Who sits amongst the bright Orb of Ladies *Crown'd*
As Heavens Imperial Orb amongst the Stars Enthron'd;
For 'tis She, 'tis She, that Heavenly Gem,
That adorns the Royal Stem
With the brightest Diadem,
And brings that *Comfort*, *Peace*, and *Joy*,
Which Tyrants wou'd destroy,
For our JAMES with His *Jove*-assisting Arm,
The lowd Factions shall so charm,
That they shall do no harm,
Both *Whig* and *Trimmer*, *Turk* and *Jew*,
And all that *England*'s Peace undo.

2.

See the *Cloud*'s dispers't, hand o're our head
Since Mighty *Charles* was dead,
The day smiles on our Joys, and the Morning cleers,
A shining Sun succeeds the Deluge of our Tears.
The Mighty *Charles* is gone, but in His Room
The Rightful Heir is come,
Great JAMES the Pledge of our Deceased Prince,
That Loss, the only Blessing that cou'd Recompence.
'Twas He with Drums and Trumpets sound,
That did sit this day Enthron'd,
And above the Nobles *Crown*'d
With *Virtue*, *Truth*, and every Grace
That compleats a Prince's Praise.
'Tis He, who in spite of Envious Fate,
(His Rebellious Subjects hate)
Will defend the *Church* and *State*,
Their *Rights*, their *Liberties* and *Laws*
Against all that dare Oppose,

3.

Such *Heroick* Virtues who can find
Adorn a Prince's Mind?
Such *Courage*, *Clemency*, *Majesty* and *Grace*,
A Legacy bequeath'd unto the *Royal Race*;

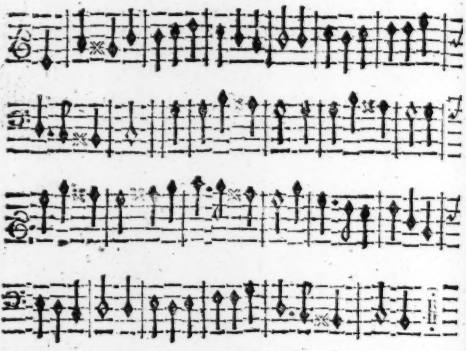
Fortitude

Fortitude and *Conduct* both agree,
And make a Harmony
With *Justice*, *Tenderness*, each a lovely Guest,
That move, and keep a *Consort* in His *Royal Breast*.
'Twas He, 'twas He, (in spite of *Fate*)
That Reclaim'd the stubborn *Scots*,
Who subdu'd Him on the Spot,
And brought the Proudest of His Foes
In Obedience to the Laws.
'Twas He that curb'd the *Belgick State*,
Made the *Hogan* yield to Fate,
And the *Monsieur* stoop of late
For fear so oft His courage try'd,
Should take down the *Monsieur*'s Pride.

4

May our Mighty Monarch ever Reign,
Great JAMES to rule the Main,
The Dread Sovereign over Seas and Land,
To Exercise the Pow'r of his vast command:
May He in Peace and Plenty ever Reign,
The Dread of *France* and *Spain*,
To curb the Insolence of His Proudest Foe,
And keep the haughty Bully *Monsieur* still in awe.
May He in Health for ever live,
Truth and *Justice* to retrieve,
With His due Prerogative,
To aveng the loss of *Guiltless Blood*,
To Reward the *Just* and *Good*.
May He in *Grandeur Wealth* and *Peace*,
Lord it over Land and Seas,
And His Glory still increase,
While every Glass that keeps the Round,
With our Sovereigns Health is *Crown'd*

The Salamanca Doctor's *Farewell: or* Titus's *Exaltation to the* Pillory, *upon his Conviction of* Perjury. *To the Tune of,* Packinton's-Pound.



1.

COme listen, ye *Whigs*, to my pitiful moan,
All you that have Ears, when the *Dr.* has none;
In Sackcloth and Ashes let's sadly be jogging,
To behold our dear Saviour o'th' Nation a flogging.
The *Tories* to spight us,
As a Goblin to fright us,
With a damn'd *Wood.n-Ruff* will bedeck our Friend *Titus*:
Then mourn all to see this ungrateful behaviour,
From these lewd *Popish Torits* to the dear Nation-Saviour.

2

From three prostrate Kingdoms at once to adore me;
And no less than three Parliaments kneeling before me;
From hanging of Lords with a word and a frown,
And no more than an Oath to the shaking a *Crown*:
For all these brave Pranks,
Now to have no more thanks,

Than

Than to look thro'a Hole, thro two damn'd oaken Planks.
Oh! mourn ye poor *Whigs* with sad Lamentation,
To see the hard Fate of the Saviour o'th' Nation.

3

For ever farewel the true Protestant Famous,
Old days of th Illustrious great *Ignoramus*;
Had the great Heads-man *Bethel*, that honest *Ketch Royal*
But fate at the Helm still, the Rogues I'd defy all;
The kind *Teckelite* crew,
To the *Alcoron* true,
Spight of Law, *Oaths* or *Gospel*, would save *poor true blew*:
But the *Tories* are up, and no Quarter nor Favour,
To trusty old *Titus* the great Nation-Saviour.

4

There once was a time, boys, when to the worlds wonder,
I could kill with a breath more than *Jove* with his *Thun-*
But Oh! my great *Narrative*'s made but a Fable, [*der*;
My Pilgrims and Armies confounded like *Babel*:
Oh, they've struck me quite dumb,
And to tickle my *Eum*,
Have my *Oracles* all turn'd to a Tale of *Tom Thumb*.
Oh! weep all to see this ungrateful Behaviour,
In thus ridiculing the great Nation-Saviour.

5.

From Honour and Favour, and Joys, my full swing;
From 12 Pound a week, and the World in a string;
Ah poor falling *Titus*! 'tis a cursed debasement,
To be pelted with Eggs thro' a leud *wooden-casement*!
And Oh, muckle *Tony*,
To see thy old crony,
With a face all benointed with wild *Locust Honey*:
'Twould make thy old *Tap* weep with sad Lamentation,
For trusty old *Titus*, thy Saviour o'th' Nation.

6

See the Rabble all round me in Battel Array,
Against my wood *Castle* their Batteries play;
With *Turnep-Granadoes* the Storm is begun,
All *Weapons* more mortal than *Pickering*'s screw'd *Gun*:
Oh!

Oh! my torture begins
To punish my Sins,
For peeping thro' *Key-holes* to spy *Dukes* and *Queens*:
Which makes me to roar out with sad Lamentation,
For this Tragical blow to the Saviour o'th' Nation.

7

A curse on the day, when the *Papists* to run down,
I left bugger ng at *Ouers*, to swear Plots at *London*;
And Oh, my dear Friends! 'tis a damnable hard case,
To think how they'll pepper my Sanct fy'd carcass;
Were my Skin but as tough.
As my conscience of Buff,
Let 'em pelt their heart-bloods, I'd hold out well enough.
But Oh these sad Buffets of Mortification,
To maul the poor Hide of the Saviour o'th' Nation.

8

Had the Parliament sate till they'd once more but put
Three Kingdoms into the *Geneva old cut*,
With what Homage and Duty to *Titus* in Glory,
Had the *Worshiping Saints* turn'd their *Bums* up before
But Oh, the poor Stall on, [me
Alamode de Italian,
To be futter'd at last like an *English Rascallion*.
Oh mourn all ye Brethren of th' *Association*,
To see this sad Fate of the Saviour o'th' Nation.

9

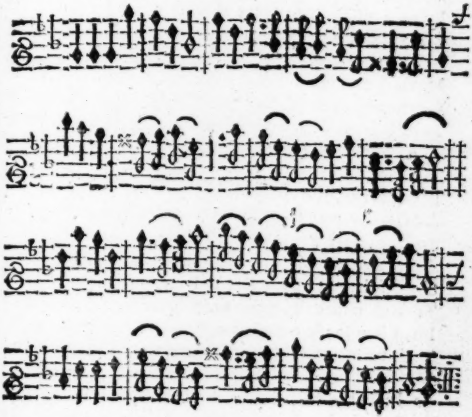
Cou'd I once but get loose from these troublesom *Tackle*,
A *Pocky* Stone Doublet, and plaguy *Steel Shackles*,
I'd leave the damn'd *Tories*, & to do my self Justice,
I'd e'en go a mumping with my honest Friend *Eustace*
Little *Commyns* and *Oats*,
In two *Pilgrims* coats,
We'd truss our *Black Bills* up, and all our old *Plots*;
We'd leave the base world all for their damn'd rude be
To two such *Heroick* true *Protestant Saviours*. [haviours

10.

But alack and a day! the worst is behind still,
Which makes me fetch groans that wou'd o'n turn
Windmil: Wea

Were the *Pillory* all, I should never be vext,
But Oh to my sorrow the *Gallows* comes next;
To my doleful sad Fate,
I find tho' too late,
To this *collar* of *Wood* comes a *hempen Cravat*;
Which makes me thus roar out with sad Lamentation,
To think how they'll truss up the Saviour o'th' Nation.

The Salamanca *Doctors Soliloques, Tune, the* Thundring *Connons* roar.



1

OH! stupendius comick Fate,
How uncertain is our State,
Bandy'd here at such a rate
It renders me Distracted.
The World is such a changing Scene,
Now proves cloudy, then Serene,
What a plague does all this mean,
Or is't by Law Enacted?

2

In the years *Seventy Eight*, and *Nine*,
The Primordiums of my Reign,
What a prospect had I of vast gain,
By easie *Killing*, *Swearing*;
I could Imprison with a Nod,
Fear'd not Devil, Man, or God,
In such dismal paths I trod;
No Villainy forbearing.

3

Enchanting *Tonies* Majick Art,
Inspir'd me flush in every part,
Obdurate was my Gangreen heart;
No Innocence would Pardon;
My false Oaths resistless Flood,
Corrupted Mass of Guiltless Blood,
In such high Vogue my (*Dixit*) stood,
As *Saviour* of the Nation,

4

Impostors of the coursest kind,
As *Oracles* reception find,
Such as could see, appeared blind;
For fear of my displeasure:
Should th y pry with *Eagles* Eyes,
To look under the disguise,
I had 'em made a Sacrifice,
Or tormented them at leasure.

5

Backt by the *Faction* and the *Crowd*,
As Gospel what I swore aloud,
Revenge upon the *Pope* I vow'd,
And all his *Mass Adherents*;
I no distinction made between
A *Popish* Kitchen-wench and *Queen*,
My good will the same had been;
Had they been Gods Vice-Gerents.

6

Foxt with Malice Rage and Spite,
In Blood-shed was my whole delight,
I hunted *Jesuits* in the night,
As if by scent directed:
I swore the Rabble into fear,
Of Blessing all to them was dear,
No Widows crys and Orphans tear,
My wickedness diverted.

7

The Iron *Sawsages* I now wear,
Tickle every step, mine Ear,
As if they'd whisper *Perjurer*,
Croping *Time*'s advancing:
Translation hence unto the Bar,
Is irksom, though it be not far,
And then receive the Fatal Scar,
Is an odd sort of Dancing.

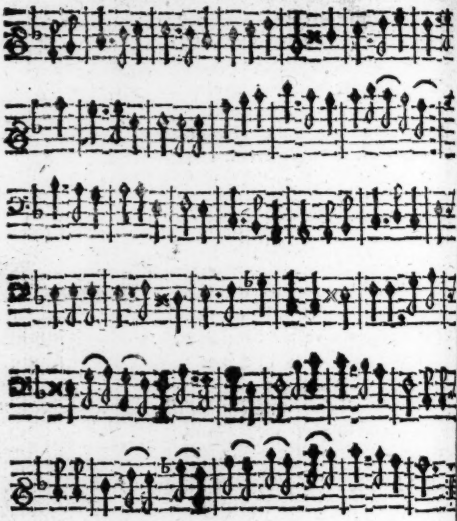
8

My Woral *Halters* and *Black-Bills*,
More fatal than *Mercurial Pills*,
A complication now of Ills,
Do promise to betide us,
The invisible *Commissions* too,
Distributed, but none knew how,
Conspire the utter overthrow
Of Wicked Perjur'd *Titus*.

9

O'rewhelmed thus in black Dispair,
Hopeless as the Prince o'th' Air,
My crimes I Trump, I do not care,
For I know what comes after,
'Tis an old saying always own'd,
One born for Hanging's never drown'd,
God's just Judgments me surround,
To swing away in a *Halter*.

The Old Mans wish.



1

IF I live to grow old, (for I find I go down)
Let this be my Fate; In a Countrey Town
Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate;
May I govern my Passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

2

In a Countrey Town, by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at distance whereon I may look;
With a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an easie Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern my Passion, &c.

3

With *Horace* and *Petrach*, and two or three more
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before:
With a Diſh of Roaſt Mutton, not Veniſon or Teal,
And clean (tho' courſe Linen at every Meal.
May I govern, &c.

4

With a Pudding on *Surdays*, and ſtout humming Liquor,
And remnants of *Latin* to welcom the Vicar,
With a hidden reſerve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the Kings Health in, as oft as I Dine.
May I govern, &c.

5

When the days are grown ſhort, & it Freezes & Snows,
May I have a Cole-fire as high as my Noſe;
A Fire, (which once ſtirr'd up with a Prong)
Will keep the Room temperate all the night long.
May I govern, &c.

6

With a Courage undaunted may I face my laſt day,
And when I am dead, may the better ſort ſay,
In the morning when ſober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow:
For he govern'd his Paſſions with an abſolute ſway,
Add grew wiſer and better as his ſtrength wore away
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay,

The Old Womans Wiſh, Tune, The Old Mans Wiſh.

1

WHen my hairs they grow hoary, & my cheeks they look pale,
When my forehead hath wrinkles & my eye-ſight doth fail;
Let my words both and actions be free from all harm,
And have my old Husband to keep my back warm.
The Pleaſures of Youth, are Flowers but of May,
Our life's but a Vapour, our bonny's but Clay;
Oh let me live well, though I live but one day.

2 With

2

With a Sermon on *Sunday*, and a Bible of good Print,
With a Pot o're the fire, and good Victuals in't;
With *Ale*, *Beer*, and *Brandy*, both *Winter* and *Summer*,
To drink to my Gossip, and be pledg'd by my cummer.
The Pleasures, &c.

3

With *Pigs*, and with *Poultry*, with some *Money* in store,
To lend to my Neighbour, and give to the poor:
With a Bottle of *Canary*, to drink without sin,
And to comfort my Daughter when that she lies In.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

4

With a Bed soft and easie, to rest on at night,
With a Maid in the morning to rise When 'tis light;
To do her work neatly, to obey my desire,
To make the house clean, and to blow up the Fire.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

5

With Coals, and with Bavins, and a good warm Chair,
With a thick *Hood* & *Mantle*, when I ride on my Mare:
Let me dwell near my Cupboard, & far from my Foes,
With a pair of Glass Eyes to clap on my Nose.
The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

6

And when I am dead, with a sigh let them say,
Our honest old Gammer is laid in the Clay:
When young she was chearful, no *Scold* nor no *Whore*,
She helped her Neighbours, and gave to the Poor:
Tho' the Flower of her Youth, in her Age did decay,
Though her life was a Vapour, that vanish'd away;
She liv'd well and happy until the last day.

The Old Womans Wish to the same Tune.

1

IF I live to be old, which I never will own,
Let this be my Fortune in Countrey or Town;

Let

Let me have a warm *Bit*, with two more in ſtore,
And a luſty young Fellow to rub me before.
May I give to my Paſſion an abſolute ſway,
Till with mumping & grunting my Breath's worn away
Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay,

2

In a dry Chimny Nook with a *Rug* and warm cloſe,
A ſwingeing Cole-fire ſtill under my Noſe;
With a large Elbow Chair to ſit at the Fire,
And a Crutch; or a Staff to the Bed to retire.
May I give to my Paſſion, &c.

3.

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, with Cuſtard and Plums,
When my Teeth are all out, for to eaſe my old Gums;
With a dram of the Bottle, each day a freſh quart,
Reſerv'd in a corner to cheer up my heart.
May I give to my Paſſion, &c.

4

With a Neighbour or two to tell me a Tale,
And to Sing *Chevy-Caſe* o're a pot of good Ale,
A *Snuff-box*, and ſhort Pipe ſnug, under the Range,
And a clean Flannel Shift as oft as I change.
May I give to my Paſſion, &c.

5

Without *Palſey* or *Gout*, may I die in my chair,
And when dead, may my *Great, Great, Great Grandchild*
She's gone who ſo long had cheated the *Devil*; [declare,
And the world is well rid of a troubleſom evil.
That gave to her Paſſion an abſolute ſway,
Till with mumping and grunting her breath wore away
Without Ach or Cough by a tedious decay.

Jack Presbyters Wiſh. Tune, The old Mans Wiſh.

IF the *Whigs* ſhall get up, and the *Torys* go down;
May I have an Eſtate, in Countrey or Town,

Of

Of *Crown* or *Church-lands*, of considerable worth,
And a *Sister* of sixteen, to whom I'll hold forth:
May I trample on Princes with an absolute sway,
And grow Prouder, and Higher, and Richer than they;
Still advancing my self as my Rulers decay.

2.

To furnish my Table, I'll make my Cooks Dish-up,
For Break-fast a *Papist*, for Dinner a *Bishop*;
At last, for my Super, no daintier a thing,
Than the Flesh of a *Duke* and the Blood of a *King*.
May I trample on Princes, &c.

3

May the Groans of th' afflicted be the rest of my Food;
May I sport in an Ocean of *Innocent Blood*;
May I stick at no Mischief that Hell can afford,
Whilst I boast that I'm doing the work of the Laird;
May I trample on Princes, &c.

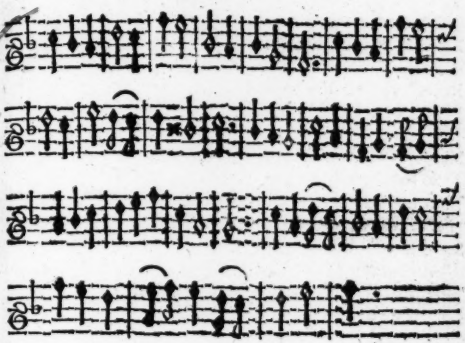
4

With *Luther* and *Calvin*, and many *Saints* more,
I'll boast of *Religion*, denying its Power;
With Countenance distorted, and fain'd whining *Zeal*,
I'll Preach and Teach *Monarchy* into *Commonweal*;
May I trample on Princes, &c.

5

May all my *Plots* prosper, both old ones & new ones,
No shifting of *Sham-Plots*, no trusting of *True ones*;
May Ages hereafter in History tell,
Jack Presbyter-Rampant has twice born the Bell.
May I trample on Princes with an absolute Sway,
And grow Prouder, and Higer, and Richer than they,
Still advancing my self as my Rulers decay,

Love in Extremy; or the Constant Lovers Resolution.
Tune, I never saw a Face till now, *&c,*



1

I Never saw a Face till now,
That cou'd my Passion move,
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a look,
But durst not think of Love.
Till Beauty charming e'ry sense,
An easie conquest made,
And shews the vainness of defence,
When Phillis *does invade.*

2

But Oh! her colder heart denies
The thoughts her looks inspire,
For while on Ice she Frozen lies,
Her Eyes dart only Fire.
Thus by extreams I am undone,
Like Plants too *Northward* set,
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
Or starv'd for want of Heat.

'Twix

3.

'Twixt hope and fear, I tortur'd am,
And vainly wish for ease,
The more I struggle with my Flame,
The more it does increase.
I wou'd, and wou'd not be releast
From those sott Chains I've made;
But if I strive, I'm more oppress,
When Phillis *does invade.*

4.

Her Eyes they so inchanting are,
So lovely is her Face,
That gaze on her no Mortal dare,
And not to Love give place.
So Musical's her Angel-Voice,
So charming is she made,
That not to Love none dare make choice,
When Phillis *does invade.*

5

I fain wou'd turn my Eyes away,
To try if she'd grow kind,
But on her Beauties they will stay,
Though ruine were design'd:
A Riddle is my Passion grown,
No less it can be said,
For reason is so quickly gone,
When Phillis *does invade.*

6

O cruel Love! why dost thou daign,
To wound me with such smart,
And not an equal Shaft retain
To melt her frozen heart?
Or does she struggle with the Flame,
To be Victorious said?
For if she does, my hopes are vain,
Though Phillis *does invade.*

7 However

7

However I will hugg my Woe,
And figh in each ſad Grove,
Till the relentleſs Rocks do know
The anguiſh of my Love.
'Tis ſhe my Feavour can allay,
No cure but her kind aid,
My Feavouriſh-paſſion will obey,
Since Phillis *does invade.*

8

And if ſhe'l ever cruel prove,
I'll calmly Court my Grave,
For nothing but her happy Love
From Death has power to ſave;
But if I die, I'll bleſs her name,
While lifes laſt murmure's ſtay'd,
And ſtill be tender of her fame,
That does my life invade.

A new Song. To the Tune of, I never ſaw a Face till now, *&c.*

1

BEneath the ſhady *Willow* lay
A Nympth more charming bright,
Than e're made happy bluſhing day,
Or ſhone to adorn the night:
A thouſand *Cupids* flutter'd round
About the place ſhe lay,
Wondring to ſee upon the ground
A Nympth ſo bright and gay.

2

The Air her Face did gently blow,
And all her charms appear'd,
And not a God that ſaw her ſo,
But what the Nymph rever'd:
Her ſwelling Breaſts, than *Swans* more fair,
Riſing with gentle heat,
Beyond Poetical compare,
Beauties Immortal ſeat.

3

Ten thousand curls did her bedeck,
More black than *Ravens* are,
Which wanton round her Snowy Neck,
To adorn the Witness there.
Her Garments ruffled with the wind,
About her gently plaid,
And a whole World of Beauty there,
To the open Air displaid:

4

At which the sleepy Nymph began
To rouze her drouzy head,
Afraid she had been seen by Man,
In haste she bbushing fled,
But as she ran, she took a slip,
Which much increas'd her dread,
And when she strove to rise, by a slip
She lost her Maiden-head.

England's *Loyalty, or* YORKS *Welcom to the Crown.*
Tune, I never saw a Face 'till now.

A Cloud of Vapours, Wind, and Smoak,
Of late Eclips'd our Skie;
And *Treason* (brought unto the Test)
Converted Loyalty,
But since the Blast is overblown,
And YORK become our *King*,
Let *Court* and *City* both rejoyce;
And Loyal Subjects Sing.

2.

Rebellion oft did bend and bow,
To shoot His *Highness* down,
And did contrive to overthrow,
And keep Him from the Crown:
But all the Wind-mills of her mouth
Were bolted forth in vain,
Since he's the *Sov'reign* of the Shore,
And *Guardian* of the Main.

3

No Squibs compos'd of Fatuan-fire,
Thrown from proud *Eubie*'s hand,
Can blow up pureſt Marble Walls,
Where Valour doth command:
Though *Trimiſts* turn their c.ats at will,
And *Jack* ſhould *Biſhop*-kiſs,
'Tis but a by-blow of the State,
And time's *Peripkraſis*.

4

Let all the Loyal Heads of Wit
The Polititians mourn;
And all the Mount.banks of State
At *Tyburn* take their turn;
We'll play no Kingdoms at a throw,
Nor *Crowns* at Lot ries try;
But pay Allegiance juſt, and true,
Unto *His Majeſty*.

5

Then rouſe brave Prince, the worſt is paſt,
Long Life, and happy Reign,
We'll pray for Thee whilſt health endures,
And drink Thy health in Wine;
But let *Achitophel* be gone,
And *Traytors* ſtand aloof,
May not one approach thy *Throne*,
Tho it be *Treaſon* proof.

6

And ſure the Storms are turn'd to Gales,
Heaven's clear that was or'ecaſt;
The vapours that Eclips'd our Skie
Are vaniſhed at laſt;
And ſure the regal right is thine,
And Royal *Charles* is dead;
Are thou may'ſt chooſe what way to ſet
Thy *Crown* upon thine Head.

7

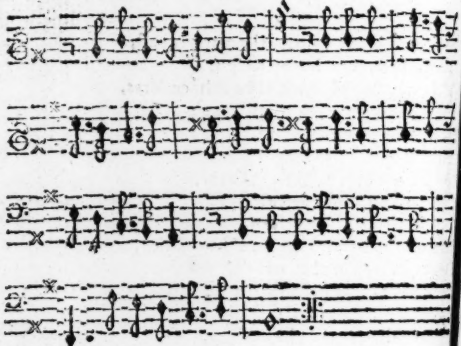
Advance the Loyaliſts of State,
Of *Church*, the juſt, and good;

Destroy and raze Rebellions root,
The self-conceited proud;
That all true Subjects may live well,
And have before their eye
Their dearest *Charles* yet still alive,
In JAMES's Royalty.

8

A *Crown*'s the object of desire,
And Envie's mark to hit;
Yet few do weigh the burthen great,
And sorrows hang on it:
In private eat thy Honey-comb,
A *Monarch* in thy mind;
Contentment is a *Treasure* which
High *Spirits* seldom find.

A new Song. Tune, I'll tell thee *Dick*, &c.



1

CHil tell tell thee, *Tom*, the strangest Story,
Because thou art an honest *Tory*;
'Tis news beyond expressions
Zich zights are no where to be seen
In any Land (*God save the Queen*)
But at our Quarter-Sessions.

2 Ve

2

Vor Rogues I zaw in zich a place,
As wou'd the Gibbet quite disgrace,
'T's pity it shou'd want 'em:
But how the Devil they came there,
Liſt, *Tom*, and chil in brief declare
And how they did recant 'em.

3

When I was late at *London* Town,
To zee zome zights o'r I went down,
To *White-hall* I did venture;
And having on my beſt Array,
As vine as on a Holy day,
Zoors I made bold to enter.

4

Up ſtairs I went, which were as broad,
And dirty too as any Road,
Or as the ſtreets o'th' Zity.
Hadſt thou been there, thou wouldſt have ſaid
His Majeſty had kept no Maid.
God zooks, and that's a pity.

5

When I was up, I did diſcern
A Chamber bigger than a Barn,
Where I did zee Voke ſtand,
That I was well vrighted quite,
It was ſo ſtrange and grim a zight,
With long things in their Hand.

6

Their cloathing cannot well be told,
On which were things of beaten Gold
Upon their Back and Breaſt;
I doſt my Hat when I came in,
Quoth I, *pray which of you's the King?*
Which made a woundy Jeſt,

7

At laſt came by a Gentlemon,
Who made me zoon to underſtond
I need not be avear'd;

Quoth he, come on, and vollow me,
Chil ſhew thee ſtraight His Majeſty;
Vor theaſe are but his Guard.

8

But *Tom*, not any Wake or Vair
Can ſhew zich numbers as are there,
Still cringing low, and bowing,
That one may zwear, and tell no lie,
They wearier are, than thou or I
With *Thraſhing* or with *Plowing*.

9.

No Ants did vaſter lead or drive,
Or Bees buz to or fro the Hive,
I marl they were not dizzy;
Nay, zure the Nations great Avairs
Lay heavily upon their Cares,
They look'd zo wiſe and buſie.

10

At laſt came in His Majeſty,
Not taller much than thou or I;
Yet, whatzoe're I ail'd,
With only gazing on His Vace,
I trembl'd like a Love-zick Laſs
Juſt on the point to yield.

11

He look'd methought, above the reſt,
Tho' n t by half zo vinely dreſt,
Which made me vall a zwearing,
A Pox upon the Parliament,
That will not let us pay him Rent,
Gelds only for his wearing.

12

A Ribbon vine came croſs avore,
Zich as our Landlords Bridemen wore;
At end of which was hung
A curious thing, that ſhone as bright
As *Maudlin's* eyes, or morning light,
When guilded by the Zun.

13

But now the news, chil tell the truth,
Hard by His zide there ſtood a Youth,
That look'd as trim and gay,
As if he had not Guilty bin
Of wiſhing e're to be a King,
Unleſs a King of *May*.

14

It was the zame our Vicar zed
Vor *Treaſon* ſhou'd have loſt his *Head*
Vor which vive hundred Pound
By Proclamation offer'd was
To any that ſhou d take his Grace
In any Kerſon ground.

15

Won *Zunday* morn, thou mayſt remember,
I think the twantieth of *September*,
Our Parſon read a thing,
How this zame Spark, (a vengeance on him!)
With vorty moor, did take upon him
To kill our Gracious King.

16

But ſcant the vrighted harmleſs Zwain,
That meets a *Woolf* upon the Plain,
Was zo agaſt with vear:
Wounds! if His Majeſty (quoth I)
Does keep no better Company,
Chil ſtay no longer here.

17

With that, the Mon that brought me in,
By the Jacket pull'd me back again;
Quoth he, pray hear ye reaſon;
He was a *What-dey-call't*, 'tis true,
But's Pardon makes him vree as you,
Vrom Knavery or Treaſon.

18

Whaw, whaw! quoth I, a pretty nick,
To make Rogues honeſt by a trick
Zo often try'd in vain;

As if my Bull shou'd gore me once,
I'd trust the senseless Beast with horns
To gore me o're again.

20

Chil e'n to *Devonshire* agen,
Where honest Men are honest Men,
And Rogues are Hang'd for Rogues.
Ods wounds! were I His Majesty,
E'r zich a Zon shou'd countenanc'd be,
Chid prize him as my Dogs.

A new Song upon Titus Oates's *retreat from* White-Hall, *into the City. To the Tune of,* Chil tell thee *Dick* where I have been.

1

CAn'st tell me *Ceres*, what curst fate
Hangs o're the head of *Oates* of late?
Or what cross *Planet* Reigns?
That *Oates* the noblest thought at first,
And best, shou'd now be held the worst;
And vilest of all *Grains*?

2

Oates that some brave and swagg'ring *Blade*,
Which th' other day with lofty Head,
His Fellows all o're-topt;
Should for a Roguish weed be thrown
Out of the Court; and now full blown,
Be in the Blossom crop't?

3

Oates, that was welcom thought to be
For the *King's Horse*, fit company,
(God bless him evermore!)
Should now by ev'ry Groom be spurn'd,
And for a *Rogue* in *Grain* be turn'd
Out of the Stable door?

4 Had

4.

Had these *Oates* musty been, or stale,
Or had they any noysom smell,
They had of blame not fail'd:
But these (as *Musk* it self) were sweet,
With *Coat* as black as any Jet;
But some-what too long-tail'd.

5.

That *Tyrant*'s *Jades*, that *Oates* and *Hay*
Refus'd for Mans flesh, I dare say,
N'er such an *Oat* did taste:
And, pity 'twas, his worth to shew,
That he had not been long ago,
Into their Manger cast.

6.

The case is hard, that *Oates*, that fed
The Noblest Beast that liv'd in Mead,
On Pastures Green, or Heath-well;
Should be at least, himself turn'd down
Into the Common of the mown,
To feed the Calves of *Bethel*

7

But cheer up, *Oates*; 'tis of no disgrace,
The Calves are of the City Race,
(There are none such at *White-Hall*;)
And freely will their Milk give down,
(And thou canst stroak them well, 'tis known)
To feed thee in requital.

8

Some have the Pedigree, and Strain
Of *Oates*, deriv'd from that bless'd *Grain*,
Which *Ægypt*'s Famine freed:
And I believe, what they aver;
For, without doubt, these (Our) *Oates* are
Of the true *Gypsy* Breed.

9

Nay, others have his Parents blam'd,
They had the Brat not *Joseph* nam'd;
But they herein had err'd:

For that good Man at *Court*, at last,
For his deserts was highly Grac'd:
Not for a *Rogue* cashier'd.

10

Yet, I doubt not, but of such known,
Divinity, had *Oates* there grown,
He would have with a Rope,
Amongst their *Leeks*, and *Onyon-Gods*,
(As more deserving it by odds)
Been long ago trust up.

11

Shall we, who boast true *Gospel-right*,
Instead of doing him that Right,
Then treat him worse than *Pagan*?
And Excommunicate him clear
Out of our *Courts*, as if he were
A Minister of *Dagon*,

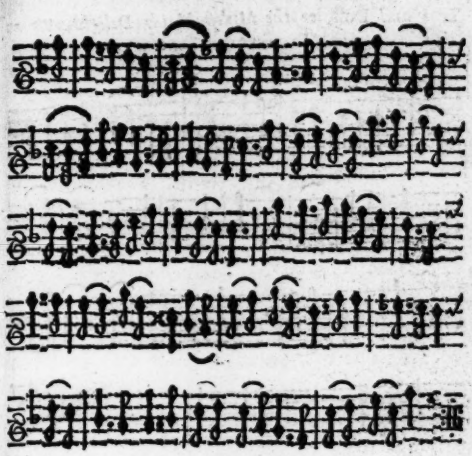
12

This sure is a new *Popish-Plot*;
Who, seeing now we in a Knot,
Begin to hang together;
Think't the best way, (which *Heaven* defend!)
Is to untie us, and to send
Our *Doctor*, God knows whither,

13

You Charitable *City-Dames*,
If now you will set up your Names,
Preserve him like Sweet-Meats:
He flies to you, to be secure;
Keep close your Fore-doors; but be sure.
Guard well your *Postern-Gates*,

A New Love Song. To an excellent new Tune.



1

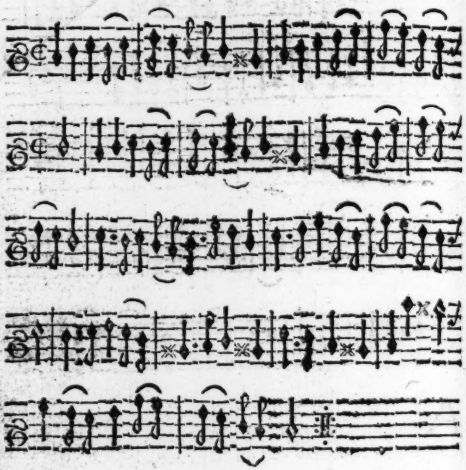
As *May* in all her Youthful dreſs,
So gay my *Love* did once appear,
A Spring of charms dwelt on her Face,
And Roſes did inhabit there.
Thus whilſt the Enjoyment was but young,
Each night new Pleaſures did create;
Harmonious words dropt from her Tongue,
And *Cupids* on her Forehead ſate.

2

But as the *Sun* to *Weſt* declines,
The *Eaſtern* Skie doth colder grow;
And all its Bluſt'ring Looks reſigns,
To th' pale-fac'd *Moon* that rules below:
Whilſt *Love* was eager, brisk and warm,
My *Chloe* then was kind and gay;
But when by *Time* I loſt the *Charm*,
Her *Smiles* like *Autumn* dropt away.

Tho'

Tom *and* Doll, *or the Modest Maids Delight, To an Excellent new Tune.*



WHen the Kine had given a Pail full,
And the *Sheep* came bleating home,
Doll who knew it would be healthful,
Went a walking with young *Tom*:
Hand in hand Sir,
O're the Land Sir,
As they walked to and fro.
Tom made jolly Love to *Dolly*,
But was answ'r'd, *no, no, no, no,* &c.

2

'Faith says *Tom*, the time is fitting
We shall never get the like;
You can never get from Knitting
Whilst I'm Digging in the Dike:
Now we're gone too,
And alone too,
No one by to see, or know;
Come, come, *Dolly* prithee shall I?
Sill she answer'd, *No, no, no, no*, &c.

3.

Fie upon you Men, quoth *Dolly*,
In what Snares you'd make us fall,
You'l get nothing but the folly,
But I shall get the Devil and all;
Tom with Sobs,
And some dry Bobs,
Cry'd, *you're a Fool to argue so*;
Come, come, *Dolly*, shall I? shall I?
Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no*, &c.

4.

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to *Love*'s a Friend confest,
By the hand he often took her,
And drank Brimmers to the best, &c.
Doll grew warm,
And thought no harm;
Till after a brisk Pint or two,
To what he said, the silly Maid
Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no*, &c.

5

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
In the Countrey or the Town,
And began to grow so mellow,
On the Couch he laid her down;
Tom came to her,
For to woo her,

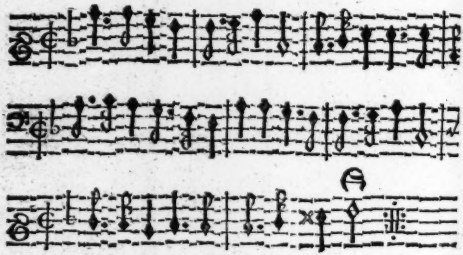
Thinking

Thinking this the time to try,
Something past so kind at last,
Her no was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, I, I,* &c.

6

Closely then they joyn'd their Faces,
Lovers you know what mean,
Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
Love was now too far got in;
Both now lying
Panting dying,
Calms succeed the Stormy Joy,
Tom would fain renew't again,
And she consents with *I, I, I, I, I, I,* &c.

Oates *well Thrash'd, being a Dialogue between a Country* Farmer, *and his Man* Jack. *Tune,* Which no body can deny, *Repeat the Burden twice.*



Jack.

OUr *Oates* last week not worth a Groat,
Have *Sir,* (which all do wonder at)
Abomination thriv'd of late:
Master. Which no body can deny, Sir.
Be all the Tribe of *Oates* accurst,
And the old Dotard too, that first
The Brat within his Hedges nurst,
And sow'd such wicked Seed, Boy. *Jack.*

Jack.

Good *Maſter*, I pray your Fury ſtop;
For, as the ſaying is, I hope,
You'll ſhortly ſee a *Doctor-Crop*,
Maſter. And many more beſides, Sir.
A curſe on every thing that's call'd *Oates*;
Both *Old* and *Young*, both *Black* and *White Oates*;
Both Long and Short, both Light and *Tite Oates*:
Jack. I hate the Vip'rous Seed, Boy.
Your *Oates*, now ripe, *Sir*, do appear,
For they begin to hang the Ear:
The time of cutting them draws near,
Maſter. If my Skill fails me not, Sir.
Then down with 'em, and all their *Train*;
Let not a Blade of them remain,
Our poor Land to infect again:
Jack. 'Tis pity one ſhould ſcape, Boy.
Where ſhall I Reek them, (the *Sithe's* Edge
They've felt) in Barn or under, Hedge?
For they are fit for Cart or Sledge,
Maſter. And Roping only do want, Sir,
E'en if thou wilt, lodge them in thy Barn,
For they ſhall ne'er come amongſt my *Corn*;
Or cart them, if thou wilt, to *Tyburn*;
Jack. And there to truſs them up, Boy.
Th' are hous'd, *Sir*; But the *Traſh* all Senſe
Exceeds, that's in 'em; by what means,
This filthy *Oates* ſhall we e're cleanſe?
Maſter. From all that Roguiſh ſtuff, Sir.
Go, get a pack of ſturdy Louts,
And let them luſtily thraſh their *Coats*:
Too well you cannot thraſh damn'd *Oates*;
Jack. Which no body can deny, Boy.
Th' are tharſh'd and wimb'd, and made as clean
As hands can do't, but all in vain;
For ſtill baſe *Oates* behind remain:
What ſhall we do with 'em, Sir.

Maſter.

Master.

Let 'em divided be (like Martyrs
Of *Royal Juſtice*) into *Quarters*;
Then ground in Mill, or bray'd in Morters:

Jack. *So* Oates *ought to be ſerv'd, Boy.*

How ſhall I uſe the Straw? 'Tis good
Only to caſt out into the Road,
And underfoot to Dung be trod;

Maſter. *And there to lie and rot, Sir.*

Burn'r, like an *Heretick*, in Flame;
And expiate ſo our Guilt and Shame,
For giving Long-tail'd *Oates* ſuch Fame;

Abhorr'd by all but us, Boy.

Beyond Sea th'are kickt out of Door;
But held with us here in ſuch Store,
That *Oates* we even do adore:

Jack. *But Curs'd be* Oates, *ſay I, Boy.*

What ſhall we now at laſt, *Sir*, do
With this ſame paultry *Oates*, by You
So hated, and admir'd by few;

Maſter. *And thoſe both Knaves and Fools, Sir.*

Let *Oates* be caſt to Ravenous Hogs,
Or ground for Meat for hungry Dogs;
And no where Sown, but in deep Bogs,

Or bottom of a Jakes, Boy.

Or to the Fowls o'th' Air be thrown,
By Vermin to be prey'd upon;
Or out o'th' World by Whirl-winds blown,

To th' Devil's Arſe of Peak, Boy.

Let ev'ry Tongue, and Tail i'th' *Iſe*
Of *Man*, of Bird, of Beaſt, deſile
Oates ſo deteſtable, ſo vile:

And 'twill be ſo, thou'lt ſee, Boy.

Or if to *Popery* thou incline,
Thou ſhall't have *Oates* incag'd in Shrine,
And ſhew about that *Treaſo-Divine*:

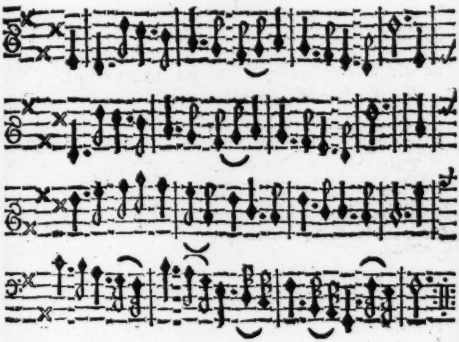
And this will get thee Pence, Boy.

Jack.

Jack.

Let it, good *Maſter*, pray be ſo;
And I'll amongſt the *Papiſts* go,
With my O *Raree Shite*, and my O *brave Show*,
Till I a Penſion get, Sir.
And then I'll Coach it up and down,
From Countrey, and from Town to Town,
Till o're the World I've made *Oates* known,
For a very Rogue in Grain, *Sir.*

The happy return of the Old Dutch-Miller. *To the Tune of the Firſt.*



1

GOod People of *England* I hope you have had
Experience of my Art in my Trade;
For I am the *Miller* that was here before
That ground Women young, of four or five ſcore.
Then make haſt Cuſtomers, bring in your Tribes,
I'll quickly diſpatch them without any Bribes.
For I am ſo Zealous for Whiglanders *crew,*
I'll cure their Diſtempers with one turn or two.

2 And

2

And now (for your comfort) I am come again
To cure the defection in all your Men;
Whether they be Factious, Stupid, or Lame;
Let's see e're a Chymist that can do the same.
Then make hast customers, &c.

3

If you have e're a City that's troubled with Simples;
That's over'rich grown, and has Rebellious Pimples
I'll strip it of all these defects in an hour,
And make it submit to the *King* or the *Tower*.
Then come away customers, &c.

4

If any pretending *Whig-Sheriff* yet dare,
(In the year of his Office) Arrest the Lord Mayor;
Let them come to my Mill, if their Insolence must
Be taken a Peg lower, I'll Grind them to dust.
Then make hast customers, &c.

5

If any grave *Alderman* Perjures and Swears,
Till he runs the great hazzard of losing his Ears.
Let him bring but his Toll, and to cover his shame,
I'll hide him i'th' Hopper, and dip him i'th' Dam.
Then make hast customers, &c.

6

If any hot Zealots, or tubulent Cits,
With Tumults and Ryots run out of their wits;
For the Toll I'll so tame 'em, that they shall be all
Like Flower of *Patience*, I'll Grind 'em so small.
Then make hast customers, &c

7

If you have e're a *Fop* that's proud of a String,
And fain would aspire to the Throne of a *King*;
Bring him to my *Mill*, I will presently shew
If he's qualified for a *Monarch*, or no.
Then make hast customers, &c.

8.

If you have e're a Lord that's a *Pimp* to his Wife,
And to hide his *Horns* would venture his life:
Send her to my *Mill*: I'll venture a Tryal,
To make her as honeſt as e're he was Loyal.
Then make haſt cuſtomers, &c.

9

If you have e're a Slabbering Lord that's a *Fool*,
And ſits in *Cabal's*, three *Kingdoms* to rule,
And ſtands for a States-man; I'll make him as able
As ever a *Helper* in all his own *Stable*.
Then make haſt cuſtomers, &c.

10

If you have e're a *Lord* that uſed to Preach
I'th' top of a *Crab-Tree*, above all your reach,
And ſtill the *Lords-Supper* expos'd in *Lamb wool*:
Send him to my *Mill*; I'll reform his skull:
Then make haſt cuſtomers, &c.

11

If you have e're a *Knight* that's a *Knave* & *Theaf brave*,
That deals in *Neck-laces*, and ſuch kind of *Ware*,
And ſtole the beſt *Plot*, now hides it in *Briſtol*:
Bring him to my *Mill*, I'll make him confeſs't all.
Then make haſt cuſtomers, &c.

12

If you have, or had, any *Sheriffs* that are *Whigs*,
That have cut off ſome Heads, & are cutting off Legs.
Bring them and their Perjur'd Juries together,
I'll turn 'em all round in my *Mill* with the weather.
Then make haſt cuſtomers, &c.

13

If you have e're a *Doctor* that has ne're a mouth,
But a hole in the place for a Noſe *North* and *South*:
Put him in my *Mill*, I ſhall make him ſpeak ſenſe
Behind and before, like a *Quaker* in *Trance*.
Then make haſt cuſtomers, &c.

14

If he has been Perjur'd ten thousand times o're,
And for want of Imployment, begins to grow poor;
I'll make him as *Rich* (if he knows his own name)
As when he came mumping from *Flanders* or *Spain*.
Then make haſt Cuſtomers, &c.

15

If Forty Religions he dares to believe.
And yet Preacheth *Blaſphemy*, Fools to deceive:
Bring him to my *Mill*, with more of the *Griſt*;
I'll make him a *Devil*, a *Man*, or a *Beaſt*.
Then make haſt Cuſtomers, &c.

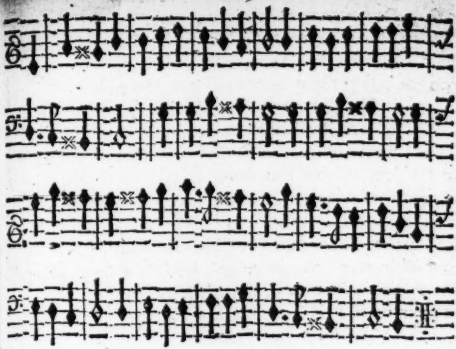
16

If you have any *Plots*, either ſham one or true ones;
Bring out the contrivers, both black ones & blew ones:
I'll either refine 'em from all their paſt *Ill*,
Or elſe I will ſtrangle them all in my *Mill*.
Then make haſt Cuſtomers, bring in your Tribes,
I'll quickly diſpatch them without any Bribes:
For I am ſo Zealous for Whiglanders *Crew,*
I'll cure their Diſtempers with one turn or two.

A New Song, Perjury *Puniſh'd*, *or* Villainy Laſh'd. *To the Tune of*, Packington's-Pound.

A Perjur'd Villain *here you ſee*
Mounted upon the Pillory;
He that the Pulpit *did Prophane,*
Shall ne're be ſeated there again;
To Whipping *then we do him bring,*
Laſh till he cry's, God Save the King.

Bold



1.

BOld *Titus* he walkt about *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
With Paper on Front, Saluting them all;
But never was yet a Volumn ſo large,
That could but contain what's Conſcience doth charge.
His ſtars muſt be ſpar'd,
Becauſe they have heard
Folks whiſper in *London*, when *Titus* appear'd
Beyond the rough Sea, and many miles wide,
From whence, in a moment, with eaſe he could ſtride.

2

On *Pillory* next, he mounts with a Grace,
As if he'd been us'd to ſit in that place;
Though ſtale Eggs and Oranges ſawcily flies,
Their Battery ſtill he boldly defies.
Tho' hide's not ſo ruff
As his *Turkiſh* Buff,
He's certain it will hold out well enough.
Since his Face is like Braſs, and ſo will remain,
Of ſuch gentle ſtorms he'll never complain.

3 At

At *City Exchange* next day he appears,
Where wh ning *Phanaticks* Saluted his Ears;
Their *Pillory'd Prophet* they boldly defend,
Who can't ſaqe them, nor himſelf, in the end.
His Throne they pull'd down,
To the City's Renown,
The Relicks on ſhoulders they bore up and down:
But tyr'd with Proceſſion, 'twas Judg'd for the beſt,
In Priſon theſe Zealots ſhould take up their neſt.

4

The day that ſucceeds, at humble Carts-tail,
From *Aldgate*, to *Newgate*, he's *Whip'd* w thout fail;
Like *Spaniard* he mov'd, with motion moſt grave,
Yet from cruel Rod it did not him ſave,
The kind City Dames
Whoſe hearts he inflames,
Againſt his hard Fate, with fury ex laims,
And ſighing, and whining, they ſpare not their Tears;
Whilſt on tender back the laſhes appears.

5.

A day now of reſpite is giv'n their Saint,
Whoſe bold impudence ſends forth no complaint,
He's often ſaluted by Sifter moſt kind,
Whilſt Plaſter is put on the place juſt behind.
He ſlabbers and ſmacks,
And nothing he lacks,
They'd venture their Bellies as well as their Backs
For *Titus* their Friend, who with a ſtrong breath,
Had ſent many *Innocent People* to death.

6

But then ſays the *Zealous*, they were only *Papiſts*,
Whi h we hate ten thouſand times worſe than *Atheiſts*;
Though he did ſwe r falſe, 'twas w th good intent,
That he might eſtab ſh a new Governent;
He would but pull down,
The *Mitre*, and *Crown*,
And ſet up a *Baſtard* upon *England*'s Throne,

And

And alter the Tide of *Religion*, and *Laws*,
Depending upon the Merits of the *Cause*.

7

Next day on a *Sledge* their *Martyr* was seated,
Where lashes on's Shoulders were often repeated;
Their loud Acclamations the *Rabble* sent out,
And hoped e're long to have 'nother bout.
'The *Doctor*'s not shy
With them to comply,
'Tis a thousand to one at *Tyburn* he'll die
For Sodomy, or some other small sin,
Which his *Janizaries* against him do bring.

8

But since Learned *Doctor* has past his Degrees,
A Man of that Station must pay all his Fees;
A number of *Witnesses* he did Subborn,
Who, without Scruple were all plainly Forsworn.
Of *Blasphemy* too,
He's Guilty 'tis true,
Lies fair to his charge without more ado;
When all this is done, will *Sodomy* come,
And bring him a *Rope* to finish his doom.

9.

But though his condition we much do bemoan,
We hope that at *Tyburn* he dies not alone;
May other false *Traytors* upon him attend,
And there for their crimes, make an Infamous end.
Our Good *King* God bless,
His Senate no less,
That still does endeavour his Foes to suppress,
May Religion established no time decay,
That Foppish *Phanaticks* may never bear sway.

A new Song. Tune, A Beggar I will be, *&c.*

1

PRay listen well, while I describe
A *Trimmer* in the Church,
Who Preaches oft, but for the *Pray'rs*
He'll leave you in the lurch;
For a Trimmer *he will be, will be;*
For a Trimmer *he will be.*

2

And here in the *Pulpit*,
A *Trimmer* you will find,
With *Trimming* coldness in the Mouth,
But *Treason* in his Mind;
For a Trimmer *he will be,* &c.

3

This *Trimmer*, to play the Rogue
With a better Grace,
Chose, out of the whole Land,
To Marry into *Crommels* Race;
Thus a Trimmer, *&c.*

4

This *Trimmer* the *Engagement* took
During *Cromwell's* Reign,
But at the *Restauration*
He spew'd it out again;
Yet a Trimmer, &c.

5

Thus this *Trimmer*, when upermost,
He chose the Rebels side;
But when the King came in again,
He strait swam with the tide;
For a Trimmer, &c

6

This *Trimmer* so profits
By his Prince's coming in,
That from a *Non-conformist Preacher*,
Up he starts a *Dean*;
Yet a Trimmer, &c.

7 This

7

This *Trimmer*, as soon
As he Preferment gets,
Immediately discovers
He has not left his Cheats:
But a *Trimmer*, &c.

8

What worse could this *Trimmer* do,
His Function to disgrace,
Than being got into the Church,
The *Altar* to Deface?
Thus a *Trimmer*, &c.

9

No sooner is a foolish Lord
For a *Traytor* known,
But he justifies his *Loyalty*,
And confirms it by his own;
For a *Trimmer*, &c.

10

This *Trimmer* instructs
This *Traytor* how to die;
But when he's question'd for't,
He sticks not at a Lie;
But a *Trimmer*, &c.

11

This *Trimmer* has a Brother *Scot*,
As great a R---e as he,
Supporter, and *Speech-maker* chief,
To th' whole *Conspiracy*;
For *Trimmers they*, &c.

12

This *Trimmer Scot* to stay
To swing was loath,
It has left his Brother *Trimmer* here,
I hope will hang for both;
For *Trimmers they will be, will be*;
For *Timmers they well be.*

A Dialogue between Bowman *the* Tory, *and* Prance *the* Runagado. *A new Song. To the Tune of,* Hark the Thundring Canons roar.

Bowman.

COme murdering *Miles*, where's your *Sedan*?
Or where's the Man you had it from?
Which you carryed *Godfrey* in,
With Ropes about your Necks Boys?
Nay, where is Mr. *Howſes* Horſe,
Which had been ſold at *Penticoſt*,
On which thou ſworſt the Corps rid Poſt,
Above two years before Boys?

Prance.

By all the Gods I do adore,
Mahomet, and what e're I ſwore,
I never ſaw ſince, nor before,
That *Godfrey* which was Murder'd:

For

For Money I did ſwear and lie,
To give the *Plot* a deeper dye,
Old *Tony* promis'd to ſtand by,
And ſee our matters order'd.

Bowman.

That *Water-Witch* it was his ſpell,
That froze up *Styx*, the way to *Hell*,
The *Thames*, the *Seas*, and every *Cell*,
Juſt to the Gates of *Pluto*;
The *Helleſpont* was frozen o're,
To both the *Axiles*, Sea and Shore,
That the World might ne're have motion more,
To ſave the *Whigs* as you do.

Bowman.

Your *Herndon* now is Guilty found,
'Twill coſt him forty thouſand Pound,
Pox! Money's but an empty ſound,
When Knaves deſerve to ſwing, *Prance*,
Had forty Pound been offer'd there,
To all that would come in and ſwear,
He would have fallen to *Ketches* ſhare,
To teach him *Tyburn*-ſtring Dance.

Prance.

'Zounds the Lords are out o'th' *Tower*,
In ſpight of all our Perjur'd Power,
Damn'd *Oates* and I are ſcarce ſecure,
All our Intregues do faulter:
Out of the *Tower* without an *Oates*,
To give advice, or *Rump* of *Votes*,
'Zblood, we muſt cut our own Throats,
To keep out of the Halter.

Prance.

Nay, that which plagues me worſt of all,
They kickt me out of *Goldſmiths-Hall*,
And ſwear that I diſgrace them all;
One curſed *Tory* ſcratcht me;

In every place where e're I come,
Like *Sheep* from *Wolves* from me *Folks* run,
Three times a day I am drunk alone,
For fear old *Nick* should fetch me.

Bowman.

Well *Prance*, now look but five years back,
How many Necks thy Tongue made crack,
It's time for thine to go to wrack,
For *Perjury* and *Treason*:
Since thou abhorr'st both *Cross* and *Mass*,
Thou may'st pull down thy Sign o'th' *Cross*,
And hang thy self at the same Post,
It is Right and Reason.

Prance.

I'll first see *Rutland*, *Kenge*, and thee,
Hang'd up for *Tory* Loyalty,
I'd be both Hang'd and Damn'd to see,
With *Towser* in the Number,
After I would not live to Dine,
But down-right drunk with *Brandy Wine*,
Straight into th' Sea with *Herd* of *Swine*,
For Circumstance I am under.

The Tory *Song on His Highness's return from* Scotland.
Tune, The Prince of *Orange's* Delight.

1

ROom, room for *Cavaliers*, bring us more *Wine*,
His *Highness* is Landed, about with the Glass;
The *Brimigham*-piece is but counterfeit Coyn,
Yet fain for good Starling among us wou'd pass.
Hey *Bowman* more Wine,
Fill up to the brim;
While *Zealots* repine,
We'll frolick and sing;
For *Oats* is confounded, that turn-coated *Round-head*;
Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

2.

A little old Conjurer threw ſo much Braſs,
And Pewter, and Copper amongſt the true Coyn;
That hardly a Peny of Money can paſs,
But what is Clipt, Plated, or waſh'd very fine,
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the Stamp of the King;
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Money we bring;
John Thum is confounded, that brazen fac'd *Round-head*;
Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

3

With ſuch a bold, impudent, and brazen-face,
They'd paſs for true *Mettle*, altho' but waſh'd o're;
The Kings Stamp and Image they only diſgrace,
As they did their Lord and Creator's before:
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the ſtamp of the King,
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Money we bring;
For *Care* is confounded, that Shiſmatick *Round-head*,
Then let us be Loyal and true to our King.

4

Yet (what is moſt noted) theſe *Brimigham* Elves
To bear the true ſtamp, are ſo brazen'd with Art,
That they wou'd have nothing to paſs but themſelves,
Altho' they'r but Copper, and Gall at the heart.
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the ſtamp of the King,
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Sterling we bring; [*head*,
Sow-ſucking *Hog* is confounded, tha treach'rous *Round-*
Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

5

They call themſelves Loyal, nay more, love the King,
Yet *Royaliſts*, *Tory*, and *Papiſt* miſ-call;
And rail at all thoſe who ſtand up for the thing,
With *L'Eſtrange*, *Heraclitus*, and *Thompſon*, and all.

'Gainſt theſe, the Slaves
Their Libels they fling;
Yet they are the Knaves
That do Libel the King;
But *Langley*'s confounded, that *Phamphleting Round-head*
Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

6

Thus *Brimigham* ſtill the ſtamp-Royal rebukes,
With Brazen-fac'd Impudence guilded ſo fine;
Who hates the Kings Picture as well as the Dukes,
And loves it in nothing unleſs in his Coyn;
But let him ſtill paſs
For a counterfeit thing,
About with the Glaſs,
And merily ſing;
For *Ben* is confounded, that Cuckoldy *Round-head*;
Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

7

To the King and the Queen, fill it up to the top,
The *Duke* & the *Dutches*, whom Heav'n has reſtor'd;
And next *Hous in* [illegible] *Royal Blew-Cap*;
To all the true Iſſue, and each Loyal Lord.
Crown every Glaſs,
Fill 'em up to the brim:
About let 'em paſs,
While we merily Sing;
For *Baldwin*'s confounded, that impudent *Round-head*;
Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

8

To brave *Albemarl*, the next we'll purſue,
With *Worſter*, and *Clarendon*, *Seymore*, and *Hall*;
To all to their King, and their Countrey are true,
Who *Loyalty* love, and confound the *Cabal*.
If *Monarchy* ſhine,
And *Bowman* but bring
Good ſtore of brisk Wine,
We'll make the *Dog* ring;
For *Tony*'s confounded, that *Spiggoted Round-head*;
Then let us be Loyal, and true to our King.

A New Song. To the Tune of, State and Ambition.

Hark, hark, what noiſe is this that doth rebound,
And fills the buiſie Air with pleaſing ſound?
What Glorious Object's this that Feaſts our Eyes.
And ſtrikes our heart with wonder, and ſurpriſe?
This is the happyeſt day that e're was ſeen,
Long live, and flouriſh both our King, *and* Queen.

1

JAMES our Great *Monarch* is Crown'd with all Glory,
And ours the bleſt Nation that's under the *Sun*,
All the whole World is fill'd up with His Story;
Th'Applauſe He has gain'd, and th'Honour He has won.
On the rough Seas our Foes He oppoſed,
And purchas'd our freedom with the hazzard of His,
His Prudence preſerv'd us, and wiſely diſpoſed,
Our hearts to unite, without danger, or ſtrife.

2.

Neighbouring Nations our Amity Courteth,
So brave and ſo War-like is *James* our great King;
The *French*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniard* here daily reſorteth,
And all other Nations their Complements bring;
For to Congratulate Great CÆSAR'S Glory,
Which ſpreads its clear Splendour o're all the vaſt *Globe*
Diſtractions are vaniſh'd of *Whigs*, and of *Tories*,
And ſeems contented from *Rags* to the *Robe*.

3

Then the *Hats* they flie off, & the Healths they go round us
To *James* our Juſt *Monarch*, & His Beauteous *Queen*,
The exceſs of our Joy, doth almoſt confound us,
A day of ſuch Glory was never yet ſeen;
I'th' midſt of our Bliſs, 'tis a ſin to be ſober,
We'll forfeit our freedom if we do not drink fair,
He's not a good Subject, nor yet a true Toper,
That puzles his Senſes with Politick care.

4

The Bells, and the Bonefires cannot interupt us,
Our Frolicks goe round, and aſcend to the Skie,
The poyſon of Policy ne're ſhall corrupt us;
The ſullen *Phanaticks* our company Flies.
Let us not conſume then our Brains with dull thinking,
But kill the long hours with Pleaſure, and Mirth;
We'd rather expire with overmuch drinking,
Than *Plotting*, and *Sotting* ſhould have a new birth.

5

To all the King's Enemies we'd drink confuſion,
To Politick *Plotters* Deſtruction and Shame,
We hope to convert them all in the Concluſion,
And by our example to play a ſure Game.
Whilſt their *Foppiſh* folly conſumes them with dulneſs,
And brings them at laſt to wry-mouth'd Grimaſs,
Our hearts enlighten'd with Joy and With Fulneſs,
When th' unpity'd *Plotter* doth die like an *Aſs*.

6.

'Tis we're the bold Heroes that Guard the Nation,
And raiſe its Glory more high than the Skies;
Our Voices exalt now this great *Coronation*,
And with Acclamations all wiſhers deſies:
Their Charms are too weak, our Joys for to hinder,
Which in our full Cups we cheerfully ſend,
There's not in our Station ſo bold an Offendre,
That dare but refuſe us to drink to the end.

7

The bounty of *Heaven* ſhow'r down all its bleſſings,
Upon our good King and His amiable Queen,
May no true Felicity ever be miſſing,
But in Their full Splendour be perfectly ſeen.
And may all Their Subjects with firm Loyal Duty
Obey with content Their eaſie Commands;
Like hearts that are Sacrific'd all to Her Beauty,
May Their Royal Precepts at no time withſtand.

Oate's

Oates's *Lamentation, and a Vision that appear'd to him since his Tryal; at the* Kings-Bench. *To the Tune of* State and Ambition.

1

A Due to my Title, of *Saviour* o'th Nation,
My Forty *Commissions*, and *Spanish Black-Bills*,
My twelve Pound a week, and hopes of Salvation,
Six Dishes a day which my *Demons* oft fills:
Now I must be whipt thro' each Country o'th' Kingdom
In each Corporation in *Pillory* must stand,
Out-face the contempt of all *Christians*, & when done,
Must return home for *Tyburn*, to hang & be damn'd.

2

I no God nor Devil believed nor feared,
Until since my Tryal one night in the Goal,
A Legion of Fiends in my Chamber appeared,
There over my Brazen-fac'd Conscience did quale:
They shew'd all my actions, my *Burns* and my *Postures*,
As we us'd to scamper on Flock-beds and Floors;
How I am the worst of all *Sodomites* Bastards,
I stuck to my *Bums* and kickt out all the *Whores*.

3

Then *Whitebread* & *Fenwick*, brave *Gavin* & *Harcourt*,
Turner and *Pickering*, *Coleman* and *Langhorn*,
Ireland, *Grove*, *Staley*; I deserve to hang for't,
And *Stafford* came bleeding and in the same form,
Their heads in their hands, they quite round me moved
Blood sprung as from Fountains where their heads had stood,
This *Vision* with horror my *Conscience* reproved
They left all my Chamber besmeared with blood.

4

No Mercy from God, nor Man I can hope, for
Abus'd both my Countrey, my God and my King,
The Destruction of all I most falsely have sworn for,
The most Loyal Families to ruine did bring;

Yet am ſo Caſe-hardned; I cannot repent it,
My Soul is ſwell'd bigger than it was before:
Black *Treaſon* or *Murder*, I ſtill would attempt it,
Were I to be Damn'd, and hang'd at the Door.

5

Tony and *Sidney* were left that imploy'd me,
Sent me to St. *Omers* a Plot for to find; [me,
They found me a *Fool* for their turn when they'd try'd
'Zounds, I all the while left the Plot here behind,
Which 3 parts o'th' Nation with *Tony* had ſigned;
Reſolv'd to Rebel, and our King to Dethrone;
But his Stars by providence, ours hath out-ſhined.
And left me like a Rogue to be hang'd all alone.

6

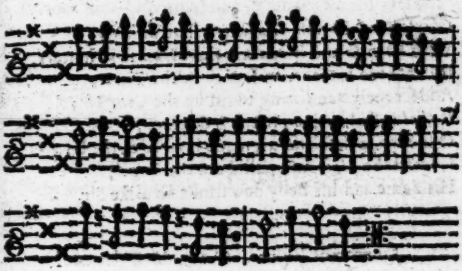
Twenty from St. *Omers* all proved me Perjur'd,
And Fifty from *Staffordſhire* made it as plain,
Ireland dy'd wrongfully to my Souls hazard,
And all that I ſwore againſt dyed the ſame;
Beſides, my own Evidence came in againſt me,
Call'd me Rogue, and ſpiller of Innocent Blood;
Yet ſtill I'll deny all to ſave thoſe advanc'd me,
Whoſe Party maintains me with *Gold*, *Drink* & *Food*.

7

Then he like a Hog fell to ſnorting I left him,
Ty'd up with his Irons and his bloody black Soul,
Content to be Damn'd as old *Tony* had taught him,
For Perjured Murder, no Fiend e're ſo foul:
Yet he muſt be hang'd for the honour o'th' Nation,
That *Innocent Blood* may not threaten the Crown
Of the King or Queen *Mary*, the Worlds admiration,
Whoſe *Scepter* ſhall flouriſh and ne're tumble down.

The

The Loyal Irish-man. *Tune,* Irish *Trot' or* Fingaul *Jig.*



1

MY bony dear *Shony*, my Crony, my Honey,
Why dost thou grumble, and keep in thy words
Sighing and crying, and groaning and frowning, [so?
Ah why dost thou still lay thy hand on thy Sword so?
What if the *Traytors* will talk of States-matters,
And rail at the King, without cause or reason:
We'll Love on, and let business alone,
For billing and kissing can ne're be found *Treason*.

2

Plotting and *Sotting*, and railing and fooling;
Gods Wounds, with the Rabble is now all the Fashion:
Swearing and Tearing, Cabalting and Brawling;
By *Christ* and St. *Patrick*, 'twill ruine the Nation:
He's but a *Widgeon* that talks of Religion,
Since Rebels are now the *Reformers* and *Teachers*,
Sodoms Disciples Debauches the People,
Good *Heaven* defend us from more of such *Preachers*.

3

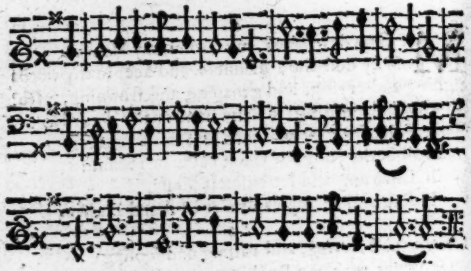
Visions, Seditions, and railing Petitions,
The Rabble receive, and are wondrous merry:
All can remember the fifth of *November*,
But no man the thirtieth of *January*. Talk-

Talking of *Treason* without and Reason,
Will lose the poor City its bountiful *Charter*;
The *Commons* harranging will them to hanging,
Tho' each Puppy hopes to be *Knight of the Garter*.

3

Clayton and *Payton*, *Rapillion* that Villain,
With *Corniſh* and *Ward* are the *Monarchy* Hunters,
Raſcals too low are, to Lodge in the *Tower*,
And ſcarcely are fitting to fill up the *Compter*;
Bethel is fled too, and *Tony* is dead too,
Our Fate to befriend us, made bold to ſtrike Sir:
Routed the *Bigot* and pull'd out the *Spigot*,
His Fame and his Body now ſtinks all alike Sir.

Ignoramus *Juſtice*. *Tune*, *Sir* Eglemore.



2

D'd you not hear of a *Peer* that was Try'd?
With a fa, la, la, la, la,
That look't like a Cask with a *Tap* in his ſide;
With a fa, la, la, la, la.
This *Noble Peer* to the Bar was call'd,
The Witneſſes ſworn, but the *Fore-man* out-bawl'd;
With a fa, la, la, la, la,

2 Then

2

Then up Sir *Samuel* did ſtart;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
And found the *Bill* not worth a *F--t*;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
With that the Court kept ſuch a ſtir,
The *Fore-man* ſhould prove to ſilly a Sir,
With a fa, la, &c.

3

The Witneſſes for the *King* ſwore plain,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But had they been as many again,
With a fa, la, la, &c,
The *Jury* before ſuch *Truths* receiv'd,
Nor them, nor St. *Peter* they would have believ'd;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

4

The Witneſſes brought him a *Traytor* in;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But the *Jury* found it another thing;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
For he who did ſtill his *King* oppoſe,
Is made a true Subject in ſpight of the Laws;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

5

Thus this great Lord of High Renown,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Th' exalted Idol of the Town;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Is clear'd by *Ignoramus-ſway*,
For betraying the *King* and the *Church* in a day;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

6

The *Rabble* to ſhew their *Loyalty*,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Did in full ſhouts with the *Jury* agree;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

They Bonefires made with great applause,
And all to maintain the *Good Old Cause*,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

7

And now in spight of *King* and *Queen*;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
More Jollity was in the streets to be seen:
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Than on the twenty Ninth of *May*,
Though it was the *Restauration* day;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

8

Another passage I chanced to hear,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
That the *Doctor* is fallen from the Front to the Rear,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
He to the *Saints* does now incline,
Abjures the *King*, and with *Rebels* combine;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

9.

Yet these pretend now for to inherit,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
(As Heirs do Estates) the *Light of the Spirit*;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Yet let them say or do what they will,
They'll find themselves *Ignoramus* still;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

10

But had it been a *Popish* Lord,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
One Witness then had serv'd in a word;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
They had not then enquir'd so far,
But found it, and never had stept from the Bar,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

11

If by this Law the *Charter* be lost,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Will

Will *Tony*'s Eſtate repay all the Coſt?
With a ſa, la, la, &c.
The Boys will then find out the Cheat,
And *De Witt* the Old *Canibal* in his retreat;
With a ſa, la, la, &c.

3

They'll curſe the Pate that ſtudied to bring,
With a ſa. la, la, &c.
Plague to the Countrey, and ruine to th' King?
With a ſa, la, la, &c.
Diveſted thus of 'Chitophels Pride,
They'l do him that *Juſtice* which *Juries* deny'd;
With a ſa, la, la, la, la.

Truth *Tryumphant, over* Perjury *Rampant*; *on the Tryal of the* Salamanca Doctor *at the* Kings-Bench-Bar, May *the* 8th. *and* 2th. 1685. *Tune, Sir* Eglemore.

1

THere was a *Doctor* of Antient Fame,
With a *Sa-la-manca la,*
He never was Chriſtned, yet carried the Name
Of a *Sa-la-manca la.*
A *Popiſh* Holder-forth was he,
A *Doctor* he was, yet ne'er took Degree,
At *Sa-la-manca, ſa-la, Sa-la-manca la.*

2

This *Doctor* he was a *Knigt of the Poſt*,
With a *Sa-la-manca la,*
And amongſt the *Evidence* rul'd, the Roaſt,
With a *Sa-la-manca la.*
He nothing but the Truth did ſwear,
But the Devil a word of Truth was there,
With a *Sa-la-manca,* &c.

3

A turn-coat *Orthodox* Divine,
With a *Sa-la-manca la,*
And cou'd amongſt the *Brethren* ſhine;
With a *Sa-la-manca la.*

A dangerous *Plot* he did diſcloſe
Againſt the King, yet ſtuck to his Foes,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

4

His Noſe was made of ſhining Braſs,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
With a Mouth in the middle of his Face,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.
When all the Pack was on the ſcent,
This *Blood-hound* he all the *Beagles* out-went,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

5.

The *Doctor* a ſtep had ſo damnable wide,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
'Twixt *London* and *Paris* he could eaſily ſtride,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.
One Foot in St. *Clements* at the *White Horſe*,
And 'tother aſtride at St. *Omers-Croſs*,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

6

He had a delicate *Eagles* Eye,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
Five hundred miles diſtant his Prey he could ſpy,
With a *Se-la-manca la*.
He could ſee old *Ireland* in the *Strand*,
And little *Don John* in the *Auſtrian* Band,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

7

Like *Jupiter* he had an Ear,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
At once all Mortals he could hear,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.
What's ſaid in *England*, *Spain*, or *France*,
Tho' he never heard *Truth*, but when he heard *Prance*,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

8

But now alas! by the Leg he is ty'd,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,

Which

Which has quite spoil'd his striding so wide,
With a *Sa-la-manca la.*
In Links and in Chains our *Jove* they bind,
And the *Doctor* is to one place confin'd,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

6

Thus clog'd with his Garters, and ready at call,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
The *Doctor* was summon'd to *Westminster-Hall*;
With a *Sa-la-manca la.*
With Joyful shouts, and Tuneful strains,
The Clog of his *Conscience* and the ratling of Chains,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

10

Of Witnesses a Noble Train,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
Came from St. *Omers*, *France*, and *Spain*,
With a *Sa-la-manca la.*
Both *Judge* and *Prelate* thither came,
To say what they cou'd in the *Doctor's* Fame,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

11

And now by what it did appear,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
And all the *Evidence* summon'd there,
With a *Sa-la-manca la.*
The *Asse* for all his long loud Ear,
Not one true word of himself could hear,
With a *Sa-la manca*, &c.

12

The first he heard was a Fatal Note,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
You are Guilty Sir *Rogue* of a Damnable *Plot*,
With a *Sa-la-manca la.*
But to hear himself *Perjur'd*, and *Damn'd* withal,
He had better have had no Ears at all;
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

13

Then Hanging had been his Diſtiny,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
And never diſgrac'd the *Pillory*,
With a *Sa-la manca la*.
But now he's bound in *Garter* and *Cuff*
To do Penance within a *Wooden-Ruff*,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

14

Not all his Spells can ſhun this Fate
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
Although the *Brethren* Pawn'd their Plate,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.
Although he Poyſon'd the Dog, with hope
Of ſcaping with 35 Fathoms of Rope,
With a *Sa-la-manca*, &c.

15

By many lengths here he out-run the *Plot*,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
When but one was predeſtin'd to be his Lot,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.
And may ſuch Fate all *Whigs* attend,
Who with Loyal pretence, prove *Rogues* in the end,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.

Unfortunate Jockey; *or* Jenneys *Lamentation for the loſs of* Jockey. *To an Excellent new Tune.*

1

TWa bony Lads were *Sawney* and *Jockey*,
Sawney was lewd, and *Jockey* unluckey,
Sawney was tall, well favour'd, and wity,
But I'ſe in my heart thought *Jockey* more pretty,
For when he ſu'd me, woo'd me, and view'd me,
Never was Lad ſo like to undo me,
Fie I cry'd, and almoſt dy'd,
Leſt *Jockey* ſhould gang and come no more to me;

2

Jockey would Love, but he would not Marry,
And I'se had a dread that I'se ſhould miſcarry,
His cunning Tongue with wit was ſo gilded,
That I'se was afraid my heart would have yielded;
For daily he preſs'd me, kiſs'd me and bleſs'd me,
Loſt was the hour methought when he miſt me,
Crying, denying, and ſighing, I woo'd him,
And muckle ado I had to get fro him.

3

But crrel Fate rob'd me of my Jewel,
For *Sawny* would make him fight in a Duel,
And down in a Dale with *Cypreſs* ſurrounded,
Ah! there to his death poor *Jockey* was wounded;
But when he thrill'd him, fell'd him, kill'd him,
Who could expreſs my grief that beheld him?
Raging, I tore my Hair for to bind him,
And vow'd and ſwore I'd ne're ſtay behind him.

4

I figh'd and ſob'd until I was weary,
To think my poor *Jockey* ſhould ſo miſcarry;
And never was any in ſuch a ſad taking,
As hapleſs *Jenny*, whoſe heart is ſtill aking,
To think how I croſt him, toſt him, and loſt him,
Too late it was to Coyn words to accoſt him;
Alone then I ſat lamenting and crying,
Still wiſhing each minuit that I were a dying.

5

Ah! *Jockey* ſince thou behind thee haſt left me,
And death of all joys and all comfort bereft me;
Thy deſtiny I will lament very mickle,
And down my pale cheeks ſalt tears they ſhall trickle;
To eaſe me of trouble each bubble ſhall double,
To think my *Jockey* ſo Loyal and Noble,
I'se grieve for to think that thoſe eyes are benighted,
Wherein mournful *Jenny* ſo much once delighted.

6

That blow Oh *Sawny* was baſe and unlucky,
That robbed poor *Jenny* of her deareſt *Jockey*,
A bonny boon Youth 'twas known he was ever,
To pleaſe his poor *Jenny* was ſtill his endeavour;
But 'twas fortune uncertain, our parting,
Procured and cauſed this breaking and ſmarting,
But whilſt I do live, 'tis reſolved by *Jenny*,
For *Jockeys* dear ſake, ne're to lig more with any.

7

Thus *Jenny* for *Jockey* lay ſighing and weeping,
Oft wringing her hands while others were ſleeping,
But *Sawny* to ſee her thus ſtrangely diſtreſſed
For the loſs of her Love, his heart was oppreſſed.
Tho' this deluder, view'd her, and ſu'd her,
'Twas all but in vain, for ſhe call'd him intruder;
And ſaid, if I die you for my Love, I will mock ye,
For you were the cauſe of the death of my *Jockey*,

8,

That bonny brave *Scot* hath left none behind him
That like to himſelf was worthy of minding,
His Fathers delight, and the joy of his Mother,
And *Scotland* before ne're bred ſike another;
When I think on his Beauty, let duty confute ye,
Death never before had ſike a great booty;
For all that do know him, do ſigh and bewail him,
But Oceans of tears now can little avail him,

9

Ah! *Jockey* there's none that are left to inherit
The *Tytle* of thy virtues, thou wonderful merit,
But whilſt I do live thou ſhalt not be forgotten.
I'll ſing out thy praiſe when thy Carkaſs is rotten.
For thou waſt the faireſt, rareſt, and deareſt,
And now thou art dead, like a Saint thou appeareſt,
I'll have on thy *Tomb-ſtone* theſe Verſes inſerted,
Here lies hopeleſs Jockey, *who was ſo true hearted.*

10 And

10

And when this thy *Motto* shall fairly be written,
There's none shall read but with grief shall be smitten,
And say 'twas pity that one so true hearted,
Should by cruel Death from his *Jenny* be parted.
And thus I with weeping, creeping, and peeping,
Look into thy Grave where thou dost lie sleeping,
Till sighing, my self I have brought to my end,
To shew that poor *Jenny* was *Jockeys* true Friend.

Tony's *Soliloques*. *Tune*, The Lamentation of a bad Market.

1

When the *Plot* I first invented,
I was ravisht in conceit,
To see its Frame so well cemented,
Varnish'd over with deceit.
It was an Infant of my Spirit,
Nay, the darling of my Soul,
If its contrivance be a merit,
By *Jove* the *Cooper* did well Boul.

2

For to give this *Engine* motion,
To arrive where it did tend,
I fill'd the Vulgar ears with notions,
And Gospel of my *Oaten* Friend;
I antidated all Transactions,
Distinguish'd Stiles of new and old,
In the State I made such *Fractions*;
Some I bought, and some I sold.

3

The *Mobile* I so Distemper'd,
With the *Magick* of my Care,
None but wou'd his Soul have ventur'd,
Where brave *Tony* bore a share?

Have

Have I not in *Abomination*
Held the *Mitre* and *Lawn-Sleeves*;
And Itcht at a second Sequestration,
To pull down such *Ghostly Theeves*.

2

Have I not taught the *Sanhedrim*
To Imperate, and not Obey?
Th' had *Genuflections* done to Them,
Which Men to Crowned heads do pay.
Then would I banter for Repeal
O'th' Five and Thirtieth of Queen *Bess*,
To make a way for *Commonweal*,
(The Centre of our happiness.)

5

How many hot and high Debates,
In favour of th' *Exclusive Bill*,
I bandy'd 'twixt the two Estates,
Th'effects of my depraved will!
By Subornation to the *Block*
I brought a *Guiltless Noble Peer*;
And trusted others to that Lock,
Which cost my *Back* — and me so dear.

6

In fine, poor profligated *Wretch*,
For to indulge my Minions spight,
My Sacred Conscience I did stretch,
And did Old *Rowley*'s Guards Indict.
I did Espouse all *Wickedness*,
And only lov'd what's purely evil;
In that alone was my excess;
Then take thy own *Associate Devil*.

A new Song on the Inſtalment of Sir John Moor, *Lord Mayor of* London. *Tune* St. George *for* England.

1

YOu *London* Lads rejoyce,
And caſt away your Care,
Since with one Heart and Voice
Sir *John* is choſen Mayor,
The Famous Sir *John Moor*,
Lord Mayor of *London* Town,
To your Eternal Praiſe,
Shall ſtand a Subject of Renown,
Amongſt your Famous Worthies
Who have been moſt eſteem'd;
For Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
Your Honour hath Redeem'd.
Sir John *he's for the Kings Right*,
Which Rebels would deſtroy,
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

2

When with a Hide-bound Mayor,
The *Town* was in Diſtraction,
Sir *John* clapt in the Chair,
And cur'd the *Hall* of Faction:
He to the People ſhew'd
Their Duty and Allegiance;
How to the Sacred King and Laſts
They pay their due Obedience,
Sir *George* unto the People,
A Loyal Speech did give,
But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
Your Honour did retrieve.
Sir John *is for Allegiance*,
Which Rebels would deſtroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

3.

When thou wast last, O *London*,
In Faction and Sedition;
By *Whigs* and *Zealots* are undone,
While they were in Commission;
When *Treason* like old *Noll*'s Brigade,
Did Gallop through the Town,
And Loyalty, (a tyr'd Jade)
Had cast her Rider down:
The Famous Sir *George Jefferys*,
Your Charter did maintain;
But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
Restor'd your Fame again.
Sir John *he is for Monarchy*,
Which Rebels would destroy,
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

4.

When the *Mayor* with *Sheriffs* mounted,
And Jealousies contriv'd,
And all the Town run after,
As if the Devil driv'd;
Then Famous Sir *John Moor*,
Thy Loyalty restor'd,
And Noble Sir *George Jefferys*,
Who did the Acts Record:
Sir *George* of all the *Heroes*
Deserves the foremost place;
But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
Hath got the Sword and Mace,
Sir John *he is for Justice*,
Which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

5

Sir *Patience* wou'd have the *Court*
Submit unto the *City*,
White-Hall stoop to the *Change*,
And is not that a Pity?
Sheriff *Bethel* (save Allegiance)
Thinks nothing a Transgression:

Sir

Sir *Tom* rails at the Lawful Prince,
Sir *Bob* at the *Succession*;
While ſtill the brave Sir *George*
Does their Fury interpoſe:
But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
Maintains the Royal Cauſe.
Sir John *is for His Highneſs,*
Whom Rebels would deſtroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

6

Sir *Patience* is for a *Parliament*,
Sheriff *Bethel* a *Petition*
Inſtead of an *Addreſs*,
Cram'd brim full of *Sedition.*
Sir *Tom* he is for *Liberty*,
Againſt *Prerogative.*
Sir *Bob* is for the *Subjects* Right,
But will not Juſtice give,
And brave Sir *George* does
All their Famous Deeds Record:
But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
Your Loyalty reſtor'd.
Sir John *he's for the Int'reſt,*
Which Rebels wou'd deſtroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

7

Sir *Patience* he calls for Juſtice,
And then the wretch will ſham us,
Sheriff *Bethel* he packs a Jury
Well vers'd in *Ignoramus*;
Sir *Tom* wou'd hang the *Tory*,
And let the *Whig* go free;
Sir *Bob* wou'd have a *Commonweatlh*,
And cry down *Monarchy.*
While ſtill the brave Sir *George*
Does all their Deeds Record;
But Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
Your Loyalty Reſtor'd.

Sir John *he is for Juſtice,*
Which Rebels wou'd deſtroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

8

And many ſuch Loyal *Mayors*
As honeſt *Sheriffs* find;
Such *Sheriffs* find a *Jury*
Will to the King be kind;
And may the King live long,
To rule ſuch People here?
And may ye ſuch a Lord *Mayor* find,
And *Sheriffs* every year:
That *Traytors* may receive
The Juſtice of the Laws,
While Sir *John*, Sir *John*,
Maintains the Royal Cauſe.
Sir John *is for the King ſtill,*
Whom Rebels would deſtoy,
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Coy Jenny, *and conſtant* Jemmy. *To the Tune of,* Tell me *Jenny*, &c.

Jemmy.

TEll me *Jenny*, tell me roundly,
When you will your heart ſurrender?
Faith and troth I Love thee ſoundly,
'Tis I that was the firſt Pretender:
Ne're ſay nay, nor delay,
Here's my heart, and here's my hand to,
All that's mine, ſhall be thine,
Body and Goods at thy command too

Jenny.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
Have you promis'd to be true to?
Fie, I think the Devil's in ye,
To hug a Body ſo as you do:

What

What d'ye do, let me go,
I can't abide such foolish doing;
Get ye gone, naughty Man,
Fie, is this your way of Wooing?

Jemny.

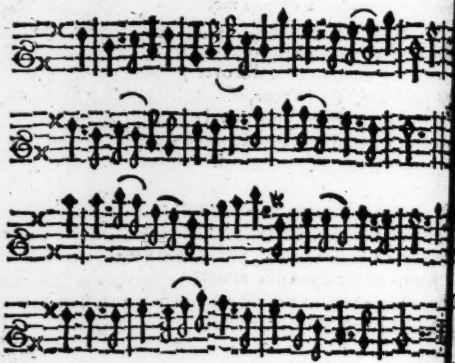
Prithee *Jenny* don't despise me,
Since I am thy Faithful Lover;
I above the *Indies* Prize thee,
And my mind to thee discover;
Take no care, for I swear,
Thou shalt be my only Jewel;
Grant Relief to my Grief,
Prithee Dearest be not cruel.

Jenny.

All your words cannot deceive me,
For I know you do but flatter,
When your will is gain'd, you'll leave me
For to mince upon the matter:
Therefore know, to your Bow,
I will never yield or bend to,
For I find, words are wind,
Whatsoever you pretend to.

Thus at length they both consented,
Nothing could these Lovers sever,
And their Friends were well contented,
They resolv'd to love for ever;
They went, with intent,
To the Kirk for to be Married,
Both did joyn, and combine,
Vex'd that they so long had tarry'd.

Loyalty unfeigned, or, the true Proteſtants *Admonition*
To an Excellent new Tune.



1

HOld faſt Thy Sword and Scepter *James*—
ſad times are coming on,
The murmures that do daily riſe,
Smell rank of *Forty One.*
When Subjects give their King advice
What their Expence ſhould be,
It is a ſign they love no Kings,
Or Kings themſelves would be.

2

But mark the *Papiſts* wills awhile,
And you will find them great,
How willing they are to act a new,
From *Forty One* to *Eeight*;
The World againſt them doth complain;
Their Cruelties abhor,
That take delight in curſed *Plots*,
To raiſe up Civil War.

3 They

3.

They Plotted on our late troubles here,
Though others puſhed them on,
Phanaticks they were in the Reer,
And *Papiſts* in the Van:
Whilſt thoſe who firſt imbroyl'd the State,
Did laugh at our ſad Woes,
When they beheld our ſtrong debate
Turn'd to unfriendly blows.

4

Till three great Nations ſweat in blood,
And many thouſands ſlain,
The Boſom of the Earth beſtrew'd,
Like dewy drops of Rain;
Then was the time that *Rome* laugh'd loud,
And ſported with our rage,
Till thruſting in amongſt the Crowd,
That did fierce Battel wage.

5.

Againſt the Lords Anointed King,
Perſwading 'twas the way
The Royal Power to nought to bring,
By killing him bore ſway;
This *Jeſuitick* Doctrine ſoon,
(Oh Fatal for to tell)
Trampl'd upon the Sacred Crown,
By it the *Mitre* fell.

6

Thus *Church* and *State* bled, whilſt *Rome*'s Whore,
The Scarlet Beaſt did ride,
The many-headed Factions bore
Her in her greateſt Pride;
And patiently ſuſtain'd the Yoak,
From which they deem'd them free,
For then Religon was a Cloak
To cover *Roguery*,

7

Nor can it be more grievous sure,
Than when the Proud commands;
Of *Usurpation* we induce,
Curb'd by our Equals hands:
Princes are Noble, and what they
Impose we can disgust,
In their Commands we God obey,
For they dispence Heav'ns trust.

8

Then let us all beware in time,
That *Rome* don't us deceive,
And evermore abhor the crime
Of such as seek *Geneve*:
Let the blood-thirsty *Villains* all,
And slaughter seeking Crew,
Of *Shismaticks* before the fall,
Great *Monarch* just and true.

9

Then will the Nation rest in peace,
Both *Church* and *State* will be,
Founded on perfect Happiness,
Great JAMES's *Monarchy*
Will then its former Lustre gain,
France then will stand in awe.
Who now does tryumpth o're the Main,
And give the Nations Law.

10

Remember, Kings are Gods on Earth,
For Heaven 'tis they bear sway,
And are most Sacred from their Birth,
Which binds us to obey:
Then let such perish who deny
Obedience to the Laws,
That do repine at *Majesty*,
Or seek the *Good old Cause*.

A Song upon the King of Poland, *and the Prince of the* Land of Promiſe. *Tune*, Hold faſt thy Crown and Scepter *Charles*.

1 *Prince.*

O *Poland Monſter* of our Iſle
Corruption of our Age;
Which on my Infant hours didſt ſmile,
'Till thou inflam'ſt the Rage
Of my Ambitious Soul, to ſore
Above its defil'd Sphear;
And *Icarus*-like. I now muſt low'r,
Transform'd into Deſpair.

2

Now all my Trophies of ſucceſs,
Are in Oblivion drown'd;
And none for me dare now Addreſs,
Where I hop'd to be Crown'd.
I by thy falſe blind *Plots* am ſham'd,
Fool'd from a glorious Sway,
Snatch'd from a Fathers Arms, and damn'd,
Like all that diſobey.

3

Thou call'dſt my neareſt Friends at Court,
Soft, eaſie, abſurd Tools,
That *Kings* were but for States-mens Sport,
The Councel, Knaves and Fools.
But I, poor I, find now too late,
Your *Poliſh* Grace can lie;
None prov'd more weak at the foils of State
Than poor ſilly *Tom* and I.

4

Now that Imperial *Crown*, which you,
For me ſo fit had made,
Is fal'n and broke, I know not how,
And all our Wiles betray'd;

Our foul Cabals, and *Wapping* Treats,
Retrench'd to secret Holes:
Treason the strength our Greatness waits
In these rough reared Walls.

Poland.

Thou mighty Prince, by the Elect,
I'th' *Land of Promise* sways;
Thy tim'rous Soul is the defect
Of our declining days.
What brighter prospect can'st propose,
To magnifie thy Name,
Than *Hearts* and *Arms* & *Power* of those,
That rule both Law and Fame?

6

The Rustick *Swains* want not the word,
No Magazines, nor Horse,
'Zounds Sixty Thousand by the Sword,
Defy both Fate and Curse.
They'l lay Three Kingdoms at our Feet,
In Blood and mangled Brains;
Then the *Train-Bands*, *Cinque-Ports* & *Fleet*,
At our Command remains.

7

Though *Rowley* and his Brother joyns,
And Wheel around the Park:
Like two Yoak't Oxen, tug and twine
'Gainst our Designs i'th' dark,
And wisely weigh; their Wits have wrought
Our Potent Partners fall;
That Conquest must be dearer bought,
Else *Tony* Hangs for all.

8

We have reserv'd Machines in Store,
To raise more daring Flames,
Than Mortals e're Conspir'd before;
Or Damned Furies Frames.
If e're a *Parliament* be call'd,
Our Representatives there

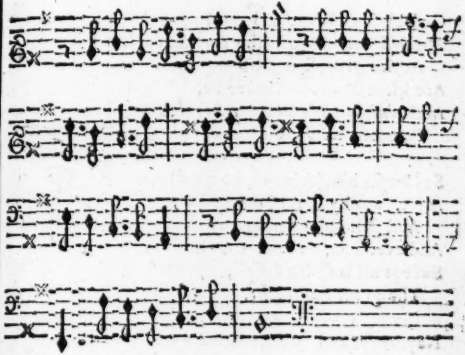
Shall

Shall ſcorn to be out-box'd or bawl'd,
In Countrey, Town, or Shire.

9

Then every Member of the *Cauſe*,
Amidſt the Rabble Rude,
Who ſhall decide the *Poll* with blows,
And quaſh the *Tory* Crowd,
Then ſtick to *Time*, whilſt Heads are hot,
Our Force together brings:
If this beſt *Plot*, at laſt fail not,
By *Chriſt*, we'll both be Kings!

The Plotting-Cards *revivd, or the New Game of Forty One. Tune*, I'll tell thee *Dick*, &c.



1

COme, cut again; the *Game*'s not done,
Though ſtrangely yet the *Cards* have run,
As if they pack'd had been:
Moſt likely are to loſe; and ſay,
They know not what's next beſt to play:
Such ſhuffling ne're was ſeen.

2

Look well (my Masters) to your hits,
And have about you all your Wits;
For high the *Play* does run:
Three Kingdoms now at stake do lie,
And *Rocks* all *Hocus-tricks* do try,
That ye may be undone.

3

On *Clubs* and *Spades* some wholly bett,
For they the most are like to get;
Whilst *Hearts* in vain contest,
And *Diamonds* too, (unto their cost
That have them) sure are to be lost:
The *Blackest Cards* are best.

4.

God bless all *Kings* and *Queens*, tho' now
The *best Coat-Cards*, (the *Lord* knows how)
At this preposterous *Game*,
Are like all to commanded be,
And *Trumps* with all their *Royalty*.
By every *Knavish Pam*----

5

So *Hewson* blind (tho' he be dead)
Alive, was by blind *Fortune* led,
And still did winning go;
And ever since we find, that he
Sweeps all with his *Effigie*,
The great *Pamphilio*.

6.

Nay, *Trays* and *Duces*, which were deem'd
The basest *Cards*, are now esteem'd
Prime ones, to win the day;
He that (you see) to gain the *Prize*,
For *Kings* and *Queens* you must despise,
And *Honours* throw away.

7

Thus the best *Cards* are now the worst,
And what was *Last* is become *First*:
No wonder now-a-days.

The Nation topsy turvey lies;
And (as 'twere, pleas'd with Contraries)
At losing Loads 'em *Plays*.

The Second Part.

1

THis is like some *Eutopian Game*,
Where *Servant-Maids* controll their *Dames*,
And *Kings* are *Subjects* made:
Felons, their *Judges* do Indict;
And he a *Traytor* is down-right,
Who falsly is betray'd.

2

A *Dunce*, who never took Degrees,
But such as lead to Villanies,
A *Doctor* is most sound:
And who, to furnish his own want,
Can seize *Gold Cross*, or *Silver Saint*,
A *Justice* is Renown'd.

3.

Who Horse to Battel never led,
But has with many Horses fled
Out of of his Neighbours Field,
A *Captain* was; and with his *Word*
Kills more, than with his duller *Sword*
He ever made to yield.

4

A *Villain* who can cheat his Lord,
Gets Chains of *Gold* instead of *Cord*,
And is from Prison freed;
For *Him*, who says he *Murder'd*, has
A *Pardon*, both for that does pass,
And all that e're he did.

5

Who for foul *Crimes* and *Forgeries*,
Has worn the *Yoak* of *Pillories*,
And has been *Whipt* about.

If he but add new *Perjury*,
He wipes off past *Iniquity*;
And speaks *Truth* without doubt.

6

He that had rather choose to die,
Than to redeem his life with lie,
Is th' only *Perjur'd Rogue*:
And they who damn themselves to live,
Sure signs of their *Probation* give,
For they're the *Saints* in *Vogue*.

7

Then *Play* away, (good Country-man,)
What *Hand*'s the best, is now most plain;
And boldly thou may'st *Stake*:
A *Pack* of *Knaves* together get,
And never doubt to win the *Set*;
For they the Voll will make.

The Kings Health, *set to* Farinel's *Grounds. In six Parts*

First Strain.

JOy to Great *Cæsar*,
Long Life, Love and Pleasure;
'Tis a Health that Divine is,
Fill the Bowl high as mine is;
Let none fear a Feaver,
But take it off thus Boys;
Let the King live for ever,
'Tis no matter for us Boys.

Second Strain.

TRy all the Loyal,
Defy all,
Give denial;
Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,

Nor

Nor any *Prig* here,
Or Sneaking *Whig* hero,
Of Cripple *Tony*'s Crew,
That now looks blew,
His Heart akes too,
The *Top* won't do,
His Zeal ſo true,
And Projects new,
Ill Fate does now purſue,

Third Strain.

LEt *Tories* Guard the King,
Let *Whigs* in Halters ſwing;
Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be ſham'd,
Let Bugg'ring *Oates* be damn'd;
Let Cheating *Player* be nick'd,
The turn-coat Scribe be kick'd;
Let Rebel *City* Dons
Ne'r beget their Sons;
Let ev'ry *Whiggiſh* Peer,
That Rapes a Lady fair,
And leaves his only Dear
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,
Be puniſh'd out of hand,
And forc'd to pawn his Land
T'attone the grand Affair.

Fourth Strain.

GReat *James*, like *Jehovah*, ſpares thoſe would un-
[King Him,
And warms with His *Graces* the *Vipers* that ſting Him;
Till Crown'd with juſt Anger, the Rebels He ſeizes;
Thus Heaven can thunder when ever it pleaſes.

Jigg.

THen to the *Duke* fill, fill up the Glaſs,
The Son of our *Martyr* belov'd of the *King*:
Envy'd and Lov'd.
Yet Bleſs'd from above,
Secur'd by an Angel ſafe under his Wing.

Sixth

Sixth Strain,

FAction and Folly,
And State Melancholly,
With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell;
Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty,
Then teach us our Duty,
For none e're can Love, or be Wise and Rebel.

Advice to the City, or the Whigs *Loyalty:*
To a Theorbo.

1

Remember ye *Whigs* what was formerly done,
Remember your *Mischiefs* in *Forty* and *One*,
When *Friend* oppos'd *Friend*, and *Father* the *Son*,
Then, then the *Old Cause* went rarely on;
The Cap sat a loft, and low was the *Crown*,
The *Rabble* got up, and the *Nobles* went down;
Lay *Elders* in *Tubs*,
Rul'd *Bishops* in *Robes*,
Who mourn'd the sad *Fate*
And dreadful *Disaster*,
Of their Royal *Master*,
By *Rebels* betray'd.
Then London be *wise*, *and baffle their Power*,
And let them Play the Old Game *no more*;
Hang, *hang up the* Shrieves
Those Baboons in Power,
Those Popular Thieves,
Those Rats of the Tower,
Whose Canting Tale the Rabble believes,
In a hurry, *and never sery*;
Merrily they go on,
Ey for Shame,
We're too tame. since they Game the Combat;
Tan, *ta*, *ra*, *ra*, *ra*,
Tan, *ta*, *ra*, *ra*, *ra*;
Dub, *a dub*, *and let the Drum beat*,
The strong Militia *guard the Throne.*

2 When

2

When *Faction* poſſeſſes the popular Voice,
The *Cauſe* is ſupply'd ſtill with *Non-ſence* and *Noiſe*,
And *Tony* their *Speaker*, the *Rabble* leads on,
He knows if we proſper, that he muſt then run.
Carolina muſt be his next Station of eaſe,
And *London* be rid of her worſt Diſeaſe.
From *Plots* and from *Spies*,
From *Treaſon* and *Lies*,
We ſhall ever be free,
And the Law ſhall be able,
To puniſh a *Rebel*
As cunning as he.
Then London *be wiſe*, &c.

3.

Rebellion ne're wanted a Loyal pretence;
Theſe *Villains* ſwear all's for the good of their Prince:
Oppoſe our *Elections*, to ſhew what they dare,
And loſing their *Charter*, Arreſt the *Lord Mayor*;
Fool *Jenks* was the firſt o'th' *Cuckoldy* Crew,
With *Ellis*, and *Jeykel*, and *Hubland* the *Jew*;
Fam'd Sparks of the Town,
For Wealth and Renown,
Give the Devil his due,
And as we fear,
Had their Sovereign been there,
Th had Arreſted him too.
Then London *be wiſe*. &c.

The Weſt-Country-man's *Song at a Wedding.*

1

UDs hearty *wounds*, I'ſe not to *Plowing*, not I Sir,
Becauſe I hear there's ſuch hard doings hard by Sir.
Thomas the *Minſtrel*, he's gone twinkling before Sir,
And they talk there will be or three more Sir,
Who the *Rat* can mind either *Tyard* or *Ball* Sir,
Or any thing at all Sir,
For thinking of Drinking i'th' *Hall* Sir, E'gad

E'gad not I, let Master fret it and storm it,
I am resolv'd; I'm sure there can be no harm in't;
Who would lose the sight of *Lasses* and *Pages*,
And pretty little *Sue*, when she ever ingages?
E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my Wages.

2

There's my Lord has got the curiousest Daughter,
Look but on her, she'll make the Chops on thee water.
This is the Day the Ladies are all about her,
Some to feed her, some to dress her, and clout her,
Ods bud, she's grown the veatest, the neatest, the sweetest
The pretty'st little rouge, & all men do say the discreetest,
There's ne're a Girl that wears a head in the Nation,
But must give place since Mrs. *Betty*'s Creation,
She's so good, so witty, so pretty to please ye;
So charitable kind, so curtious and loving, and easie,
That I'se bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
If *London* Town can e're send down such another.

3

Next my Lady in her gallant Apparel,
I'se not forget the thundring thumping *Barrel*,
There's such drink, the strongest head can't bear it,
'Twill make a Vool of *Zack*, or *White-Wine*, or *Claret*,
And such plenty that 20 or 30 good Vellows,
May tipple off their *Cups* until they lie down on their [*Pillows*. [head so
Then hit off thy *Frock* and don't stond scratching thy
For thither I'll go, *Ods Wounds*, because I've zed so.

The Dyet of Cowly.

NOw, now my Love, the greatest Oath that is,
None loves you half so well as I,
I do not ask your Love for this,
But for *Heaven's* believe me or I die;
No servant e're but did deserve,
His Master should believe that he does serve:
And I'll ask no more wages tho' I starve.

2 'Tis

2

'Tis no *luxurious* Diet; this, and ſure,
I can't by't too luſty prove,
Yet ſhall it willingly endure;
If I can but keep together Life and Love,
Being your Priſoner, and your ſlave;
I do not *Feaſts* nor *Banquets* love to have,
A little *Bread* and *Water*'s all I crave.

3

On a ſigh of Pity, I a year can live;
One tear will keep me twenty at leaſt;
Fifty, a gentle look will give;
A hundred, on one kind word I'll Feaſt:
A thouſand more added be,
If you an inclination have for me;
And all beyond is vaſt Eternity.

The Diſcoverers Diſcover'd. To a new Tune,

1

DOwn *Diſcoverers*, who ſo long have *Plotted*,
With holy ſhams to gull the Nation,
Both *Peer* and *Prelate* they uſeleſs Voted,
By the old Babes of *Reformation*:
Property's all their cry, *Rights* and *Freedom*,
Laws and *Religion* they pull down,
With old Inteſtine *Lance* to bleed them,
From *Lawn-Sleev'd Prelate* to *Purple Throne*.

2

Confound the *Hypocrites*, *Brumighams* Royal,
Who think *Allegiance* a tranſgreſſion;
Since to oppoſe the *King* is counted Loyal,
And to rail high at the *Succeſſion*:
Monarchy's Tyranny, *Juſtice* is cruel,
Loyaliſts, *Tories*, and *Rory Knaves*,
And *Dagon's* Liberty's a Jewel,
That we again may be *Brewers Slaves*.

3 Drink

2.

Drink, drink, my *Boys* since Plotting is in Season,
And none *Loyal* call'd but busie *Brats* of *Faction*,
Rome, *Rome*, no more thy Holy Treason;
We have those at home of more *Divine Extraction*.
We have *Peers* and *Parsons*, *Smiths*, and *Coopers* too,
Carpenters and *Joyners* of the *Reformation*;
All your Brood of *Cloister'd Jesuits* out-do,
To reduce to Duty a divided Nation.

3

Let *Whigs* and *Zealots* dabble deep in *Treason*,
And suck from the *Spiggot Heavenly Revelation*;
We in the Glass will find more solid *Reason*,
And our hearts inflam'd with nobler *Inquisition*,
Let them boast of honest *Brumighams* and true;
And with those Compose the *Kirk* and *Seperation*,
We have honest *Tories*, *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Hugh*,
We'll drink on and do more sevice for the Nation.

Five years Sham-Plots *discover'd in one true one. To the Tune of*, I told young *Jenny*, &c.

1

NOw Innocent Blood's almost forgot,
We have found the original grounds of the *Plot*,
Now every Moon-blind *Rebel* may know,
That Providence sees our Actions below.
Now *Oates* for *Pegs*, may pack up's Awls,
And there inform his Master,
To furnish Rooms, make fire in the Halls
For Company that comes after.

2

These are not like our *Plots* of Old,
When Evidence swore for Silver and Gold.
There are no Armies under ground,
No sham Magazine that ne're were found;

No

No *Spaniſh Pilgrims*, and *Black-Bills*,
But open profeſs'd *Traytors*;
Where *Perjury* ſpares, the *Sword* it kills,
Theſe are our Saint-like Satyrs.

3

Theſe are the Blades, detected by Laws;
In contempt of Juſtice decide it with blows.
Theſe are the Blood-hounds of our age,
That brought our late *Monarch* upon the Stage;
Yet theſe more *Barbarous Brutes* of ours,
Would murther both King and's Brother,
And lay the Guilt at Innocent Doors;
And ſtill continue the Murder.

4

From thence the Sacrifice begins,
To Maſſacre others for their own Sins:
And this has been the Plots ſupport;
Firſt made in the City, then forc'd on the Court.
But now the Myſtery's brought to light,
True Innocence is no protection:
Surpriſing Rebels dare not fight;
Their Souls are Imperfections,

5

If they had Butcher'd the Royal Line,
To murder its Friends they were to joyn:
The like was never on Record,
In the wide Wilderneſs of the World;
To Rob the Kingdom of all that's good,
And none but Rebels ſurviving,
To Lord it o're three Nations in Blood;
Each to be an *Oliver* ſtriving.

6

The *Saddle* is now on the right Horſe,
The *Whig* muſt mount for *Tyburn* in courſe:
For theſe can be no falſe Allarms;
We have their Confeſſion: the Men and their Arms.
Makes *Catch* perceive his Harveſt is near,
He ſwears, if his Horſe do not fail him,

He'll

He'll not take a Thousand Pound this year,
For what his Trade may avail him.

A Song upon Information. *To the Tune of,* Conventiles are grown so brief.

1

INforming of late's a notable Trade:
For he that his Neighbour intends to invade,
May pack him to *Tyburn*, (no more's to be said)
Such power hath *Information.*
Be good, and be just, and fight for your *King*,
Or stand for your Countries Honour;
You're sure by precise *Informatien* to swing:
Such Spells she hath got upon her.

2

To *Six Hundred* and *Sixty*, from *Forty One*,
She left not a *Bishop* or *Clergy-man*;
But compell'd both *Church* and *State* to run;
By the strength of the *Non-Conformist.*
The *Dean* and *Chapter*, *Scepter* and *Crown*,
(The *Lords* and *Commons* snarling)
By blest *Information* came tumbling down:
Fair Fruits of an over-long parling.

3

'Twas this that summon'd the *Bodkins* all,
The *Thimbles* and *Spoons* to the *City-Hall*,
When St. *Hugh* to the *Babes of Grace* did call,
To prop up the Cause that was sinking,
This made the *Cobler* take the Sword,
The *Pedler* and the *Weaver*:
By the pow'r of the Spirit, and not by the Word,
Made the *Tinker* wear *Cloak* and *Beaver.*

4

'Tis *Informatiorn* from *Valadolid*,
Made *Jesuits*, *Fryers* and *Monks* to bleed,
Recapitates Lords; and what not (indeed)
Doth such damnable *Information.*

In

In Cities burnt, and ſtick not to boaſt,
Without any mincing or ſcruple,
Of Forty thouſand *Black-Bills* by the Poſt,
Brought in with the Devils Pupil.

5

This Imp with her Jealouſies and Fears,
Puts all Men together by the Ears,
Strikes at *Religion*, and *Kingdoms* tears;
By Voting againſt the BROTHER.
This makes *Abhorrers*, makes *Lords* proteſt.
They know not why, nor wherefore:
This ſtrikes at *Succeſſion*, but aims at the reſt;
Pray look about you therefore.

6

This raiſeth Armies in the Air,
Imagining more than you need have to fear,
Keeps Horſe under ground, and Armies to tear
The Cities and Towns in ſunder,
'Tis this made the *Knight* to *Newark* run,
With his *Fidus Achates* behind him;
Who brought for the Father one more like the Son,
The *Devil* and *Zeal* did ſo blind him.

7

It Whips, it Strips, it Hangs, it draws;
It *Pillories* alſo without any cauſe,
By *Falſly Informing* the Judges and Laws,
With a trick from *Salamanca*:
This hurly-burlies all the Town,
Makes *Smith* and *Harris* prattle;
Who ſpare neither Caſſock, Cloak, nor Gown,
In their paltry tittle tattle.

8

'Tis *Information* affrights us all,
By *Information* we riſe and fall,
Without *Information* there's no *Plot* at all;
And all is but *Information*

That

That *Pickering* ſtood in the *Park* with a Gun,
And *Godfrey* by *Berry* was ſtrangl'd;
'Twas by *Information* ſuch ſtories begun,
Which the Nation ſo much have Entangl'd.

The Pot-Companions, or Drinking *and* Smoaking *prefer'd before* Caballing *and* Plotting. *Tune,* Thus all the day long we're frolick and gay, *&c.*

1

COme make a good Toaſt, and ſtir up the fire,
And fill the great Tankard of what we admire:
Then bring in a Paper of excellent Fogoe,
That we may perfume the whole houſe with the hogoe;
And here let us ſit, like honeſt brave Fellows,
That neither are *Tories* nor *Whigs* in an Ale-houſe.
And here let us ſit, like honeſt brave Fellows, &c.

2

We'll raiſe no diſputes of the Church or the State,
To waken the *Plot,* which has ſlept out its date;
Nor came we to treat of the Cities great *Charter,*
But only to drink to the Sons of the Martyr;
For better it is to be honeſtly ſotting,
Than to live to be hang'd for Caballing and Plotting.
For better it is to be honeſtly ſotting, &c.

3

Since Freedom or Death is not in our power,
What have we to do with the Lords in the *Tower*?
We'll leave them to Juſtice, let that take its courſe,
And ſet every ſaddle upon the right Horſe;
Tho' the *Witneſſes* fade, and the *Plot*'s almoſt rotten,
Yet *Presbyter Jack* will ne're be forgotten.
Though the Witneſſes fade, &c.

4

We have nothing to do with the Feuds of the Nation,
With Old *Magna Charta*, nor the *Aſſociation*:
Let *Shaftsbury* fancy himſelf to be Crowning,
Or beg his *Quietus*, and venture a Drowning,

Let

Let *Titus* ſwear on, and raiſe up his ſtory:
That's nothing to us, let the Saints have their Glory,
Let Titus *ſwear on*, &c.

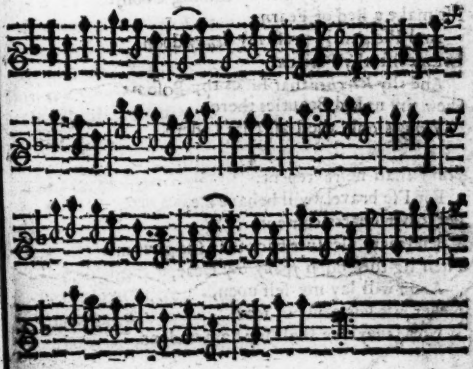
5

Tho' the *Spaniards* were landed which *Bedloe* recounted,
And all the Commiſſions which *Oats* gave were mounted;
And little *Don John* did lead theſe brave Fellows,
The Devil a foot would we ſtir from the Ale-houſe.
When they have rais'd Armies by praying & winking,
'Tis we that maintain 'em with ſmoaking and drinking.
When they have rais'd Armies, &c.

6

Then away to the King, let the *Tankard* go round,
May the *Plots* and the *Plotters* each other confound:
To His Highneſs the Duke and His *Royal Succeſſors*,
And every Member of Loyal Addreſſers:
To the honeſt Lord Mayor, & all other old Chriſtians;
But guard us, good Lord, from theſe whining *Philiſtins*.
To the honeſt Lord *Mayor*, &c.

Amorous Jockey, *or Yielding* Jenny.



1

Jenny my blitheſt Maid,
Prithee liſten to my true Love now,
I am a bony Lad,
Gang along with me to yonder Brow:
Au the Boughs ſhall ſhade us round,
While the *Nightingale* and *Linnet*
Teach us how the Lad the Laſs may woo;
Come & I'll ſhew my *Jenny* what to do.

2

I ken full many a thing,
I can Dance and Whiſtle too,
I many a Song can ſing,
Pitch the Bar, and I can Wreſtle too:
The bonnieſt Laſs of au our toon,
Gave me Bead-Lace, and Kerchefs many,
Only *Jenny* 'twas could win,
Jockey from au the Laſſes of the Green.

3

Thon lig thee doon my Bearn,
I'ſe not ſpoil thy gawdy ſhining Goon,
I'ſe make a Bed of Fearn,
And I'ſe gently preſs my *Jenny* doon.
Let me lift thy Petticoat,
And thy *Kerchef* that hides thy Boſom:
Shew thy naked Beauties there,
Jenny's only the Laſs that I adere.

4

Jenny ſhall ne're repent,
For I'ſe bravely will behave me,
But to her hearts content,
Send mere pleaſure back than ſhe gave me:
Then lig thee doon *Jenny* my Dear,
And I will lay my ſelf upon,
Never was leſs cauſe of fear,
Nor *Jenny* e're ſhall ſay I am undone.

Hyr

Her Answer.

Jockey sa wee'l compleat our Bliss,
I'se may justly fear he can undo
Any poor harmless Maid,
Whoever he pretends to woo:
But gin my *Jockey* loves me best,
I'se not wrestle long to saw doon,
Hee sa much Love sa weel expreſt,
I'se forgive thee moiling my gay Goon.

Then looking in her Eyes,
Now *Jenny*, now, quoth he's the hour,
She blushing *Jockey* cries,
Geud Sir use her kindly in yere power:
The Storm was now no more.
For *Jockey* fell a kissing of her Eyes,
And gave the combare o're,
Before poor *Jenny* had a mind to rise.

Then with a sigh she cry'd,
Is this your mighty blessing you adore?
Was it for this you dy'd?
And now you have it, will die no more;
Either convince me of the same,
Or else your words ne mere I'se credit,
Then try your skill to me again,
Or I shall swear that my poor *Jockey* is Wedded.

The present State of England. *Tune*, It was in the prime of Cucumber time,

Jack Presbyter's up, and hopes at one swoop,
To swallow *King*, *Bishops*, *and* all-a.
The *Mitre* and *Crown* must both tumble down,
Or the Kingdom, he tells you, will fall a.

Her

Sure 'tis a hard Fate, that to Prop up the *State*,
We must pull down the *State-Religion*:
But the Saints have a new one, more holy & true one
Compos'd of *Fox* and *Widgeon*.

2.

An Engine they've got, call'd a damn'd *Popish Plot*,
Which will bring in a *Thorough Reformation*:
Which tho't be half *Fable*, it mads all the poor *Rabble*,
And puts out of wits half the Nation.
Thus their work's quickly done, for each *Mothers Son*,
That to the *Church* or the *King* is *Loyal*,
Shall streight be indicted, or else be sore frighted;
To be brought to ther *Fiery Tryal*.

3

'Tis no more, but pretend he's to *Popery* a Friend,
The *Brethren* cry aloud he's a *Traytor*,
And their *Evidences* bring against him pretences,
And all of a *Treason'ble* Nature.
Th' *Impeachers* are such, so Honourable and Rich,
That no Bribe can to *Falshood* invite 'em;
Tho' they contradict themselves and ev'ry body else,
A good lusty Vote can right 'em.

4

No matter for blood, their Oaths shall stand good,
In despight of all circumstances:
The *City-Cabals* say they cannot swear false,
And each *Pamphlet* their Honour enhances.
Who dares to deny but one single lie,
Of the many they swear on their credit,
Must down on his knees, is rebuk'd and pays Fees;
And must cry *Peccavi*, he did it.

5.

If any's so bold their tricks to unfold,
Or offers to prove them Lyars,
Strait up steps another, and swears for *Rogues-Brother*
And flings the poor wretch in the Bryars,
Thus Villains, about ten, the worst scum of Men,
(While the *Godly Party* maintain 'em:

All *England* do Govern, and each such a *Sov'reign*,
The King must not speak against 'em.

6

Old *Noll* and's Dad *Nick*, have taught 'em a trick
To make *Plots*, and then to reveal 'em;
Thus runs round the Jigg of a Politick *Whig*,
Sure Pardon if they don't conceal 'em.
Then inspir'd they bring in for sad men of sin,
Any one that is Honest and Loyal:
But if Pardon's deny'd, all flock on *Fitz.* side,
To Hector the Mercy-Royal.

7

Thus most men for fears dare not for their Ears,
But *Whig* and his Rout to second,
Which if they refuse, they're far worse than *Jews*,
And *Papists* and *Traytors* are reckon'd:
And ev'ry poor *Ape* who for changes does gape,
And to be prefer'd by the *Party*,
To help *Good Old Cause* wide stretch his lean Jaws,
With loud lies to shew himself hearty.
And those Worthies three, *Care*, *Vile*, and *Langley*,
Do Publish as fast as they make them,
Their being in Print, signifies something in't,
And the *Rabble* for Gospel mistake them.

8

Mean while *Pendant* laughs, and at *Byter* scoffs,
And at's hot-headed Zeal does flout-a;
The *Coxcomb* to see thus shaking the Tree,
While he's ready to gather the Fruit-a.
Let *Papists* be hang'd, and *Presbyters* damn'd,
And may goggle-ey'd Traytors all perish,
But let *true hearts* all sing, long live *James* our King,
The Church and the State to cherish.

Rarce Show, *or the True* Proteſtant-Proceſſion. *To the* Nothumberland-man.

1

THis is the *Cabal* of ſome *Proteſtant Lords*,
A forging the turn that not long ſince they ha
Here *W—.—ton* ſitteth, and ſearcheth *Records*,
To find flaws in good Statutes, and varniſh the bad.

2

This is the Lord *Tony* that ſlily ſits here;
Who to ſham and contrive has never deny'd;
And rather than th' *Cauſe* ſhould fall thro' his fear,
He'll let out *Rebellion* by broaching his ſide.

3

This is popular *Perkin* that ſmirks and looks gay,
The Women extol the Spark up to th' Skie:
None Dances with ſo great a Grace, as they ſay,
Yet ſome body thinks that he capers too high.

4

Here flouriſhing *Eſſex* the *Tongue* o'th' Gang,
With *Rhetorical Artifice* fancies fine things,
Firſt vainly Compoſeth a talking Harange,
Then ſoſters a Villain in Libelling Kings.

5

Here's *Doctor Informant*, that never would ſtick,
To Traffick in Oaths, or tell a State Lie;
Obſerve how he firks all the *Jeſuits* about,
Firſt blew on a Beuk, and ſo *Papiſts God be we ye*.

6.

Here's *Wilmore*, that's troubl'd with ſcruples, & ſli
His *Citizens Conſcience* is nice and demure,
A *Trayter* s Indicted for Treas'nable things,
But he tells you 'tis falſe, he's Proteſtant ſure.

7

Theſe are ſome ſage *Citizens* that you ſee there,
Who, (out of their Zeal all our Rights to maintain,
And to keep out all Slav'ry have taken a care,
To put up in the ſtreets two Poſts and a Chain,

8 T

8

These are some Apprentices still do retain
Some *Tenets*, their Masters approve and allow;
They come to direct a wise *Monarch* to Reign,
Stead of sweeping of Shop, and cleaning of Shoes.

9

This is the *Committee* where *Grievance* is scann'd,
Where *Monstrous* dangers that threat'n the State,
Good Service is here by suspition trepan'd,
And *Allegiance* is reckon'd *Malignancy* strait.

10

Here's the *Synod* of *Saints*, that will sometimes refresh;
The fallings of Nature with means of their own;
They'll Preach you the *Mortification* of Flesh,
With Eyes up to Heaven, and Breeches let down.

11

These are the *Cabal* of the *Covenanteers*,
That think they maintain the Religion the best,
By pulling down *Churches* and their *Overseers*,
And routing the *Defender of Faith* with the rest.

12

These are the remains of the *Leveling Rump*,
That *stink* in the House, and fresh *Commons* annoy,
And lest the right *James* should be turn'd up *trump*;
They cry out, *all Court Cards* still their Gaming destroy.

13

That Lumber of *Trumpery* buzzing about,
Are silly *Subscribers* that comes at first dash,
To make up a large *Petitioning Rout*;
Of *Link-boys*, and all such true *Protestant Trash*.

14

These are the *Hucksters* that Treason retail:
They'll sell you a Sheet with a *Penyworth* in't,
There's our *Courantier Care*, and never will fail,
To Scribble, while *Langley* dares publish and Print.

5

That's the Club of a pack of Ingenious Friends,
That made *Charles* a *Scotch-Pedler* i'th' *Raree-Show*,

And I hope that our *Monarch*, to make 'em amends;
Will give them a yard of St. *Johnsons* or two.

On *the Throat-cutter of* Jack-a-napes-lane, *Tune*, Hang sorrow, cast away Care.

1

THere is an old story
That's much to the Glory
Of one who was call'd *Sophyrus*;
Whose Feats may be read,
Though the Man be dead,
By any that are desirous.

2

This Man had a Nose
(As you may suppose)
In the middle of his Face;
But he cut it off clear,
Like a brave Cavalier,
To get the Kings good Grace.

3

The manner is known,
So we'll let that alone;
Yet by the way you must note,
Though he slashed his Face
In a dangerous place,
He had a great care of his *Throat*.

4

Nor will any Man dare
This *Wight* to compare
With a *Heroe* that I can name;
Who, by cutting his *Throat*,
Grew a Man of great note,
And purchas'd Eternal Fame.

5

Sophyrus did well;
But *He* doth excel,
If he be but right understood:

For

For 'tis a plain caſe
As the Noſe on ones Face,
It was done for the *Peoples* good.

6

The deſign was brave,
The People to ſave,
By letting his own *Throat* bleed;
But the Fiend that repines,
At all good Deſigns,
Did hinder it to ſucceed.

7

For his hand being up
To ſpill the laſt drop
Of the Peoples ſaving Blood,
He made him flinch
But the other Inch;
And ſo prevented the good.

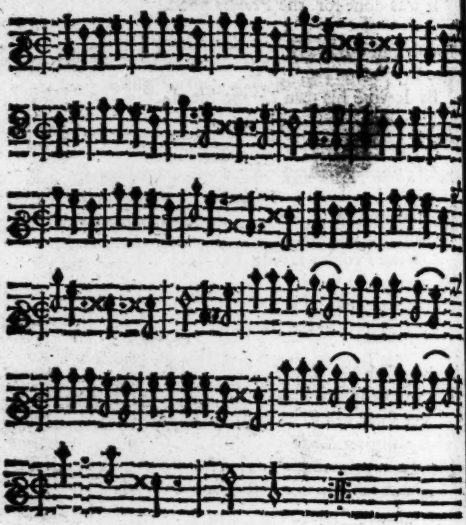
8

So he uſeth his *Throat*
For the People to *Vote*;
Yet ſome are ſo wicked, to hope
This obliging *Knife*
(Though it then ſpar'd his life)
Has mark'd a fair place for the *Rope*.

9

Now, whoever bears ſpleen
To the *King* or the *Queen*,
Or to *James* the *Duke* of *York*;
He ſhall have my *Vote*
For cutting his *Throat*,
Provided he'll perfect the work.

Titus Oates's *Exaltation. To the Tune of,* Sike a Wife as *Willy* had.



1.

Sike a life as *Titus* led,
As *Titus* led, as *Titus* led;
When *Laird* was *Rascal*, *Lady Jade*,
He'll never lead again *Joe*:
Commissions and *Black-Bills* he had,
which did uphaud the *Swearing-Trade*,
And au the Land play'd *hey go mad*,
The like was never seen *Joe*.
He swore it out through thick and thin,
Through twa *Inch Beurd* saw au within,
And for the *Truth* pawn'd Sayl and Skin,
Most deftly done of him *Joe*,

2

His *Pilgrims* and his *Narratives*,
His *Pilgrims*, &c.
Prepar'd for *Pape* and *Prelates* sleeves,
He'll never see again *Joe*;
Before the *Plot* ran Retrogade,
Then ev'ry *Bully* was a Blade,
And *Sceptre* level'd with the *Spade*,
The like was never seen *Joe*.
Had we prevail'd against the *Duke*,
I will be sworn upon a Beuk,
He'd done the rest by *heuk* or *creuk*,
And au had been our ain *Joe*.

3

Sike a Trade as *Titus* drave,
As *Titus* drave, *&c.*
When these 3 Nations he did save,
He'll never drive again *Joe*;
Ten Pounds a week he did receive,
And muckle mair the *Godly* gave,
And there was naught but ask and have,
The like was never seen *Joe*.
But to *Tyburn*, *Titus* trigs,
In company of th' *Godly Whigs*.
To Dance, and sing *Geneva-Jigs*,
And there's an end of him *Joe*.

A SONG. To an Excellent new Tune.

4

YOu I Love, by *Jove* I do,
More than all things here below,
With a Passion far more great
Than ever Creature Loved yet,
And yet still you cry forbear,
Love no more, or Love not here.

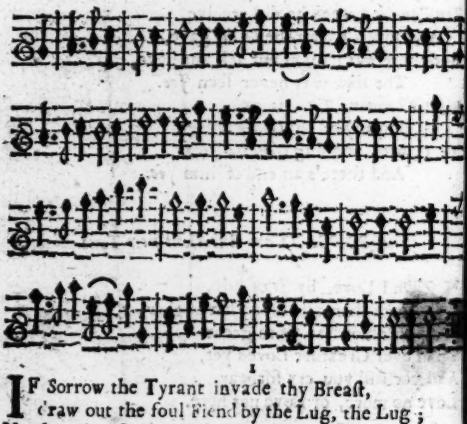
2.

Bid the Miſer leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched ſigh no more,
Bid the Old be Young again,
Bid thee now ne'r think on Man.
Silvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then ne'r think on you.

3

Love's not a thing of choice, but Fate,
That makes me Love, makes you to hate;
Silvia then do what you will,
Eaſe or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel, falſe or true,
Love I muſt, and none but you.

The MUG-HOUSE.



1

IF Sorrow the Tyrant invade thy Breaſt,
Draw out the foul Fiend by the Lug, the Lug;
No thought of to-morrow diſturb thy reſt,
But daſh out its Brains with a *Mug*, a *Mug*.

If buſineſs unluckily go not well,
Let dull Fools their ill Fortune hug,
To ſhow our *Allegiance* we'll go to the *Bell*,
And drown all our cares in a *Mug*, a *Mug*.

2

If thy Wife be not one of the beſt, the beſt,
Admit not a reſpit to think, to think,
Or the weight of thy Forehead weigh down thy Breſt
Divert the dull *Demon* with drink, with drink.
If thy Miſtreſs prove peeviſh, and will not gee,
Ne'r pine, ne'r pine, for the ſcornful *Pug*,
But find out a prettier, and kinder than ſhe;
And baniſh Deſpair with a *Mug*, a *Mug*.

3

Let *Zealots* o're Coffee new Plots Divine,
And lace with freſh *Treaſons* the *Pagan* Drug;
With Loyal blood flowing in our Veins that ſhine,
Like our Faces inſpir'd with the *Mug*, the *Mug*.
Let Sectaries Dream of Alarms, Alarms,
And Fools, ſtill for new changes tug,
We Fam'd for our Loyalty, will ſtand to our Arms;
And drink the *King's Health* in a *Mug*, a *Mug*.

4

Then, then, to the *Queen*, let the next advance,
With all Loyal Lads of true *Engliſh* Race,
That ſcorn the ſtum'd Notion of *Spain* and *France*;
Or to *Burdeux* or *Burgundy* to give place,
The Flask and the Bottle, breed *Ach* and *Gout*,
Whilſt We, We all the Seaſon lie ſnug;
Not *Spaniard* not *Florentine* can vie with our *Stout*,
And *Monſieur* ſubmits to the *Mug*, the *Mug*.

The Whig *Triumphant, or the* Doctor *Rampant. Tune,* King *James's* Jig.

1

THere was a brave Doctor (as ever you ſaw)
But not of Divinity, Phyſick, nor Law;
He cureth Diſeaſes, (but all by the Rope)
And maketh a Felon of old Gaffer *Pope*.

Hele

He Drinks, he Swears, and bravely can Lie;
But all's found out to be Perjury.
But ſtill he's a *Doctor*, though damnable *Oates*,
The Forger and urger of Fopperies and Plots.

2

He *Britain* did blind, made Loyaliſts mute,
And forced *Tyburnia*, *Tyber* ſalute.
The day it was dark, the wind it did blow,
The *Weather-cock* waver'd, and turn'd to and fro:
Betwixt the Cabal of *Tory* and *Whig*,
Poor Loyalty ſeem'd to be Cuſhion big.
Sedition did wear a counterfeit Face,
And turn-coat *Treaſon* did run for the Race.

3

Brave *Titus* he ranted, he ſwore, and look'd big,
His Head was a *Tory*, his Heart was a *Whig*;
He hugged Religion, he hacked in twain
The Church and the State, (by *Lager-de-main*)
But now he's promoted to Preach in a *Tub*,
Where he muſt drink Dirt inſtead of old Bub:
The *Pillory* ſhrinks, and cries (with a yelp)
Dear Siſter *Tyburnia* lend me your help.

4

But *Sonipes* jumps and flings at her Bridle,
And calls him a Raſcal both lazy and idle:
She ſwears if her maſter ſhould tie to her tail
A Coole, and a Callet, a Sword and a Flail,
She'll ne'r be diſgrac'd to ride with him Poſt,
Who hath three Nations ſo ſadly toſt.
She Gall'd with Gentlemen Rogues to the Skin,
And will not be Jaded with Junkets of Sin.

5

The heads of the Bear are lumped in one,
And here is a Beaſt to wonder upon:
Then muſter your *Eggs*, and (*'Zounds with a Pox*)
Make ready, Preſent, and Fire at the *Fox*.

But left the *Chamelion* dart from his Tongue
Rebellious Root, that lurks in his Lungs.
Keep your due distance, his Mouth's a Bumbal;
His mental reserves will batter us all.

6

The wind Hurricano that blew in his Brain.
Was but a *Granado* bumbasted with Gain:
For Reason could never admit such a Sot,
The Member-confounder of O cruel Plot!
Then shut *Mouth* and *Nose*, and wink with your *Eyes*,
The Canibals breath's invected with lies,
With *Turnep* and *Dung* then charge him a fresh,
The *Oates* they are ripe and ready to thrash.

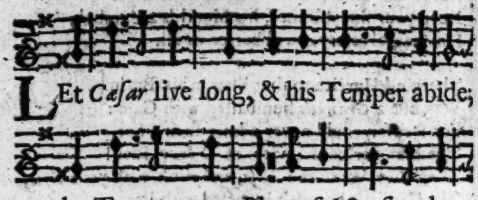
7

The *Doctor* he's Jolly, and now he must Dance
A Jig of his folly, in *Flanders* and *France*.
The Musick is sweet, the Whip and the Wheel
Will make the Cart tumble, the *Doctor* to reel:
His Right it is sure, his Evidence clear;
His Sallary's paid him every year.
Not Money, nor Gold, but blows on the Back,
For O *Bloody Oaths!* and many a base Act.

8

Should it be his Fate (as needs he must fear)
To leap from Pillory up to the Meir;
She'll swear she had never such Rider before;
She'll kick, and she'll caper, call *Son of a Whore*,
Tho'ts not worth the while to praise him in *Verse*,
Megrs may write on his three legged *Horse*,
Here lies the Politick, the brave TITUS OATES,
The Damnable Doctor of desperate Plots.

The King's *Health.*



2

Let Royal *Almanzor* Great CÆSAR ſucceed,
And *England* from *Factions* for ever be freed;
Through endleſs Succeſſions may His Line ever run,
By Sea, and by Land, who ſuch wonders has done.
May His Iſſue increaſe, and theſe Nations Rule o're,
Until Ages laſt Period, and *Time* be no more.

A New Song.

1

THat Man's a Wretched thing,
Who Loves like me in vain;
Whoſe hopes no comfort bring,
Whoſe Heart endures the Sting
Of undeſerv'd Diſdain:
Whoſe Love is ſtill his King,
Whoſe *Truth* is ſtill his Pain!
Whoſe days with Sighs o'recaſt,
His Nights in tears are paſt,
Still wiſhing for his laſt;
And that does ſhun him too!
Whoſe life is his Diſeaſe,
Innur'd to Cruelties,
Which ev'ry day does ſtill renew.

2

No more I'll grieve in vain,
And not be underſtood;
No more will I complain
Of your unjuſt Diſdain,
To give my ſorrow Food,
My ſtory ſhall remain
In Characters of Blood.
To ſlight a Sacrifice
We offer from our Eyes,
To cruel Deities:
Regardleſs of our Fate;
But now your Storm give o're,
For I'll Offend no more:
My Death my Crime ſhall Expiate.

Oates's *Bug---Bug---Boarding-School at* Cambewel: *Tune,* Lord *Russel's* Farewell.

1

ROuse, rouse, my lazy *Mirmidons,*
And muster up our Tribe;
See how the *Factious Fancies* stand,
To trim or cross the Tide:
Invite 'em to my *Vaulting* School;
The *Saints* for freedom tell,
How they may live without control
With me at *Camberwel.*

2

There all Provision shall be made
To entertain the best;
Old Mother *Cresswel* of our *Trade,*
For to rub down our Guests:
Three hundred of the briskest Dames,
In *Park* or *Field* e're fell;
Whose *Amorous eyes* shall charm the Flames
O'th' Saints at *Camberwel.*

3

For my own spending I will keep
Of Boys three hundred more;
They are to my *Appetite* more sweet,
Than *Bawd* or *Bucksom Whore.*
The *Turk's Seraglio* we'll revive,
He sinks so fast for *Hell:*
Our *English Turks* may *Plot* and thrive
With me at *Camberwel.*

4

That Sacred place shall tempt his *Grace,*
Once more from Friends to fall;
We'll leave these new-found sweets to trace,
Both *Moor-Park* and *White-Hall.*
For *Gray* and *Tom,* 'tshall be their home,
To kiss secure, and dwell,
Where ev'ry Lass shall hug his *Grace,*
In my sweet *Camberwel.*

5 *Patience*

5.

Patience ſhall from the *Cock-loft* creep.
And here have free acceſs,
To ſwear and drink, to Whore and ſleep:
Such Virtues we profeſs.
Waller, his Pots of *Veniſon*,
He took from *Prieſts* may ſell:
His *Amber-Necklaces* make known
Our Saints at *Camberwell*.

6.

Player may meet his Miſtreſs here,
Sometimes Sir *Robert's* Wife;
They free from care, in Joys may ſhare;
It may prolong ones life.
That daring *Gibbet* 'fore my Gate,
I'll tear him down to rights;
Becauſe no Emblems of ill Fate
Shall fright our Amorous Nights.

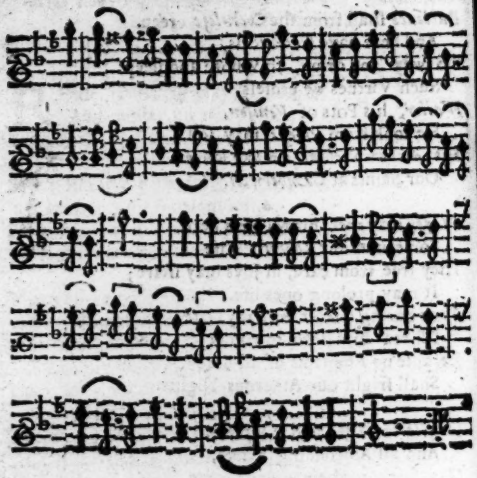
7.

Argile and *Lob*, and *Ferguſon*,
And all Abſconding Saints,
May ſafely to their Saviour come,
And taſt our ſweet contents:
Our largeſt Rooms to friſk and ſport,
Beds round, and Curtains drawn;
The Life and Scene of *Venus* Court,
Excelling *Emperor's* Throne.

8.

All naked round the Room we'll Dance,
Fine Limbs and Shapes to ſhow;
In pairs by Candle-light advance,
In dazeling Poſtures go:
Here every Man obtains his choice,
Siſter: *Madam*, or *Nell*:
We'll have *Papillon* and *Duboys*,
To my ſweet *Camberwell*.

A Love SONG,



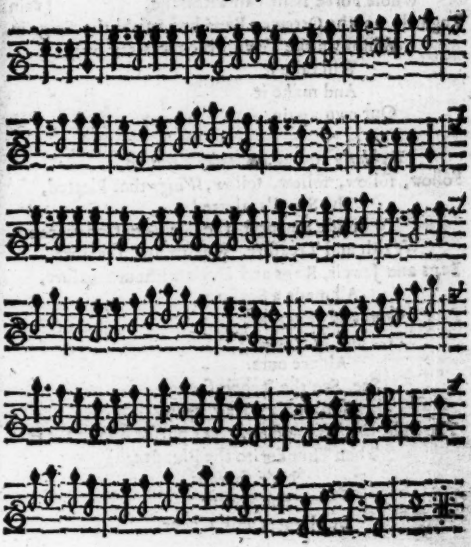
WHen firſt *Dorinda*, your bright Eyes,
Had made my Heart your Slave;
In vain I ſought for to diſguiſe
The Fortunes that you gave.
Durſt hardly call my Fate unkind,
Or to my ſelf complain;
For fear ſome buſie liſtning mind
Shou'd over-hear my Pain.

2

Your Beauty did my Paſſion awe,
So great your Virtues were;
That all around I nothing ſaw,
But proſpects of Deſpair.
Fond heart (I cry'd) hide, hide thy Love,
Thy too fond thoughts reclaim;
But all in vain, alas I ſtrove
To hide a raging Flame.

On

On the Seige of BVDA.



1

SOund the *Trumpet*, ſound the *Trumpet*,
Tara, *tara*, *tara*, *tara*, let the *Drum* beat,
The *Canons* thump it,
Sound a Charge, the *Chriſtian* our Valour calls;
To the *Trenches*, to the *Trenches*,
Dub, *a dub*, *a dub*, *a dub*, the Storm commences,
In vain defence is;
The *Pagan Turk*,
Shall never lurk
In *Buda*'s Walls.

Lorain

Lorain that mighty Man,
Whose Force none can withstand, [vain
Regards not the *Ottoman* Band has rais'd the Seige in
Whilst we the Town which was our own,
Will take it
And make it
Our own again.

2

Teckley's routed, *Teckley*'s routed,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, *Whigs* that Plotted,
The Spoyl's alotted;
To divide amongst the *Christian* Conquerours,
Wealth and Treasure, Wealth and Treasure,
Rags and Jewels, Rags and Duels without measure,
All made a Seasure;
Guns and *Waggons*,
Pots and *Flaggons*,
All are ours.
See, See the Rebels frown,
With ne'r a Rag upon,
The light *Cavalry*, and *Dragoons* pursue him in the rear,
Then Thunder to the Plunder,
Ne'r spare it,
The Claret
Our Hearts will Cheer.

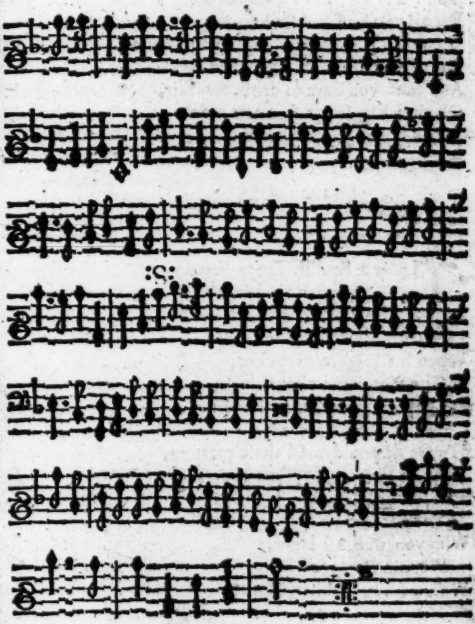
3

Charge a Bumper, charge a Bumper,
Melancholly, Pride, and Folly sease the *Rumper*;
Whilst we a Number,
Sacrifice to Pious *Charles*, his Peacefull Shrine:
Charge again Boys, Charge again Boys,
Peace and Plenty, Ages twenty,
Crown the Reign Boys,
Of Royal *James* Boys;
'Till Heav'n approves a Race of *JOVES*,
Spring from His Line;
Then to the War-like *Pole*,
Lorain that Valliant Soul:

The

The *Atlas* whose powerful Arms support the *Christian* [*Throne*,
To *Scultz* no less,
We wish Success;
'Till thus Boys, and thus, the Proud *Turks* run down.

A new Song.



LEt the Trumpet sound,
And the Glass be Crown'd,
Whilst the Health goes round,
To the Heart that's sound and Loyal;
Drink away Sir, nay Sir, pray Sir, Make

Make no delay, nor think it any ſin,
To fill it to the brim,
And then begin to the King,
The Duke, and all the Royal Family.
If you ſay 'tis too big,
You'r a *Whig*, and I care not a Fig;
For all you huff and look ſo fine,
'Zounds I'll make you drink your Wine:
But if you are a Man of War,
And that you dare to drink but fair,
Oh then I'll ſwear you are a dear
And welcom Brother here.

A New Song. To an excellent new Tune.

1

'TWas a Fooliſh fancy *Jemmy*,
To put your truſt in *Tony*;
He dipt ye all in *Treaſon*,
Then humbly dy'd in ſeaſon,
When his *Spiggot* dropt out,
The Plot came about,
Far beyond your *Graces* Reaſon.

2

'Twere fit you'd mind theſe matters,
And help your Brother *Traytors*,
You left your Friends together,
To ſhift for one another;
Who you well all know,
Were in *Portugal-Row*
With a Lady and her Mother.

3.

When you went from *Jermyn-ſtreet* Sir,
You Friends you went to meet Sir,
Poor *Betty* was much griev'd Sir,
You could not be believ'd Sir;
Had ſhe been in the way,

You

You had carried the day;
But alas you were deceiv'd Sir.

4

Frank N---t's wondrous hearty,
And argues for the Party;
His parts are most inviting,
And lately shin'd in Writing,
And he hath in his Face,
As much Wit as you've Grace;
Which to say the truth, is Biting.

5

Thus Sir while you're attended,
Your troubles will be ended;
Keep *Frank* still for your Writer,
And *P-----y* for your Fighter;
And to ad to your sway,
Turn *P---r* away,
And make poor *Ha----t* fright her.

6.

Let *For---s* have a place too,
About your mighty *Grace* too;
For *Ch---ton* hath great Reason
To look out sharp in season,
Give *Gibbons* his place,
To a Nobler Race,
And take Sir *R----d M----n.*

7

For he hath more wit than any,
To turn and wind the Penny,
He'll lie beyond all measure,
In Pimping is his pleasure:
And he's for his part
More a *Rogue* in his heart,
Than *Grey* or *Armstrong* either,

8

May Friends like these protect ye,
And only these respect ye;

XUM

May *Halters*, *Chain's* and *Fetters*,
Crown all Rebellious *Traytors*;
Then in a short space
I'll wait on your *Grace*,
With a List of all your Creatures.

A New Song, to an Old Tune, Tom of Bedlam.

1

MAke room for an honest *Red-coat*.
And that you'll say is wonder,
The *Gun*, and the *Blade*,
Are his *Tools*,---- and his *Trade*,
Is for Pay, to Kill, and Plunder.
Then away with the Laws,
And the Good Old Cause,
No't talk o'th' Rump, *or the* Charter,
Tis Cash *that does the Feat.*
All the rest's but a Cheat,
Without That, there's no Faith, *nor* Quarter.

2

'Tis the mark of our Coyn, *God With Us*,
And the Grace of God goes along with't
When the *Georges* are flown,
Then the Cause goes down,
For the Lord is departed from it.
Then away, &c.

3

For *Kin'*, or for *Geneva*
For the *Table*, or the *Altar*,
This spawn of a Vote,
He cares not a Groat----
For the Pence, he's your Dog in a *Halter*.
Then away, &c.

14

Tho' the name of *King*, or *Bishop*,
To *Nostrils* pure may be Loathsom,
Yet many there are,

That

That agree with the *Mayor*,
That their Lands are wondrous toothsom.
Then away, &c.

3.

When our Masters are poor, we leave 'em,
'Tis the *Golden Calf* we bow to:
We Kill, and we Slay,
Not for Conscience, but Pay:
Give us that, we'll fight for you too.
Then away, &c.

6

'Twas that first turn'd the *King* out;
The *Lords* next, then the *Commons*:
'Twas that kept up *Noll*
Till the Devil fetch'd his Soul:
And then it set the *Bum* on's.
Then away, &c.

7

Drunken *Dick* was a lame *Protector*,
And *Fleetwood* a backslider:
These we serv'd as the rest,
But the City's the Beast,
That will never cast her Rider.
Then away, &c.

8

Then the *Mayor* holds the *Stirrop*,
And *Shrieves* cry, *God save your Honours*;
Then 'tis but a Jump,
And up goes the *Rump*,
That will spur to the Devil upon us.
Then away,

9

And now for a fling at your *Thimbles*,
Your *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Whistles*,
In truck for your Toyes,
We'll fit you with boys: [*Butchers Wife.*
'Tis the Doctrine of *Hugh Peters.*)* To the
Then away, &c.

10

When your *Plate* is gone, and your *Jewels*,
You muſt be next intreated,
To part with your *Bags*,
And ſtrip you to *Rags*,
And yet not think y'are cheated.
Then away, &c.

11

The truth is, the *Town* deſerves it;
'Tis *Brainleſs*, *Heartleſs Monſter*;
As a Club they may bawl,
Or declare at their *Hall*,
And yet at Puſh not one ſtir,
Then away, &c.

21

Sir *Arthur* vow'd he'll treat 'em,
Far worſe than the men of *Cheſter*:
He's bold, now they'r Cow'd,
But he was nothing ſo lowd,
When he lay in the ditch at *Leſter*.
Then away, &c.

3

The Lord hath left *John Lambert*,
And the Spirit, *Feak's Anointed*,
But why O Lord,
Haſt thou ſheathed thy Sword,
Lo, thy Saints are diſapointed.
Then away, &c.

4

Tho' Sir *Henry* be departed;
Sir *John* makes good the place now,
And to help out the work
Of the Glorious *Kirk*,
Our *Brethren* march apace too,
Then away, &c.

15

While *Divines* and *State-men* wrangle,
Let the *Rump-ridden* Nation bite on't,

There

There are none but we
That are ſure to go free,
For the Souldier's ſtill in the right on't.
Then away, &c.

4.

Your Maſters won't ſupply us
With Money, Food, and Cloathing:
Let the State look to't,
We'll find one that will do't,
Let him live' we'll not damn for nothing.
Then away with Laws,
And the Good Old Cauſe,
Ne'r talk of the Rump, *or the* Charter,
'Tis the Caſh does the Feat,
All the reſt's but a cheat,
Without That there's no Faith nor Quarter.

An Excellent new Wedding Song.

BEhold the Morn'dawns,
The Lark hath Sung,
Eternal be your Bleſs,
Continue always young;
And every day you awake,
Your Love like this;
And every day you awake,
Your Love like this.

2

Conſummation with the riſing *Sun*,
Be lovingly perform'd as now begun;
But huſh the *Bride*'s aſleep, forbid the morning
But huſh the *Bride*'s aſleep, forbid the morning
Cock to Crow ſo loud,
Diſperſe the buſie Crowd;
For fear too early waking make her weep,
For that, now loſt, ſhe could no longer keep.

3

Advance again, and ſmilly Sing,

And with a Murmring tone,
Such pleasure to 'em bring;
That to our Voices they may Dream alone:
And gently waking, let Loves charms renew,
As Trees that Blossom, and ripe Fruit do shew.
But hark, the Crowd return!
Let us conclude our Harmony with this
Delightful hearty wish,
That still increasing Joys may always burn,
And at Loves Port may Anchor every morn'

A new SONG *Sung before the* Loyal-Livery-Men *in* Westminster-hall *July* the 19*th.* 1684.

HArk! how *Noll* and *Bradshaw*'s *Heads* above us
Cry, come, come, ye *Whigs* that love us
Come, ye faithful Sons, fall down, and adore ye
Your Fathers, whose Glory
Was to kill Kings before ye;
From *Treason* and *Plots* let your *grave Heads* adjourn,
And our glorious Pinacle adorn.
What though the *Scaffolds* all are down here,
To entertain the *Friends* of the *Crown* here?
We, whose *Lives* and whose *Fortunes* Great *Charles*
For *Monarchy-haters*, [will maintain,
Damn'd *Associators*,
Whigs, *Bastards* and *Traytors*,
We'll build em, we'll build 'em again.
Let the infamous *Cut-throats* of *Princes* be sham'd all,
Their black Souls be damn'd all,
Their *Blunderbuss* ram'd all,
With *Brimstone* and *Fire* Infernal;
The Gods that look o're Him,
Did by wonders restore Him.
Their *Angels* sate round Him
That hour they Crown'd Him,
And were Listed His *Guards* Eternal.

2

How, like *Jove*, the *Monarch* of *Great-Britain*
Drives the *Gyant-Sons* of *Titan*!
Down ye *Rebel crew*; ye *Slaves*, lie under:
See! *James* with his *Thunder*
Has dash'd 'em all asunder;
Down from His bright *Heav'n* the *Aspirers* are hurl'd,
Lost in the common *Rubbish* of the World:
See, how the God returns Victorious!
And to make his *Tryumph* still more Glorious,
See, the whole *Hosts* of Heav'n the proud Conqueror,
The *Stars* burn all brighter,
The *Sun* mounts upriger,
Whilst the *Steeds* Gallop lighter,
To see, their *Jove* made so great:
With the *Brands* and the *Stings* of a *Conscience* disloyal,
From the fiery *Tryal*,
Let the Cowardly *Slaves* flie all,
Leave *Vengeance* and *Gibbets* behind 'em;
Whilst the great *Desperadoes*
All turn'd *Renegadoes*,
With their old Friends took napping,
In some *Cole-hole* at *Wapping*
Shall *James* and His Justice find 'em.

3

Let the malice of *Fanatick Roundhead*
(Hatch'd in *Hell*) be still confounded;
The *Royal couple* no Storm e're sever,
But new wonders deliver,
And their Heirs Reign for ever,
On *Englands* bright *Throne* sit till *Times* last *Sand* runs,
And stop their Glorious Chariot with the *Suns*.
Then for *James* the second's *Restauration*,
Snatch'd from the *Jaws* of the *Imps* of *Damnation*,
We with *Feastings* and *Revels* will chear up our Souls
For the safety of *Cæsar*,
In *Joys*, and in *Pleasure*,
Till our *Hearts* shall o're-flow like our *Bowls*,

For a *Health* to great *James* let the *Goblets* be Crown'd (there
The *Huzza* go round there,
To the Skies let it sound there,
Up to th' Throne of great *James*'s Protector,
Till the pleas'd Gods that see, Boys,
Grow as merry as we, Boys,
Joyn their *Spheres* in the *Chorus*,
Make their whole Heav'n out-roar us,
And Pledge us in Bumpers of *Nectar*.

A Song on St. Martin's *Feast*, May *the* 29. 1685.

1

THe *Cannons* all roaring, and *Trumpets* sounding,
The *Hills* & the *Valleys* with th'Ecchoes rebounding
This blest *Morn* our great Rites let us pay;
Two *Brothers* and *Monarchs* restor'd in a day.
May our Festival Tryumps new Trophies still bring,
Our famous St. *Martin*'s the *Cradle* of *Kings*,
At that Glorious Morning,
Great *Jupiter* was born in,
So the old *Cretan* Boys sung with homage & wonder,
The *Country-men* fam'd to the God of the *Thunder*.
Let nothing Disloyal then dare to appear, [here;
'Tis all *hallow'd Ground*, for great *James* was born
Great *James* that steps up, & the *Chariot* drives on,
Then dry up our Tears, for Great *Charles* is not gone.
Though the mounting *Saint* go,
The whole *Monarch* below,
He left His Great Heir for blest Mortals to adore Him,
All fill'd and inspir'd with the *Phœnix* before Him.

2

But e're we begin our just Adoration,
Let's first blush away the whole shame of a Nation,
Dull *Britains* so long frantick Fate,
To see such bright *Glories* and *Worship* so late:

But

But let our mad *Jealousie* rise up no more, [o're.
Whilst the whole God shines out, & the Clouds all blow
To Loyalty then Boys
Let's all cry *Amen* Boys.
Allegiance and Loyalty, Heav'ns first Creation,
And make all *Divine* e're the Worlds first Foundation,
The *Angels* themselves i'th' *Cœlestial Chorus*,
E're *Lucifer* fell, were all Loyal before us,
Let hot-brain'd *Argyle* then from *Holland* launch o're,
And the whole *Hydra*'s heads of *Rebellion* all roar.
Till *James* our Great *Jove*
Shall the black Storm remove; [found'em,
Whilst like the last *Trump* his dread voice shall con-
To *Judgment* shall call, and Confusion shall sound 'em,

A Song at the Loyal Feast in Westminster-Hall, *on* July *the* 10*th*. 1684.

1

SEe, see, the Air clears, the Murm'res that grumbled,
The Gods, & the Vengeance of *James* has all hum-
The heads that at Crowns would be reaching, [bled;
Are mounted on Pole, while their *Quarters* hang bleach-
So perish the *Tools* of Fop-Property Kings, [ing.
Where *Fools* Pearch *Cedars*, and *Knaves* find 'em Wings;
No, the Royal Line
A Channel that Divine is;
For *Charles* and his Heirs
We will spend our last Breath, Boys,
March through Seas and through Fires,
Through Blood, Wounds, and Death Boys.
Then warm our brisk *Veins*, for *Allegiance* inspires us;
'Tis a Spark that's Cœlestial, when Loyalty fires us.
Let *Fate* do her worst, ev'n in ruin we'r Crown'd:
Tho' thrown down to Graves, to the Stars we'll rebound.
Fresh Lawrels o'r the Tomb
Of the Honest shall bloom.

Around the whole Globe, let our Ashes be hurl'd;
The Dust of the Loyal *shall new Seed the World.*
Around the whole Globe, let our Ashes be hurl'd;
The Dust of the Loyal *shall new Seed the World.*

2

All's our own Boys, our own Boys, the *Tryumph* is gotten:
See, the *Kirk Dagon* tumbles, & the *Old Cause* is rotten.
Farewell to *Geneva*; your fusty
Old *Tony*'s Sedition
And *Tap-lees* run musty:
That compound of *Aches*, *Pox*, *Faction*, and *Gout*,
Is dropt into *Styx*, and the Fire-brand put out.
Let *Ferguson* Preachers,
And *Farrington* rank Lechers,
No more can *Sedition* and *Church-Reformation*
Come from flogging at *Creswels*, to saving the Nation.
There's all *Rogue* and *cheat* in *Fanatick* and *Rumper*,
Whilst *Honour* and *Truth* are in *James* and a *Bumper*.
Let Famous *Mark-Anthony* quaff his rich Pearl,
The Price of a Kindom,
The Price of a Kingdom,
In a Health to a Girl;
But whilst our Bowls go round,
To *Cæsars* Health be Crown'd.
And of Hearts and Souls a rich Off'ring we bring;
There's a World in the Goblet that's drank to the King.
Whilst of all Hearts and Souls one rich Off'ring we bring,
There's a World in the Goblet that's drank to the King.

The Western Rebel; *or the True* Protestant Standard *set up. Tune*, Packington's-Pound.

1

SEe the Vizor's pull'd off, and the Zealots are Arming
For our old *Egypt*-plagues the *Whig* Locusts all warming.
The *True* Protestant *Perkin*, in lightning has spoke,
And begins in a flash to vanish in Smoak: Little

Little *Jemmy's* lanch'd o're
From the old *Holland* Shore,
Where *Shaftsbury* March'd to the Devil before.
The old Game's a beginning; for high-Shoes, & Clowns
Are turning State-*Tinkers* for mending of Crowns.

2

Let his Deperate Frenzy to ruine spur on;
The Rebel too late, and Madam too soon:
But Politick Noddles without Wit or Reason,
When empty of Brains, have the more room for *Treason*
Ambition bewitches,
Through Bogs and through Ditches,
Like a *Will* with a Wisp: For the Bastard Blood itches.
And the Bully sets up, with high-shoes and Clowns,
A true Protestant *Tinker* for mending of Crowns.

3

Let him banter Religion, that old stale pretence,
For *Traytors* to mount on the Neck of their Prince;
But clamour and Nonsence no longer shall fright us,
Our Wits are restor'd by the flogging of *Titus*.
Their Canting Delusion,
And Bills of *Exclusion*,
No longer shall sham the mad World to confusion,
The old cheat's too gross, & no more Bores & Clowns,
For perching on *Thrones*, and prophaning of Crowns.

4

So the great murder'd *Carles*, our *Church Freedom* & *Laws*
Were all Martyrs of old, to the Sanctified Cause.
Whilst Gospel and Heav'n were the popular name,
The Firebrands of Hell were all light from that Flame.
Reformation once tun'd,
Let Religion but sound [round.
When that *Kirk Bag-Pipe* plays all the Devils Dance
But the whining *Tub cheat* shall no longer go down:
No more Kings on Scaffolds, and Slaves on a *Throne*,

5

Let his hot-brain'd Ambition, with his Renegade-Loons
Mount the Son of the People, for Lord of 3 Crowns.

The Impostor on one hand, and Traytor on t'other,
Set up his false *Title*, as crack'd as his Mother.
But whilst Peacock-proud,
He struts and talks loud.
The Head of the Rabble and Idol o'th' crowd;
From his false borrow'd Plumes, & his hopes of a Crown,
To his black Feet below, let th' Aspirer look down.

6

Then let him march on with his Politick Poll,
To perch up his Head by old *Bradshaw* and *Noll*:
Whilst the desperate *Jehu* is driving head-long,
To visit the Relicks of *Tommy Armstrong*.
For there's Vengeance a working,
To give him a Jerking,
And humble the Pride of poor little *Perkin*.
Great *James* his dread *Thunder* shall th' Idol pull down,
Whilst our Hands, Hearts, and Swords are all true to
[the Crown.

The success of the two English *Travellers, newly arived in* London. *To a new* Irish *Tune.*

1

AS we were ranging upon the salt Seas,
For *France* & for *Spain* our own humours to please;
But when we came there, the first news we hear,
You Rebels of *England*, what do you do here.

2

When we are a walking along in the street,
Both Men, Wife and Children, and all we did meet;
They gather'd up stones, and at us did fling;
You Rebels of *England*, you murder'd your King.

3.

All this being odious unto our known heart,
Then from the *French* we were forc'd to depart;
The *French* did deride us with scornful disdain,
We hoisted up *Top-sail*, and Sailed for *Spain*.

4

But when we came there we'd not set foot on Land,
But straight they perceiv'd that we were *English*-men;
Their hands on their Rapiers, their Cloaks off did fling,
Cry'd Rebels of *England* you murder'd your King.

5.

All this being odious unto our conceits,
We hoisted and hasted up into the *Streights*,
Next Port into *Venice* intended to go,
Not thinking, nor dreading, they did of it know.

6

But when we came there our Ships they did ken,
They saw by our Colours we were *English*-men:
Oh they laugh'd in their Lingo, and at us did fleer,
You Rebels of *England* what do you do here?

7

Thus twenty years wandring from Sea-Port to Town,
In all parts abused, resolv'd to turn home;
We steer'd up for *London*, but when we came there,
The Court all in Mourning put us in despair.

8,

Then Great *Charles* of *England* we found was inter'd,
And some known Offenders in Mourning appear'd;
Who some years together had design'd and swore,
To serve him as they did his Father before.

9

Great *James* of his Birth-Right they sought to depose,
But now for ten *Guineys* you'll find none of those,
King *James* is established safe on His Throne,
And none shall invade the just Rights of the Crown.

10

And now we are resolved in *England* to stay,
And wait for to serve and our King to obey,
And His Royal Consort Queen *Mary*'s blest Name:
We'll drive both the *French* & the *Dutch* o're the *Main*.

Coll.

Collonel Sidney's *Lamentation and laſt Farewel to the World.*

Tune, what name.

1

NOw, now too weak, alas! I find our *Cauſe*,
To'th over-ruling Powers the *King* and *Laws*
The force of our Impregnant Torrent's turn'd,
The Plots and Shams of our Inventions ſcorn'd,
Now I do fear what I could ne'r believe,
Some Powers above do all our Wits deceive;
And laughs at our *Aſſoſiacions* Vow,
Poor Traytors! *where's our* Ignoramus *now*?

2

Theſe Forty Years I've Reign'd in Roguery,
With kind ſucceſs, 'gainſt Lawful Monarchy;
And now muſt my gray Head be over-reacht,
And my ſtiff Neck by ſtrength of *halter* ſtretcht
In the beginning Friends, it was not ſo,
In *Forty-One*, now Forty Years ago;
I fear'd not then no God, nor King, nor Law,
Poor Traytors where's our Ignoramus *now*?

3

On the late King I ſat as Judge moſt ſtout,
By virtue of our *Senate*, *Rump*, and *Rout*;
Saw him condemn'd and Murder'd at *White-hall*:
His Sacred Blood doth now for Veugance call:
With his own Gold I did Command and fight,
Againſt his Son, and all Succeſſive Right;
And ne'r repented yet, nor can I bow,
Poor Traytors! *where's our* Ignoramus *now*?

4

This King return'd, which I with arms purſu'd,
With *Tony* I for Pardon did intrude;
What e're we askt his Grace did freely grant,
Preferment too, which his beſt friends did want
My Pride oppoſition ſtill did ſhew,
A crooked Plant will never ſtraighter grow;

And

And now too late I grieve all would not do,
Poor Traytors! *where's our* Ignoramus *now*?

5

With *Tony*, *Gray*, and *Ruſſel*, I Conſpir'd
My Princes death, and many thouſands hyr'd
To Arm themſelves in ev'ry Town and Shire,
To Murther this King and Lawful Heir,
And lay it all upon the *Papiſts* backs,
Which with the weight of our own *Treaſon* cracks;
And for our Crimes too murther them allow,
Poor Traytors where's our Ignoramus *now*?

6

We draw'd in *M*--------*h* to advance the *Cauſe*
And made him *Popular* by Fools Applauſe;
We made his Soul ſwell to be a King,
When we alas! intended no ſuch thing:
Now all's Unravel'd, both *Cabals* and *Plots*;
'Zounds I'de ſtill Rebel, did I know how,
Poor Traytors where's our Ignoramus *now*?

7

At *Oxford* we were Rampant, over-fed,
The *Tayl* was ten times ſtronger than the *Head*;
Yet quite out-witted by too kind a King,
Then we to *Rumbolds* Houſe our Arms did bring
Yet all was ſtill prevented by ſtrange Fate,
Had I with *Tony* made a ſafe Retreat,
Then *Ketch* had ne'r held up my Trayterous *jaw*
Poor Traytors where's our Ignoramus *now*?

The Tories Triumph, or the Down-fall of the Whigs.

1

COme let us be Joyful and Sing,
Great-Britain will ſoon be at reſt:
Here's a Health to all thoſe Love the *King*,
Confuſion to all the reſt:
Then let us be Merry, for we
O'er *Rebels* do bear the ſway;
And Drink 'till 'tis break of day.

Then

2

Then what Cauſe have we for to Repine?
Since our *Nation* is Settled and Strong;
Let ev'ry man Drink off his *Wine*,
Whilſt *Rebels* muſt hold their Tongue.
Great-Britain the World ſhall Command,
Reſt in Love' Peace and Unity;
Foreign *Nations* amaz'd ſhall ſtand,
To ſee none ſo Happy as We.

3

Then let us be Merry, fill *Wine*,
Let's Drink while our Money doth laſt;
The *Zealots* have cauſe to Repine,
Whil'ſt we think not on Dangers paſt:
Let each man Diſcharge a full *Bumper*,
Here's a Health unto Loyalty:
Damnation then light on each *Rumper*,
To ſee none ſo Happy as We.

4

The Damnable *Whigs* they do Grumble,
To ſee us ſo Happy and Great;
But they dare not ſpeak Plain, but to Mum-(ble,
Each *Presbyter* fearing's juſt Fate:
Whilſt *Tories* Quaff Bumpers a main;
And under no *Nation* they be,
We care not for *France* or for *Spain*,
For none are ſo Happy as We.

5

Now *Tories* may walk in the Street,
None to the contrary dare ſay;
And if that a *Whig* we do meet,
The *Whig* goes another way:
But (as 'tis a uſual thing)
If one *Tory* another doth ſee,
They ſtraight to the *Tavern* and Sing,
There's none ſo Happy as We.

Such

6

Such ſtrange Alterations we've ſeen
In *Britain* within theſe few years;
There late ſuch a Tumult hath been,
Caus'd *Loyaliſts* ſhed many Tears:
But now it is paſt and quite gone,
I hope no more *Ryots* to ſee;
We've no cauſe our ſelves to bemoan,
For none are ſo Happy as We.

7

Great-Britain's Bleſt *Monarch* ſhall Reign,
Not fearing for to be Suppreſt,
By the Fury of *Spaniard* or *Dane*;
But undoubtedly ſhall be now Bleſt
If *Domeſtick* Tumults do ceaſe,
And *Plots* Diſcover'd all be;
Brave *Engliſh-men* may then ſing in Peace,
There's none are ſo Happy as We.

8

Great *York* deſpis'd by the *Rable*,
Though he's a Matchleſs brave *Prince*;
While all did Praiſe *Perkin* that *Bauble*,
A *Puny* in common Senſe:
But now they are Quel'd, and do ſay
They'll practice no *Diſloyalty*;
And now the *Whigs* hang themſelves may,
Whil'ſt none live more Happy then We.

9

Some *Rebels* were ſtill left behind,
Who fear'd neither *Juſtice* nor *Laws*;
But ſtrive themſelves to entwine
In the Damn'd Pernicious *Old Cauſe*:
But now they are all fled away,
And they moſt Unhappy now be;
Then ſurely we've great cauſe to ſay,
There's none more Happy than We.

10

Then let this ſuffice, we have *Power*,
All *Nations* ſhall unto us Bow:
Was *England* ſo Happy before,
Or ever ſo Glorious as now?
Now, we have a moſt *Gracious Prince*,
By none, this denyed can be;
Then ſurely we'r all Bleſt, ſince,
There's none more Happy than We.

The Downfall of Antichriſt; *or* Titus *again in Querpo.*
To the Tune of Chivy-Chaſe.

1

I Am the Man that not long ſince
Seemed of great Renown,
That ſerv'd at *Table* was like a Prince,
And wore a ſtately Gown.

2

But That, and Doctors *Tippet* too,
(A Plague upon ill luck)
At the ſame time o're my Ears did go,
Which vext me to the *Pluck.*

3

The Devil in Hell confound 'em all
Theſe Whores, and Rogues of *Babel*;
But that damn'd Whore ſhall have a fall,
If e're I come to Cabal.

4

'Twas the damn'd *Papiſts* Cruelty,
That made me whipt ſo hard;
A Man ſo Innocent as me;
But God will them reward.

5

Since 'tis for *Truth* and *Juſtice* ſake,
I take all in good part,
I'll that Defence againſt all make,
Satan thou know'ſt my Heart.

6 B

6

I clearly do confeſs to thee,
What never to another;
We'll keep our League of Privacy,
For thou art my ſworn Brother.

7

'Twas but againſt damn'd *Papiſts* that
I falſely ſwore that time,
And who the Plague would e're have thought
That would have prov'd a Crime?

8

I thought no more harm, nor think ſtill,
Than 'tis to kill a Dog,
And do believe That never will
My Soul and Conſcience clog.

9

Ah *Shaftsbury!* didſt thou ſurvive,
That Doctrine ſtill were good,
Which I'll maintain, as long as I live,
And Seal't with my laſt blood.

10

Then O brave We, old *Shaftsbury*,
I *Titus* and the *Devil*,
We can maintain, that *Perjury*
'Gainſt *Papiſts* is not Evil.

11

Then hang't, tho' whipt, and ſtript of all,
I have good Friends i'th' City;
I'll eat and drink, though *Papiſts* ball,
And cry the more's the pity.

12

No matter though my back do ake,
I'll look well to my Belly;
Since 'tis for Righteouſneſs ſake,
No matter ſtill I tell ye.

13

Then courage Friends that me ſupply,
I *Oates* to you bequeath;

For

For you I will both ſwear and lye,
And ſtand in't to my Death.

14

Then haſten Saints to my relief,
And pity my ſad Station,
In Priſon Chain'd more like a *Thief*,
Than Saviour of a Nation.

A Noſegay of Pleaſure growing in Venus's *Garden. To the Tune of* Daniel Cooper.

1

A Bony Lad came to the Court,
His name was *Donald Cowper*,
And he Petition'd to the King,
That he might be a *Trowper*:
He ſaid, that he
By Land and Sea,
Had fought to admiration,
And with *Montroſs*
Had many blows,
Both for his King and Nation.

2

The King did his Petition grant,
And ſaid he lik'd him dearly;
Which gave to *Donald* more content
Than Twanty Shillings yearly:
This wily Laird
Rode in the Guard,
And lov'd a ſtrong Beer Barrel,
Yet ſtout enough,
To Fight and Cuff,
But was not giv'n to Quarrel.

3.

Till on a *Saturday* at Night,
He walked in the *Park* Sir,
And there he ken'd a weel fair'd Laſs,
When it was almoſt dark Sir;

Poo

Poor *Donald*, he
Drew near to see,
And kist her bony Mow Sir,
He laid her flat
Upon her back
And bang'd her side Weam foo Sir.

4

He took her by the Lilly white Hand,
And kiss'd his bonny *Mary*;
Then they did to the *Tavern* go,
Where they did drink *Canary*:
When he was Drunk.
In came a Punk,
And ask'd gan he wou'd Mow her,
Then he again
With might and main,
Did bravely lay her o're Sir.

5.

Poor *Donald* he rose up again,
As nothing did him ail Sir,
But little ken'd this bonny Lass
Had Fire about her Tail Sir.
When Night was spent,
Then home he went,
And told it with a *Hawk* Sir,
How he did Kiss
A dainty Miss,
And lifted up her *Sark* Sir.

6

But e're a Month had gone about,
Poor *Donald* walked sadly,
And ev'ry yean enquir'd of him
What gar'd him look so badly?
A Wench (quoth he)
Gave Snuff to me
Out of her Placket-box Sir;
And I am sure
She prov'd a Whore,
And giv'n to me the *Pox* Sir.

7 Poor

7

Poor *Donald* he (being almoſt dead,)
Was turn'd our of the Guard Sir,
And never could get in again,
Although he were a Laird Sir:
When *Mars* doth meet
With *Venus* ſweet,
And ſtruggles to ſurrender,
The Tryumph's loſt;
Then never truſt
A Feminine Commander.

8

Poor *Donald* he went home again,
Becauſe he loſt his place Sir,
For playing of a Game at *Whisk*,
And turning up an *Ace* Sir;
Ye Soldiers all,
Both great and ſmall,
A Foot-man, or a Trooper,
When you behold,
A Wench that's bould
Remember *Donald Cowper*.

Monmouth *Degraded, or* James Scot, *the little King in* Lyme. *Tune,* Let the Thundring *Canons* roar.

1

COme beat Alarm, ſound a Charge,
As well without as in the Verge,
Let every Sword and Soul be large,
To make our *Monarch* ſhine Boys:
Let's leave off *Whores* & drunken Souls,
And windy words o're brimming Bowls;
Let *Engliſh* hearts exceed the *Poles*,
'Gainſt *Perkin*, King in *Lyme* Boys.

2

Such a Fop-King was ne'r before,
Is Landed on our *Western* shore,
Which our black Saints do all adore,
Inspir'd by *Tub-Divine* Boys:
Let us assume the Souls of *Mars*,
And March in Order, Foot and Horse,
Pull down the Standard at the *Cross*,
Of *Perkin* King in *Lyme* Boys.

3

Pretended Son unto a King,
Subject of Delights in sin,
The most ungrateful Wretch of Men;
Dishonour to the Shrine Boys;
Of *Charles* and *James*, the undoubted Right
Of *Englands* Crown and Honours bright,
While he can find us work, let's Fight,
'Gainst *Perkin*, King in *Lyme* Boy.

4

The Sainted Sisters now look blew,
Their Cant's all false if God be true,
Their teaching Stallions dare not do,
No more but squeez and whine Boys:
Exherting all the Clowns to fight
Against their *God*, *King*, *Church* and Right,
Takes cares for all their Wives at Night,
For *Perkin*, King in *Lyme* Boys.

5

Poor *Perkin* now, he is no more,
But *James Scot*, as he was before,
No Honour left, but Soul to soar,
Till quite expir'd with time Boy;
But first he'll call his Parliament,
By *Ferguson* and *Grey* consent,
Trenchard and all the Rest in's Tent,
Fit for the King in *Lyme* Boys.

7 'Gainst

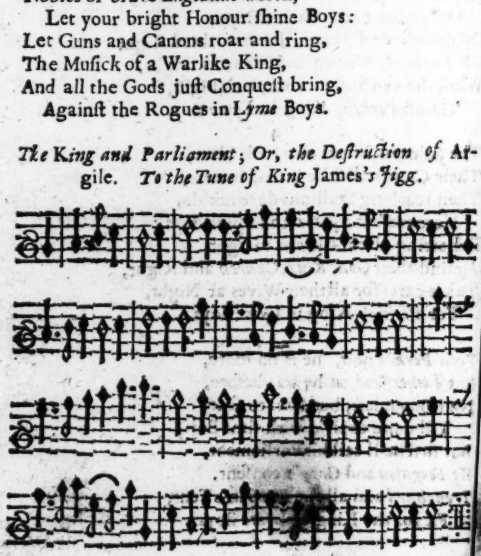
7

'Gainſt theis mock King, each draw his Sword
In Blood we'll Print them on Record,
Traytors againſt their Sovereign Lord,
Let's always Fight and joyn Boys;
Now they'r block'd up by Sea and Land,
By Treaſon they muſt fall or ſtand,
We only wait the Kings Command,
To burn the Rogues alive Boys.

8

But now we hear they'r ſally'd forth,
Front and Flank 'em, *South* and *North*,
Nobles of brave *Englands* worth,
Let your bright Honour ſhine Boys:
Let Guns and Canons roar and ring,
The Muſick of a Warlike King,
And all the Gods juſt Conqueſt bring,
Againſt the Rogues in *Lyme* Boys.

The King and Parliament; Or, *the Deſtruction of* Argile. *To the Tune of King* James's *Jigg.*



For

1

FOr *Tories* now's the time to sing,
And out of the Ashes great Souls to bring;
Whose honours long in the Dust have ly'n
Under the Oppression of Whiggish Whine;
The Dog-Stars do now decline,
And bright *Phœbus* begins to shine,
Insects of Corruption he doth refine,
The King and the Parliament now doth joyn

2

The greatest Monarch in *Europe* is Crown'd,
And hath called a Parliament Loyal and sound.
The Bill of *Exclusion* is quite forgot,
And sent to the Devil with *Oats's* Plot;
Argile we fear not, with mixed Crew,
Of *French* and *Dutch*, the *Whig*, and the *Jew*,
Since we have a Parliament Loyal and True,
We'll pray for the King and the Parliament too.

3

The *Scotch* Parliament Loyal and brave,
Exposes their Fortunes the Kingdom to save;
Our *English* in Emulation agree,
We'll beat down the Rebels from hence to *Dundee*:
Millions of Loyallists lie aside,
Who wait all occasion to be employ'd,
Whose service hath formerly been deny'd,
Now hope again Rebels they may be try'd.

4

Methinks I hear 'em cry, Fire for *James*,
He Fought for his Subjects in all extreams:
Hark, hark, the Canons go thump, thump, thump,
Brave Boys fall on 'em, they stink of the Rump;
Keep the Wind, secure the Plain,
Wheel about, and Charge again;
We'll Fight for King *James* through Fire and Flame
All you cannot kill, drive 'em into the Main.

Argile

5

Argile shall know, that *Jemy*'s the King,
Protected by Angels, and Forces can bring,
To make him feel the Dint of his Sword,
More biting than his empty name of a Lord;
Let *Argile*, *Monmouth*, *Lobb*, and *Gray*,
Danvers and *Charlton* Curse the day,
And the rest of the Rebels each other betray
And all Bastard pretentions cut off in the Fray.

6

Our King and two Parliaments all agreed,
We'll clear the Coast from the *Thames* to the *Tweed*;
The 'States of all Loyal Subjects shall flie,
Per Men and for Moneys the King to supply:
Let *Cæsar* speak his mind from the Throne,
Our Lives and Fortunes are all his own,
His just Resolution formerly known,
Is now in full splendor protecting the Crown.

The Whigs *Lamentable Lamentation.*

WHat have the Whigs to say,
O hone, O hone.
Tories have got the day,
O hone, &c.
Lord *Shaftsbury* is dead
And Duke of *Monmouth* fled
We're bravely brought to bed,
O hone, &c.

2

Our Gracious Soveraign too,
O hone, &c.
Is taken from us now;
O hone, &c.
Tho' he the best of men,
Yet we try'd too and agen,
Daily to Murther him
O hone, &c.

As

3

As we did *Charles* the first
O hone, &c.
For which we are accurst;
O hone, &c.
But He's to Heaven gone
Who we did trample on,
Old *James* sits on the Throne:
O hone, &c.

4

Many ways we did try,
O hone, &c.
The Crown him to put by:
O hone, &c.
We made this Conclusion,
Drew Bill of Exclusion,
To work his Confusion
O hone, &c.

5

But our late Soveraign Dear,
O hone, &c.
Declar'd *York* His Heir;
O hone, &c.
Then our good Parliament
Forc'd him to Banishment;
And wou'd to Hell him sent.
O hone, &c.

6

With rage we are inflam'd,
O hone, &c.
That he's each where proclaim'd;
O hone, &c.
But that which Plagues us most,
Is our dear *Knight*; o'th' *Post*,
Do not now rule the Roast.
O hone, &c.

7

More and more we are vext,
O hone, &c.
That he's Crown'd *April* next,
O hone, &c.
A Parliament in *May*,
Shall be call'd he does say,
But there we'll hold him play.
O hone, &c.

8

For that is our laſt Game,
O hone, &c.
Or rather ſureſt ſham;
O hone, &c.
If we muſt have our ends,
Our Aſſociating Friends,
Muſt make us all amends.
O hone &c.

9

But if theſe damn'd *Tories*,
O hone, &c,
In which he much Glories;
O hone, &c.
We mean the Church of *England* Men,
Shou'd prove eleven to ten,
Then we're quite undone, (*Amen.*)
O hone, &c.

10

Then how like Rogues we ſit,
O hone, &c.
And look as if beſhit,
O hone, &c.
Scratching our Plotting Pates,
Forfeiting our dear Eſtates,
And Quarters on City-Gates.
O hone, *O hone*.

The Hunting of the Fox. Tune, Now the Tories that Glories, &c.

HAy *Jouler*, *Ringwood*, & *Towzer*,
Ho *Smoaker*, *Drunkard*, and *Fly*;
Sweet-lips, *Light-foot*, and *Bowzer*,
Brave *Bowman*, *Lofty*, and *Cry*;
And four and twenty brave Couple,
To make a Pack for the *Downs*;
Sure footed, and their Limbs supple;
The Scent's hot yet on the *Grounds*.
The old *White Fox* is got loose again,
We think he's gone to katch *Goose* again;
His *Cubs* they sculk and desert amain,
Come let's beleaguer their Holes:
For they'r past Evil, to th' *Devil*
We'll send'em with thread-bare Souls.

2

They have left the City, 'tis pity,
And their damn'd Party i'th' Lurch:
If to be hang'd 'twould be pretty,
For *Treason* 'gainst *King* and *Church*,
For Cinque-ports, *Venus* and *Juno*,
For Champion, *Thunder* and *Spark*;
Let *Swift* bear for *Caroline*,
And *Nosey* wind 'em i'th' dark.
Like *Wasps* & *Flies*, they would bite us,
As *Wolves* do *Sheep* they would treat us;
Like *Crokadiles*, they would eat us;
They thirst for Innocent Blood,
Then never scruple, but grapple
For *King* and *Countreys* good.

3

Round the Dimension o'th Nation,
Beat all the *Banks* on the shore;
And some leap o're the main Ocean,
If they are gone before.
O surround 'em, confound 'em,
From Sea-port to City-walls;

If there they venture to skelter,
'Zounds tear them out of their holes:
For making Church into Stables,
And vamping *Kings* up of Baubles,
And forgeing *Plots* out of Fables,
And seizing Kings in a trice;
That the crooked Piper might vapour
Like *Rat* amongst fifteen *Mice*.

4

Scour the Globe to the Axles,
From Pole to Pole; then retire,
And center at Mother *Cresswels*,
The *Fox* us'd to harbour there:
There, there, both wives, whores & Virgins
He had them all at his call,
T'oblige his Captains and Surgeons,
'Till better occasion fall,
At *Oxford* late all his Cubs and he,
To the *Exclusion* did all agree;
(Would not budge further) 'till sign'd and free
Yet *Rowly* rouzed the *Rump*,
And sent 'em all to *Peg Trantams*,
And *Tapsky*'s worn to the Stump.

5

Ah, *Swift's* returned, and *Noser*,
Their hoofs are batter'd with Greet:
The Game shews by the Opposer,
He's lodg'd in *Aldersgate-street*.
Come ring a Peal with a courage,
The Grains o'th' Tap makes a train;
He larks in hole to make Forrage
Of all that uses his name.
We'll fetch him out with *Mandamus*,
And hang him with *Ignoramus*;
There's none but Rebels can blame us:
More Pardons let him not hope;
For all his squinting and blinking,
He must to the Hatchet or Rope.

The

The Rebel Captive. *To the Tune of* Sawny *and* Jockey.

1

THree bony Lads were *Sawny*, *Cloud Hamilton*,
And *Andrew Grier* the Captain that led 'em on,
When for the Loons it proved a fatal day,
Argile was ta'n, and all his Men ran away.
When *Duglas* Jiv'd him,
Riv'd him,
Driv'd him,
And of all hopes his Stars had depriv'd him;
Routed him, flouted him,
The Deel bigotted him,
And now the States a Rope have allotted him.

2

On *June* the fifteenth, Oh! 'twas a fatal day,
Archibald fled, and all the Rogues run away,
In a disguise the Loon thought to shun his Fate,
Three bony Boys they stopped him on the Gate;
In a blew Bonnet,
On it
One hit
Such a bread Gash as made him tull own it,
Oh! spare me,
Disarm me,
And do no more harm me.
For I am *Argile*, the Head o'th' *Whig* Army.

3

Quarter, Oh! Quarters! I yield my self Prisoner,
Here take my Sword too, that useless Tool of War;
Footmen and Horses, now I all give you o're,
Dunbarton's Forces no Man can stand before.
But they will fight him,
Right him,
Fright him,
The proudest Foe, will put to the flight him;

Thunder him,
Plunder him,
Dash all asunder him,
And make *Argile* himself truckle under him.

4

Thus having yielded up both his Sword and his Durk,
These bony Boys convey'd him to *Edinburg*;
Where with a Train he enters the Water-Gate,
The Hangman walking before in muckle State,
With a Hemp Garter,
The Martyr to Quarter,
And by the Lugs to cut the Loon shorter.
The same Fate
Ever wait,
To Crown the Rebels Pate,
And all such Traytors as dare oppose the State.

A Loyal Scotch *Song. To the Tune of,* Bony *Kate* of *Edingborough.*

1

JUst as the Mist of Errour fled,
That Men through Town and Fields may see
The *Jayl-Birds* whistling through the Grates,
And Birds of Prey cleave to the Tree.
Peur *Titus* sat
Bewailng his Fate,
And dismal State,
For *Treason, Treason, Treason,* and sham *Plotting* too;
Alas cry'd he,
I hang'd shall be,
For *Ignoramus* cannot do.

2

Titus went lately o're to *Spain*,
Many wonders there he saw,
Mack-Bills and *Pilgrims* float o'th' Main:
And tall fair *Don John* of *Austria*,

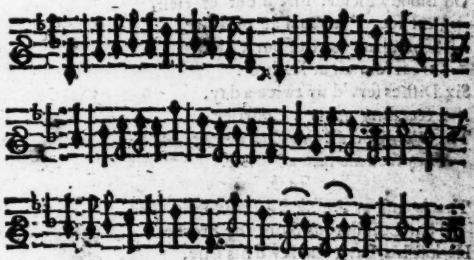
Titus

Titus with his Wiles
The *Jesuits* begiles,
Jack Presbyter smiles;
And something, something, something else he meant to do,
But all his hope
Will end in a Rope,
For *Treason*, and *Sham-Plotting* too.

3

The *Sanhedrim* was *Titus*'s Friend,
And aided him 'gainst *Kirk* and *Crown*,
Exclusion Bills and *Votes* they send,
To pull *King*, *Duke*, and *Bishops* down.
Now our Theam
Is all of him,
Who now does seem
Roguish, *Roguish*, *Roguish*, by each *Oath* and *Vow*;
Now *Titus* lies
Bereft of Joys,
For *Ignoramus* cannot do.

The Kings-Bench *Salutation, or a Dialogue between* Jack Ketch, *and* Titus Oates. *To a New Tune.*



Jack.

COme Buggering *Oates*, prepare thy Neck,
Dost mean to live for ever?
How many Men have gone to wrack,
Since thou wast *Englands* Saviour?

Each Gibbet in the Kingdom shakes,
When thy black Name's repeated;
For thee poor *Tyburn* daily quakes,
Yet scorns for to be cheated.

Oates.

Insulting *Tory*, *Rascal*, *Pimp*,
I have been thy Benefactor,
My *Popish-Plot* and all that's in't,
Though Perjur'd and Detractor.
Thou hast got more *Guineys* by my *Plot*,
Than I that swore to make it,
Or *Tongue* and *Bedloe*, now forgot;
You Dog 'tis shame to speak it!

Jack.

Bobbing in *Kent*, and *Camberwel*,
For which thy Stock lay waiting,
Where's all that Money now, canst tell?
If spent, thou'rt near to breaking,
Lest *Nol Argeent* be left for me,
I'll make thy days the shorter,
Just like a Beast for all to see,
I'll lead thee in a Halter.

Oates.

Oh Bloody Fiend! forc'd out of Hell,
Dost see, I've Gold at pleasure,
All Scoundrels here of our Cabal,
I treat 'em all at leasure:
Six Dishes serv'd up twice a day,
Exceeding many a Courtier;
The *Whigs* do all the Cost defray,
They feed me like a Porker.

Jack.

That's just as *Smith* did *Powning*'s Wife,
That Leacherous Saint thy Brother:
He lost his Ears, she sav'd his Life,
Till she did all discover.
What Sugar-Plumbs his Pockets sprung,
Which her soft hand must dive for,

To

To raise his Spirit stiff and strong,
The sweetest Charm alive Sir.

Oats.

In spight of thy black dismal Trade,
I'll keep this Sanctuary,
No Laws nor Ropes that e're was made,
My Bones from hence shall carry.

Jack,

Then first to th' *Pillory* thou shalt gang,
The next for thy *Blasphemy*,
A red-hot Iron thrust through thy Tongue,
And then I'll Hang thee fairly.

The Plot *Rent and Torn. Tune,* Jones-*Placket.*

HAve you not heard of *Knaves*,
That ne're will be forgot?
Who for to make us *Slaves*,
Did hatch a *Pagan-Plot*:
But now 'tis rent, the Parliament,
Hath rent the *Plot* in twain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again;
'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
'Tis rent and torn in twain;
The Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again.

2

Fitz-Harris, Hetherington,
With *Bedloe, Smith*, and *Prance*,
The Doctor in his Gown,
Did gravely lead the the Dance;
But now the Prig, another Jig
To Dance, alas is fain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again.
'Tis rent and torn, &c.

3

Then *Dugdale* was a Saint,
Till he the Cause forsook;
And *Dangerfield* did rant
In person of a Duke;
With *Cummins*, too, a Perjur'd Crew,
Came swearing o're the Main,
Who the Plot *so rent and tore,*
That 'twill never be mended again. &c.

4

But now the *Doctor's* Flogg'd,
And bras'd the *Pillory* twice;
With Chains and Fetters Clogg'd
For his curs'd *Perjuries.*
And *Dangerfield* for all his skill,
Is catcht in the same Chain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
'Twill never be mended again, &c.

5

The *Joyner* for his Zeal,
Did Penance in a String,
To save the *Commonweal*,
The *Doctor* next will swing:
And all the Gang in Order Hang,
That wou'd their Plots maintain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again, &c.

6

Argile the Rebel *Scot*,
With all the Factious Crew,
In Bloody Arms are got,
But see what did ensue;
For all his hope, he found a Rope
Did quickly end his Reign,
For the Plot's *so rent and torn,*
'Twill never be mended again, &c.

7

Now Royal JAMES is plac'd
Upon his Fathers Throne,
With every Virtue Grac'd,
That can adorn the Crown;
His Foes shall fye, the *Whigs* shall cry,
Our hopes are all in vain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again, &c.

8

To Him kind Heav'n has sent
(Heavens bounteous Gift alone)
A Loyal Parliament,
To fix Him on the Throne:
Who shall our King in every thing,
And His due Rights maintain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
But will never be mended again, &c.

9

This Parliament did Vote
The King a Royal Sum,
Which shall His Name promote
Above all *Christendom*:
And overcome His Foes at home;
Who shew their Teeth in vain,
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again, &c.

10

May such a Parliament,
Support the Royal Cause,
To give His Friends content,
And to subdue his Foes;
When all that Plot, are gone to Pot,
The King in Peace shall Reign;
For the Plot *is rent and torn,*
And will never be mended again.
'Tis rent and torn, and torn and rent,
'Tis rent and torn in twain, &c.

7 Now

A New Song. To an excellent New Tune.

1

OLd [illegible] Peach'd to his Pupil *Achillis*,
I'll tell you, I'll tell you, young Genleman, what
You my Boy, you my Boy, [the Fates will is,
Must go,
Must go,
The Gods will have it so,
To the Seige of *Troy*;
Thence never to return,
Thence never to return
Never to return,
Never to return
To Greece again;
But before those Walls to be Slain,
But before those Walls to be Slain,
Before those Walls,
Those Walls to be Slain,
Let not your Noble Courage be cast down,
Let not your Noble Courage be cast down,
Let not your Noble Courage, let not your Noble Courage
Be cast down;
But all the while you lie before the Town, drink
All the while, drink
All the while you lie before the Town, drink
And drive care away,
Drink and be merry,
You'll ne're go the sooner,
You'll ne're go the sooner,
You'll ne're go the sooner
To the *Stygian* Ferry.

FINIS.

XUM

XUM